The True Andrew Jackson

By

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With Twenty-Three Illustrations

Philadelphia and London
J. B. Lippincott Company
1906

ANDREW JACKSON

From the original portrait by Thomas Sully in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

Preface

A RE-STATEMENT of the scope of this Series seems a necessary preliminary to each successive volume. No formal biography is contemplated. There has been no attempt to tell in chronological order the life-story of any of the persons discussed, although the temptation in my case—and I presume the same is true of the other authors in the Series—has been strong to do just that thing. The volumes of the Series, therefore, are the result of the exercise of at least one quality which goes to make a successful book—self-restraint.

To repeat what has already been said elsewhere, here is an attempt to make a picture in words of a man; to exhibit a personality; to show that personality in touch with its human environment; to declare what manner of man was he whose name is on the title-page. Not to chronicle events, therefore, but to describe a being; not to write a history of the time, but to give an impression of a period associated with its dominant personal force, has been my task. To my mind the most useful of the smaller and earlier biographies of Andrew Jackson are those by John Henry Eaton and "An American Officer." That is not saying much, however, and both biographies are very incomplete, as are Kendall's famous series of papers upon the same subject. In 1859 appeared a comprehensive and exhaustive biography of Jackson by Mr. James Parton, who was by birth an Englishman, but who strove earnestly, and with much success, to be fair, impartial, and judicious in discussion of the great mass of material which he so industriously accumulated and so thoroughly digested.

Parton's book, in the words of Charles Francis

Adams, is "one of the most picturesque and vivid biographies in the language," although the date of its publication was perhaps too near Jackson's period for any one living in America to write of him from that point of detachment necessary to an impartial and adequate biography. In many instances, too, Parton failed to comprehend the spirit of the age and therefore the spirit of the man; for as much as times are products of men, so men are products of times. Nevertheless, Parton's biography remains, and always will remain, the great source of information about Andrew Jackson. No one can read it without respect and admiration for Parton as well as for Jackson. Since its first publication it has been re-issued in greatly abbreviated form in "The Great Commanders Series." The original work was in three volumes of over two thousand pages; the abridgment is in one of three hundred. It is greatly to be regretted that this book is out of print and only to be had occasionally in second-hand book stalls, for as it first appeared it was more than a life of Jackson; it was in large measure an invaluable history of the times. All quotations hereafter are from the original edition.

Since Parton's biography four others have appeared. One published in 1882 in the "American Statesmen Series" is by Professor William Graham Sumner. Ninety pages of this book are devoted to the first fifty-four years of Jackson's life, three hundred and seventy to his political career. The usual biography reverses these proportions. Professor Sumner's book is a valuable study from a certain point of view—antagonistic, not to say bitterly hostile!—of Jackson's career as a President and statesman, and my candid opinion of it is that it is prejudiced and unfair to a marked degree—still, it is interesting.

My friend, the much lamented Colonel Augustus C.

Buell, prepared a history of Andrew Jackson in two handsome octavo volumes of eight hundred pages, which was published last year shortly after his death. This book is altogether admirable. It supplements and also corrects Parton's in a very desirable way. Colonel Buell in his vocation as a newspaper correspondent was brought in contact in his earlier years with a number of people of prominence who had known Jackson. He interviewed them whenever and wherever he could and carefully preserved their conversations. One might think that Parton had exhausted the field, but Buell discovered much that Parton did not know or did not avail himself of. He has produced a delightful book.

Colonel A. S. Colyar, of Nashville, is the author of the latest life of Jackson. He, too, succeeded in unearthing much new material, and although he is a special pleader in behalf of Jackson and fails to discuss certain aspects of his life, or refer to certain incidents, his book is interesting and contains much that is of value, especially in the line of further reminiscences.

In addition to these books the small biography by Professor William Garrott Brown, published in 1900, will be found to contain a clear and impartial *résumé* of Jackson's career in a brief compass.

These five biographies are necessary to an understanding of Jackson. I have pored over them long and earnestly. I have quoted from them frequently and beg to acknowledge here my obligation to them. In addition to these biographies, Mr. Charles H. Peck's admirable "Jacksonian Epoch" and Professor Ralph C. H. Catterall's "Second Bank of the United States"—a lucid, exhaustive, and brilliantly able book—are indispensable. I shall not attempt to enumerate the great number of auxiliary authorities, as Benton's "Thirty Years' View," "The American Statesmen Series," Schouler's "History of the United States," MacMaster's

"American People," and other valuable general histories of the period; the biographies of contemporaries, as Clay, Webster, Calhoun; the personal recollections, like Quincy's and Sergeant's; the diaries, as those of Adams, Tyler, etc.; the numerous magazine and other ephemeral articles in newspapers and journals, which furnish a great mass of material unnecessary to catalogue in a work of this character.

I have prefixed to the volume an extended chronology of Jackson's life, compiled from data which I have secured from many sources and with much labor. I have come upon no such chronology—none of any sort, in fact—in my reading. The reader, and I hope also the student, will find it of value in assisting him to comprehend what follows.

May I be forgiven a personal word in closing? Although I am now, and for many years have been, a Democrat, I was born and reared under strong Republican influences. I began the study of Jackson with no great predisposition to admire him. He was not one of my early heroes—not politically or personally, that is. I have carefully examined his career and character from the point of view of friend and enemy. As will be seen from my chapter on Jackson's place in our history, I have become persuaded that he is one of the three great Presidents in our history; and that, although he stands below both of them, as a personality he is quite worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 1, 1906.

Note

In addition to those especially mentioned elsewhere the author desires gratefully to acknowledge much valuable assistance in the difficult work of collecting the illustrations for this book from the following: the Rev. A. H. Hord, of Philadelphia; Mr. D. McN. Stauffer, of New York City; and Colonel A. C. Colyar, Mr. Robert T. Quarles, secretary of the Department of Archives and History, and Mrs. Mary C. Dorris, regent of the Ladies' Hermitage Association, of Nashville, Tenn.

C. T. B.

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Family and Early Years	25
II.	Lawyer	40
III.	Planter, Storekeeper, and Sportsman	53
IV.	Soldier	64
V.	Soldier (Continued)	85
VI.	Soldier (Continued)	111
VII.	Personal Appearance, Manners, "Jacksonian Vulgarity"	133
VIII.	Relations With His Mother and Wife	156
IX.	The Affair of Mrs. Eaton	179
X.	Relations With Children	200
XI.	Pugnacity—Patriotism	207
XII.	Duels and Quarrels	220
XIII.	Speeches and Addresses	250
XIV.	Politician and President	279
XV.	Nullification	320
XVI.	War on the Bank	340
XVII.	Religion—Last Days	366
XVIII.	Jackson's Place in Our History	390

APPENDIX.

A.	On the Birthplace of Andrew Jackson	407
B.	South Carolina Ordinance of Nullification	439
C.	The Nullification Proclamation by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, December 10, 1832	443
D.	General Jackson's Farewell Address to the People of the United States, on Retiring from the Presidency, March 4, 1837	468
E.	The Last Will and Testament of Andrew Jackson	492

List of Illustrations with Notes

PAGE

ANDREW JACKSON . . . . . *Frontispiece*

From the original portrait by Thomas Sully in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

THE LARGE LOG-CABIN, PART OF THE ORIGINAL HERMITAGE . 54

Built in 1804.

ANDREW JACKSON 64

From the portrait by Colonel R. E. W. Earl in the State Capitol, Nashville, Tenn.

ANDREW JACKSON 144

From a miniature copied in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1858, from an original miniature painted in 1832 and presented by General Jackson to his wife's namesake, Henrietta Rachel Jackson Armstrong, daughter of General Robert Armstrong. The copy was made for Mary A. Armstrong, another daughter of General Armstrong, from whom it came into possession of Rev. A. H. Hord, great-grandson of General Armstrong. General Jackson bequeathed his sword to General Armstrong. The whereabouts of the original miniature is unknown.

MRS. JACKSON 174

From the portrait by Colonel R. E. W. Earl, painted at The Hermitage in 1825.

THE HERMITAGE GARDEN 176

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, U. S. A., TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES WINCHESTER, U. S. A., JANUARY 1, 1807, IN WHICH HE IS ORDERED TO BE IN READINESS TO PURSUE AND ARREST AARON BURR SHOULD IT BECOME NECESSARY 216

In the possession of Mr. D. McN. Stauffer, Yonkers, New York.

ANDREW JACKSON 220

From the portrait by J. Vanderlyn in City Hall, New York City, painted in 1823.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS WITH NOTES

PAGE

THOMAS H. BENTON ÆT. ABOUT 35 232

From a painting by Wilson Peale in the Missouri Historical Society. From "The Life of Thomas Hart Benton," by William M. Meigs.

HENRY CLAY IN MIDDLE LIFE 244

From the painting by Dubourjal.

FRONT VIEW OF ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME, THE HERMITAGE . 276

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS 294

From a photograph.

ANDREW JACKSON 300

From the engraving made in 1852 by Thomas B. Welch of the portrait by Thomas Sully, then in the possession of Francis Preston Blair.

THE JACKSON MEDALS 316

Medal awarded by Congress in commemoration of Battle of New Orleans. Medal issued in commemoration of Jackson's Presidency.

JOHN C. CALHOUN 320

From a photograph.

DANIEL WEBSTER 334

From a photograph.

DRIVEWAY TO THE HERMITAGE, LINED WITH CYPRESSES . . . 374

THE MAIN HALL AT THE HERMITAGE 376

The unique wall-paper, picturing the story of Telemachus on the Island of Calypso, was imported from Paris by Jackson.

ROOM AND BED IN WHICH JACKSON DIED 380

Furnished as at that time.

LAST PORTRAIT OF JACKSON PAINTED A SHORT TIME PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH 388

From the original by Colonel R. E. W. Earl, in the possession of Colonel Andrew Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS WITH NOTES

PAGE

STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON BY CLARK MILLS IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D. C. 390

Erected in 1853 and unveiled on the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. This statue was cast at Bladensburg, near Washington, by Mills himself, from cannon captured in Jackson's campaigns. He set up a furnace and made the first large bronze statue in America. In this statue the weight of the various parts is so distributed that the horse stands poised without additional support and without the aid of rivet fastenings to the pedestal. The cost of the statue was fifty thousand dollars, part of which was donated by the Jackson Monument Association.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON TO JOEL R. POINSETT, DECEMBER 2, 1832 408

(Now in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.) This letter was written a few days before the issue of the Nullification Proclamation, and authorizes the use of force to preserve the Union. It is one of Jackson's most characteristic letters.

BUST OF ANDREW JACKSON BY HIRAM POWERS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK 416

Chronology of
The Life of Andrew Jackson

1767. Born in South Carolina—March 15.
1777. Visits Charleston with his Uncle Crawford to handle a drove of cattle—Summer.
1780. Present at *Battle of Hanging Rock*—August 6.
1781. Present at *skirmish at Waxhaws Church*—April 9.
Is captured and sent to Camden—April 10.
Witnesses *Battle of Hobkirk's Hill* from prison stockade —April 25.
Exchanged *—May 10 (?).
Death of Mrs. Jackson at Charleston †—November (?).
1782–3. Visits Charleston to seek his mother's grave—Winter.
1783–4. Teaches school at Waxhaws—Winter.
1784. Begins study of law—fall.
1787. Admitted to Bar of South Carolina—May.
Begins practice of law at McLeanville, Guilford County, North Carolina—July (?).
Appointed constable and special deputy sheriff—fall.
1788. Appointed "public solicitor" (prosecuting, circuit, or district attorney) for the Western District of North Carolina (Tennessee) by Judge McNairy—Spring.

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* According to the most trustworthy accounts Jackson was captured the day after a skirmish at Waxhaws Church. The only skirmish there, which is undoubtedly the one referred to, was on April 9, 1781. His mother negotiated his release with Lord Rawdon at Camden, South Carolina. Lord Rawdon evacuated Camden on May 10, 1781. At the very longest this would only make the period of Jackson's captivity one month—quite long enough, of course. In after life Jackson stated that he was in prison about two months. He must have been mistaken, as is evident.

† I am able to approximate the date of the death of Mrs. Jackson by the following data. When she reached Charleston she found Lord Rawdon gone and (according to Buell) a Colonel Leslie in command. General Leslie arrived at Charleston on November 7, relieving General Stuart, according to McCrady. Mrs. Jackson had an interview with Leslie, visited the prisoners by his permission, and after a brief stay started for home, dying at the outset of her journey. As she had left Waxhaws early in the fall, I conclude that she died about the middle of November.

Duel with Col. Waightsill Avery—August 12.
Arrives at Nashville—November 2.

1791. Marries (Mrs.) Rachel Donelson Robards at Natchez, Mississippi—November.
Starts plantation near Nashville.

1792. Leads party against Indians who had attacked Robertson's Station—May 24. Major of militia (?).

1794. Re-marries Mrs. Robards—January.

1796. Member of Constitutional Convention at Knoxville, where he named the new State of Tennessee—January 11.
Is elected to National House of Representatives.
Arrives at Philadelphia and takes his seat in Congress—December 8.
Votes against farewell address of Congress to George Washington—December 13.
Makes first speech in Congress—December 29.

1797. Takes his seat as senator from Tennessee by appointment of Governor Sevier, vice William Blount, resigned—November 22.

1798. Leaves Philadelphia for Nashville and on arrival resigns from Senate—June.
Goes into mercantile business with John Hutchings at his plantation, "Hunter's Hill," thirteen miles from Nashville.
Elected Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee—Fall.

1799. Takes his seat on the Bench—January 8.
First affray with Sevier.

1801. Elected major-general of militia of Tennessee.

1803. Second affray with Sevier.

1804. Resigns from Bench—July 24.
Establishes himself in a new log house at "The Hermitage," a plantation ten miles from Nashville, where he engages in stock breeding, etc.
Associates with John Coffee in the business firm of Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings, general storekeepers, dealers in stock and produce, boat builders, etc.

1805–6. Entertains Aaron Burr.

1806. Duel with Charles Dickinson—May 30.

1807. Is summoned to Richmond, Virginia, as a witness in the trial of Aaron Burr. Makes a speech at Capitol Square denouncing Jefferson and defending Burr.

1807–12. Occupied as a militia commander, planter, sportsman, etc.

1812. Quarrelled with Silas Dinsmore—September.
War of 1812. *Natchez Campaign.* Offers services of Tennessee Volunteers through Governor Blount—June 25.
Services accepted by Secretary of War—July 11.
Summons field officers to meet at Nashville on November 14.
Musters division at Nashville—December 10.
1813. Starts for New Orleans with division by boat—January 7.
Arrives and camps at Natchez—February 15.
Breaks camp and starts march homeward instead of disbanding as ordered by Secretary of War—March 25.
Dismisses Tennessee command at Nashville—May 22.
His vouchers for expenses ordered paid by War Department at urgent request of Thomas H. Benton, then in Washington—June 14.
Severely wounded in affray with the Bentons—September 14.
Creek War. Calls out his division from sick-bed—September 25.
Orders Coffee to Huntsville—September 26.
Division assembles at Fayetsville—October 4.
Takes personal command—October 7.
Marches to Huntsville, thirty-two miles, in one day—October 12.
Marches south into wilderness—October 19.
Arrives at Thompson's Creek, twenty-two miles, and builds Fort Deposit—October 22.
Marches further south—October 25.
Arrives on the banks of the Coosa. Builds Fort Strother—November 2.
Battle of Talluschatches—November 3. Tennesseeans under Coffee lose five killed and forty-two wounded. Creek loss two hundred killed and eighty-four captured.
Marches for Fort Strother—November 8.
Battle of Talladega—November 9. Tennesseeans under Jackson lose fifteen killed and eighty-six wounded; Creeks lose one hundred and ninety-one killed.
Returns to Fort Strother—November 10.
Attempted mutiny of volunteers at Fort Strother—November 20 (?).
Attempted mutiny of militia at Fort Strother—November 21 (?).
Third attempt at mutiny—November 23 (?).

Fourth attempt at mutiny—December 10.
Dismissal of volunteers in disgrace—December 12.
1814. Receives reënforcements and marches south again—January 17.
At Talladega—January 18.
At Hillabee Creek—January 19.
At Enotachopco—January 20.
At Emuckfau, eighty miles from Fort Strother—January 21.
Battle of Emuckfau—January 22.
Battle of Enotachopco—January 24. In these two battles the Tennesseeans under Jackson lost twenty killed and seventy-five wounded; the Creeks lost one hundred and eighty-nine killed and an unknown number of wounded.
Back at Fort Strother—January 29.
Arrival of Thirty-ninth United States Infantry—February 6.
Executes Private John Wood for mutiny—March 14.
Starts south again—March 18.
Battle of Tohopeka, or *Horse-shoe Bend*—March 27. Tennesseeans under Jackson lose fifty-five killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. Creeks exterminated, losing five hundred and fifty-seven killed, over two hundred drowned; and missing, probably killed, over two hundred men. End of war.
Founds Fort Jackson and receives surrender of Weatherford, chief of the Creeks—April.
Appointed brigadier-general in United States Army—April 19.
Troops ordered home—April 21.
Appointed major-general in United States Army, vice William Henry Harrison, resigned—May 1.
Arrives at Nashville—May.
Accepts appointment as major-general in United States Army—June 20.
Negotiates treaty with Creeks—July 10.
Treaty signed—August 10.
War of 1812. *First Florida Campaign.* Leaves Fort Jackson for Mobile—September 12.
Defence of Fort Bowyer by Major Lawrence—September 15.
Arrives Mobile—September 16.
Mutiny at Fort Jackson—September 19–20.

Leaves Mobile for Pensacola—November 3.
Invades Spanish territory and seizes Pensacola—November 7.
British evacuate Fort Barrancas—November 8.
Returns to Mobile and sends expedition to Appalachicola—November 16.
War of 1812. *The New Orleans Campaign.* Leaves for New Orleans—November 22.
Arrives at New Orleans—December 1.
British fleet arrives off mouths of Mississippi—December 9–14.
Battle of Lake Borgne—December 14.
Martial law proclaimed in New Orleans—December 16.
British land opposite Bayou Bienvenu—December 22.
Battle of Villeré—December 23. American loss twenty-four killed, one hundred and fifteen wounded; captured, seventy-four; total, two hundred and thirteen. British loss sixty-eight killed, one hundred and forty-five wounded; captured, sixty-four; total, two hundred and seventy-seven.
Skirmish—December 28. American loss eight killed, eight wounded; total, sixteen. British loss fourteen killed, twenty-seven wounded; total, forty-one.
Destruction of the United States schooner "Carolina"—December 28.
1815. *Artillery duel*—January 1. British loss five guns captured, eight disabled; total, thirteen.
Battle of New Orleans—January 8. American loss eight killed, thirteen wounded; total, twenty-one. British loss over four thousand, of which eight hundred and forty-eight were killed and two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight severely wounded; the remainder captured. Many slightly wounded not reported.
British break camp and begin retreat—January 18–19.
Embarkation of British completed—January 27.
Execution of six Tennessee militiamen convicted of mutiny at Mobile—February 21.
Article by Louis Louallier urging resistance to Jackson's authority appears in *Louisiana Gazette*—March 3.
Arrest of Louallier—March 5.
Jackson served with a writ of habeas corpus by Judge Hall—March 5.
Arrest of Judge Hall—March 5.
Martial law in New Orleans abrogated—March 13.

Summoned by a bench warrant to appear before Judge Hall—March 24.
Fined one thousand dollars for contempt of court. Fine paid—March 24.
Mrs. Jackson joins her husband in New Orleans—April 19.
Leaves New Orleans for home—April 26.
Arrives at Nashville—May 15.
At Washington, D. C.—November 17.

1817. SEMINOLE WAR. *Second Florida Campaign.* Ordered to Florida frontier—December 26.

1818. Writes President Monroe that if desired he can take possession of Florida in sixty days—January 6.
Receives orders—January 11.
Leaves Nashville—January 22.
March of Tennessee volunteers—January 31.
Arrives at Fort Scott—March 9.
Takes St. Mark's—April 7.
Hangs Chiefs Hillis Hago (Francis) and Himollomico—April 8.
Trial of Arbuthnot and Ambrister—April 27–28.
Execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister—April 28.
Seizes Pensacola a second time—May 24.
Leaves Pensacola for Nashville—May 31.
Arrives at Nashville—June.

1819. Leaves for Washington—January 4.
Arrives at Washington—January 27.
House of Representatives sustains Jackson's course in Florida on all counts by decisive vote—February 10.
Senate committee report (adverse) ordered laid on the table by vote of thirty-one to three—February 25.
Visits Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, for public receptions, banquets, etc.—January and February.
Returns to Washington—March 2.
Leaves for Nashville—March 9.
Banquet at Nashville—April 6.

1820. Negotiates treaty with Choctaws—October 20.

1821. Leaves Nashville for Florida via New Orleans—April 18.
Arrives at New Orleans—April 27.
Resigns from the army—May 31.
Resignation accepted. Honorably discharged—June 1.*

* All Jackson's biographers say, or intimate, that Jackson resigned from the army. In this connection I call attention to the following communication from

Appointed governor of Florida—March 10.*
Arrives in the vicinity of Pensacola—June 17.
Takes possession of Florida for the United States—July 17.
Farewell address to the army (dated Montpelier, Alabama, May 31) promulgated with proclamation against orders of General Jacob Brown, commander-in-chief of the United States Army—July 21.
Dispute with ex-Governor Callava—September.
Resigns as governor of Florida—October.
Returns to Nashville—November 3.

1822. Suggested for the Presidency by newspapers in different parts of the country—(various dates).
Formally nominated for President by the Legislature of Tennessee—July 20.
Elected United States senator from Tennessee—October.
Takes seat in the Senate—December 5.

1823. Further Presidential discussion during the year.
Appointed minister to Mexico—January 27.
Declines appointment as minister to Mexico—March 15.

1824. Presented with Washington's telescope and pistols—January 1.
Guest of honor at grand ball given by John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State—January 8.
More seriously considered for the Presidency—Spring.
Nominated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania—March 5.
Received medal voted by Congress—March 17.
Receives plurality of electoral votes, but fails of election to the Presidency—November–December.

1825. Defeated for election to Presidency in House of Representatives by John Quincy Adams, who receives vote of thirteen States against seven for Jackson and four for Crawford—February 9.

Major-General F. C. Ainsworth, U. S. A., military secretary, War Department, Washington, D. C., under date of July 21, 1905: "Nothing has been found of record to show that Andrew Jackson tendered his resignation as a major-general in the United States Army. This officer was honorably discharged the service, as major-general, June 1, 1821, under the act of Congress, approved March 2, 1821." The act of Congress referred to was one reducing the army.

* His latest biographers state that his resignation was accepted July 21 and the day after, July 22, he was appointed governor of Florida! This is certainly a mistake. The Department of State informs me that his appointment was dated March 10; therefore he received the appointment while still a major-general in the army.

Charges Clay with corrupt bargain to promote election with Adams—February 14.
Leaves for home—March.
Denounces Administration—July.
Resigns United States Senatorship and is formally renominated for the Presidency by the Legislature of Tennessee—October.

1826. Promises wife to join church at close of political career.
1827. Active political campaigning by friends.
1828. Revisits New Orleans—January 8.
ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—November–December.
Death of Mrs. Jackson—December 22.
1829. Goes to Washington—January 17.
Announces Cabinet—February 26.
First inaugural address—March 4.
Begins correspondence with Reverend Doctor Ely about Mrs. Eaton—March 23.
Interview with Reverend Doctors Ely and Campbell about Mrs. Eaton—September 1.
Cabinet meeting with Doctors Ely and Campbell about Mrs. Eaton—September 10.
Pays especial social honors to Mrs. Eaton—Fall and Winter.
Friends of administration embroiled with United States Bank over conduct of Mason, president of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Branch—Summer and Fall.
First annual message—December 8.
1830. Jefferson's birthday dinner. Offers famous toast "OUR FEDERAL UNION! IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED"—April 13.
Breaks with Vice-President Calhoun—May 13.
Secures payment of Danish indemnities—May 27.
Vetoes various internal improvement bills—May 27–31.
Secures settlement of West India trade question with Great Britain—October 5.
Second annual message—December 6.
Concludes treaty with Choctaws—December 9.
1831. Recommends removal of Southern Indians to the West (Indian Territory)—February 22.
Dissolves Cabinet—April 7 to June 22.
Negotiates treaty with France for payment of spoliation claims—July 4.
Third annual message—December 6.

1832. Treaty with France ratified—February 22.
VETOES THE BILL TO RECHARTER THE UNITED STATES BANK—July 10.
Reëlected for Presidency—November–December.
Vetoes internal improvement bills—December 6.
ISSUES PROCLAMATION AGAINST NULLIFICATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA—December 10.

1833. Special message declaring purpose to use force against South Carolina and invoking coöperation of Congress (Force Bill)—January 16.
Signs Clay Compromise Tariff Bill—February.
Second inaugural address—March 4.
Assaulted by Lieutenant Randolph—May 6.
Tour through New England—Spring.
Receives degree of LL.D. from Harvard College—June 26.
Reads paper to Cabinet declaring purpose to remove government deposits from the United States Bank—September 18.
APPOINTS TANEY SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, VICE DUANE, REMOVED, AND ORDERS DEPOSITS WITHDRAWN FROM THE UNITED STATES BANK—September 23.
Orders public moneys deposited in various State banks—September 26.
Refuses to send paper read to Cabinet, September 18, to Senate—December 12.
Fifth annual message—December 4.
Vetoes Land Bill—December 4.
Transmits to Senate various Indian treaties.

1834. FORMALLY CENSURED BY SENATE FOR REMOVING PUBLIC DEPOSITS FROM THE UNITED STATES BANK—March 28.
Formally protests to Senate against censure—April 15.
Treaty with Cherokees—June 23.
Sixth annual message—December 1.

1835. Celebrates payment of the national debt with grand banquet—January 8.
Attempted assassination by man named Lawrence—January 30.
Threatens France and directs American minister, Livingstone, to leave France if French Chambers do not make appropriation to pay French spoliation claims according to treaty—February 24.
Special message to Congress concerning the non-payment of the French spoliation claims—February 25.
Publishes order concerning death of Lafayette—June 21.

Directs postmaster at Charleston, South Carolina, not to forward abolition documents—August 4.
Seventh annual message, dealing vigorously with French spoliation claims—December 7.

1836. Special message refusing to apologize to France for language of message of February 25, 1835, and urging preparations for war—January 15.
Accepts mediation of Great Britain in affair with France—February 22.
ANNOUNCES TO CONGRESS PAYMENT OF FRENCH SPOLIATION CLAIMS—May 10.
ISSUES FAMOUS SPECIE CIRCULAR—July 11.
Eighth annual message—December 5.

1837. EXPUNGING RESOLUTION PASSED IN SENATE REMOVING CENSURE OF 1834—January 17.
Issues Farewell Address to the Nation—March 4.
Returns to the Hermitage.

1839. Joins the Presbyterian Church.

1843. Makes his last will and testament—June 7.

1844. Urges election of Polk.

1845. DIES, SIX P.M., SUNDAY—June 8.
Burial by the side of his wife at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee—June 10.

The True Andrew Jackson

I

FAMILY AND EARLY YEARS

ANDREW JACKSON, saddler, school-teacher, lawyer, congressman, senator, judge, merchant, planter, sportsman, soldier, President, and for many years the political dictator of his country, was born early in the morning of the fifteenth of March, 1767—where?

Parton alleges that he first saw the light in the log cabin of one George McKemey (which Parton spells McCamie), his uncle by marriage. Parton further declares that this cabin was situated in a settlement known as the Waxhaws, about one-quarter of a mile north of the boundary line between the two Carolinas. The Waxhaws settlement, so called from the name of the Indian tribe which had once lived there, was situated on Waxhaw Creek, about a hundred and sixty miles northwest of Charleston. It lay partly in North and partly in South Carolina.

Whether Jackson was born in North or South Carolina is a question which has been furiously argued. Buell strives to reconcile the different opinions by stating that at the time of Jackson's birth the McKemey house was believed by everyone to stand on South Carolina territory, but that a survey subsequent to the Revolution disclosed the fact that it was in North Carolina. Sumner, Colyar, and Brown, all following

Parton apparently, accredit Jackson to North Carolina, as do most of the encyclopædias.

Jackson himself, to the end of his life, believed that he was by birth a South Carolinian, and so stated frequently. I think he was correct in his belief; consequently to South Carolina I accord the honor of his birth. The question is discussed at great length by Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., in a paper prepared for this volume, which appears as Appendix A. I respectfully refer the reader to this brilliant essay, which to me is conclusive.

Andrew Jackson was the posthumous child of an Irish immigrant of the same name, who arrived in this country in 1765 with his wife, Elizabeth Hutchinson, and two boys, Robert, aged two, and Hugh, a baby of five months. One of the elder Jackson brothers had been a soldier under Braddock, Wolfe, and Amherst. He had also spent part of his service in North Carolina. It was due to his representations that the Jackson family concluded to emigrate. On the ship which carried Andrew Jackson, Senior, and his family were several of his relatives, among whom may be mentioned the Crawford family, one of whom, like George McKemey, had married a sister of Mrs. Jackson. These people all settled about the primitive log Presbyterian church in the Waxhaws territory.

Few communities have given so many great and useful men to the nation as this handful of poor Irish. McCready says: "At the Waxhaws, the father of John Calhoun first settled; there, too, Andrew Pickens [general in the Revolution] met Rebecca Calhoun, whom he married. At the Waxhaws grew up William Richardson Davie, the distinguished partisan leader of the Revolution, governor of North Carolina and minister to France, the founder of the University of North Carolina. From the same community came Calhoun's great

rival, the great Georgian, William H. Crawford; so that from this people came three of the greatest men of their times,—Jackson, Calhoun, and Crawford,—men upon and around whom turned the national politics of their day and whose antagonisms convulsed the whole country. To these must be added William Smith, judge on the State Bench and United States senator, whose State Rights antedated Calhoun's, and who was twice voted for as Vice-President in the Electoral College, and Dr. John Brown, one of the first professors of the South Carolina College and the founder of the Presbyterian church in Columbia, a schoolmate of Jackson, who rode with him when they were boys in their teens under Davie and Sumter at Hanging Rock. From the Waxhaws, too, came Stephen D. Miller, a man of great power in his day and generation in society, at the bar, and in the councils of his country. James H. Thornwell, an eminent divine and orator, president of the South Carolina College, and J. Marion Sims, a surgeon of world-wide fame, and in his department doubtless the greatest of his time."

It seems probable that Andrew Jackson, Senior, was the poorest and most improvident of the lot, for he had no money with which to buy land and was forced to content himself with a claim on Twelve-Mile Creek, a branch of the Catawba. His tract was poor in character and situated disadvantageously some seven miles from the better provided members of the party about the church. His struggle with the wilderness was a short one, for after two years of arduous toil he died, early in March, 1767.

The Jackson family, poor and humble as it was in America, was even more humble and obscure in Ireland, although when the father of our immigrant died he left a small sum of money to his grandson, the subject of this biography. It is known that they came from

Carrickfergus, a town near Belfast, in the Province of Ulster. It has been found impossible to trace them back for more than two generations. The origin of the family is utterly unknown even in tradition. Jackson's great-grandfather was once bailiff of the Assize Court, once member of the Town Council, and several times foreman of the Grand Jury, which proves that he was at least respectable, as the legacy referred to above, three hundred pounds, indicates thrift in the family, but where he came from, or what his origin, no one has yet been able to discover. One thing is certain, there is no evidence whatsoever that there was any Scottish blood in them at all, and the pleasant fiction that because they belonged to the Presbyterian Church they were therefore not pure-blooded Irish may be courteously but firmly dismissed. Whatever justification there may be for the hybrid term Scotch-Irish there is no evidence that Jackson represented the alleged mixture that comes under that curious name.

"We here," wrote the Mayor of Belfast, Ireland, after Jackson became President of the United States, "are as proud of General Jackson as you in America possibly can be. This region has produced not a few great men, but none as eminent as he. We always speak of him as 'the great Irish President of the United States,' and in our toasts at public dinners his name is seldom omitted. Though our investigation as to his lineal ancestry here has not been very successful, yet you may rest assured that the ties of common nationality by which we hold him in our esteem and our affection are hardly less strong than those of blood kin. You may in fact say, as we all do, that Andrew Jackson is the descendant of North Ireland at large and its most illustrious son."

If we judge from his qualities, Jackson was distinctly Irish. He never recognized or admitted any Scottish

blood in his veins. He was a member of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, which he joined in 1819. He did not hesitate to describe himself as of Irish origin on several occasions. For instance, on the twenty-second of June, 1833, he spoke as follows at a reception given him by the Charitable Irish Society in Boston:

"I feel much gratified, sir, at this testimony of respect shown me by the Charitable Irish Society of this city. It is with great pleasure that I see so many of the countrymen of my father assembled on this occasion. I have always been proud of my ancestry and of being descended from that noble race, and rejoice that I am so nearly allied to a country which has so much to recommend it to the good wishes of the world; *would to God, sir, that Irishmen on the other side of the great water enjoyed the comforts, happiness, contentment, and liberty that they enjoy here.* I am well aware, sir, that Irishmen have never been backward in giving their support to the cause of liberty. They have fought, sir, for this country valiantly, and I have no doubt would fight again were it necessary, but I hope it will be long before the institutions of our country need support of that kind. Accept my best wishes for the happiness of you all."

Andrew Jackson, Senior, was a linen weaver, as had been his father. Elizabeth Hutchinson's father followed the same trade. Tradition has little to tell us about the character of Andrew and not much about that of Elizabeth, but it is evident from such incidents as have been unearthed regarding Jackson's mother that she was a woman of unusual strength of character and courage. It is generally the case that a great man has origin in a great mother. His relations to her will be discussed later.

Jackson could never speak of his father without visible emotion. Francis P. Blair used to relate that some years before he became President, he tried to locate

exactly his father's grave at Waxhaws, with the intention of placing there a suitable memento, but it could not be distinguished from other unmarked mounds in the old churchyard. "I have heard him," said Mr. Blair, "remark that his father died like a hero in battle, fighting for his wife and babes—fighting an uphill battle against poverty and adversity such as no one in our time could comprehend. When asked if he had ever visited the scenes of his birth and childhood," pursued Mr. Blair, "he would say 'No! I couldn't bear to. It would suggest nothing but bereavement, grief, and suffering of those dearest to me. I couldn't stand it. It would break me down.'"

When Andrew Jackson, Senior, died he left his wife with two little boys and practically no property. He had not proved up his claim and there is no evidence in the records of land transfers that he ever owned a foot of ground. Mrs. Jackson, then in the last stages of pregnancy, was unable to work the farm. Her brother-in-law, Crawford, had an invalid wife. He was a man of considerable substance, well-to-do for the time and community, and to him she determined to repair, with the idea that when her health was restored she could take the place of her ailing sister in the Crawford household. On the way she stopped over night—of necessity—at the McKemey house, and there Andrew, Junior, was born. She was well enough to travel in three weeks, a rather long convalescence for a frontier woman of that period. Leaving Hugh in the McKemey home, she journeyed to the Crawford place with Robert and the infant Andrew. She received a warm welcome. The household affairs were turned over to her, greatly to the relief of her ailing sister and her husband.

Elizabeth Jackson was evidently a woman of some education, for when Andrew was five years old she began to teach him to read and write. It is stated that

he received more thorough mental training than either of his brothers, because Mrs. Jackson designed him for the Presbyterian Church. However, the two boys who were with her fared much alike, and the education of both of them was of a higher order than that of the boys surrounding them.

At seven young Andrew was sent to an old-field school. "An old-field is not a field at all, but a pine forest. When crop after crop of cotton, without rotation, has exhausted the soil, the fences are taken away, the land lies waste, the young pines at once spring up, and soon cover the whole field with a thick growth of wood." On the principle that if it was good for nothing else it would do for educational purposes, the surrounding farmers would devote such fields to school buildings of the rudest character.

The author of "Georgia Scenes" describes an edifice of this kind: "It was a simple log pen, about twenty feet square, with a doorway cut out of the logs, to which was fitted a rude door made of clapboards and swung on wooden hinges. The roof was covered with clapboards also, which were retained in their places by heavy logs placed on them. The chimney was built of logs diminishing in size from the ground to the top, and overspread inside and out with red clay and mortar. The classic hut occupied a lovely spot, overwhelmed by majestic hickories, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks. . . . A large three-inch plank (if it deserve that name, for it was wrought from half a tree's trunk entirely with the axe), attached to the logs by means of wooden pins, served the whole school for a writing-desk. At a convenient distance below it, and on a line with it, stretched a smooth log, resting upon the logs of the house, which answered for the writers' seat."

Such a school was carried on in a way as primitive as were its appointments. "An itinerant schoolmaster

presents himself in the neighborhood," writes Parton, "the responsible farmers pledge him a certain number of pupils, and an old-field school is established for the season. . . . Reading, writing, and arithmetic were all the branches taught in the early day. Among a crowd of urchins seated on the slab benches of a school like this, fancy a tall, slender boy, with bright blue eyes, a freckled face, an abundance of long, sandy hair, and clad in coarse, copperas-colored cloth, with bare feet dangling and kicking—and you have in your mind's eye a picture of Andy as he appeared in his old-field days in the Waxhaws settlement."

At nine Jackson was transferred to Mr. David Humphries' Academy, which was established in the centre of the Waxhaws settlement, near the church. He attended this Academy for at least three years and possibly studied another year at Queen's College, Charlotte, at that time the most ambitious educational institution in the vicinity. He says himself that he attended school until he was fourteen years of age.

He was not a well-educated man. His acquirements were confined to the ordinary English branches, in none of which was he proficient. Once in a while a Latin word or phrase appears in his writings, but there is no evidence that he knew anything about the classics. His grammar was poor and he disliked the study, although he was always fond of geography. "He never learned to spell correctly, though he was a better speller than Frederick II., Marlborough, Napoleon, or Washington. Few men of his day, and no women, were correct spellers"—thus Parton. Still he was probably slightly better educated than the majority of backwoods children with whom he was thrown.

After the death of his mother he taught school in the winter of 1782–3, at the age of sixteen. In 1784 he began the study of law at Salisbury, North Carolina,

with Spruce McKay, a lawyer of some local reputation. While President he was reminded by a friend from Salisbury that he had formerly lived there. "Yes," he replied, "I was but a raw lad then, but I did the best I could." Quite Jacksonian! He always did the best he could; there was no lack of thoroughness about him.

After remaining with this lawyer for a year and a half, he continued his studies with Judge John Stokes and was admitted to the bar of North Carolina in the spring of 1787. That completed his formal pursuit of learning. It by no means, however, ended his education. While he never was a bookish man, he was too shrewd and too keen in intellect, as well as too ambitious, not to be aware of the value of knowledge. A man of affairs, he studied men. The active quickness of his mind enabled him in the course of his long life to acquire much information, and few were the situations in which he found himself where he was obliged to confess ignorance or to blush for lack of information. It would never have occurred to him that he was ignorant, anyway! Generally, whatever the emergency, he was able to rise to the measure of it, and if he did not dominate it, at least he made a fairly respectable attempt at it. By observation and attrition he became one of the best informed men of his time on those subjects which interested him, as law, military tactics, politics, farming, horse breeding, and the like. As a statesman and a financier, however, there was much to be desired in his character. Although he never became a good speller, his grounding must have been thorough to have enabled him to build so well upon it. As a writer, and more especially as a speaker, he was clear, cogent, forceful, ready, and not infrequently eloquent. After he became President Harvard College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

His boyhood experiences were strenuous in the extreme and gave a further twist to his natural Celtic dislike to the British. On the twenty-ninth of May, 1780, Colonel Tarleton, with his rangers, fell upon four hundred American Continentals and militiamen, mainly Virginians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Abraham Buford, and what has been called the "Massacre of the Waxhaws" ensued. The history of the resulting conflict is a confused one up to a certain point. Tarleton outgeneralled Buford and by false information caught him at a decided disadvantage. An attack was delivered by the British to which a mere nominal resistance was made. There is a dispute as to these premises, but what followed is clearly established. Buford and his men surrendered and were butchered in cold blood after they had thrown down their arms. One hundred and thirteen were killed and one hundred and fifty severely wounded. Fifty were taken prisoners and the remainder escaped, many of them wounded. After the departure of Tarleton the wounded were received by the settlers, as many of them as could get in being cared for in the church. Foremost among those engaged in taking care of the wounded were Elizabeth Jackson and her two younger sons.

The little lad of thirteen, as he moved about among the sufferers in attendance upon his mother, received a lesson in British cruelty which was indelibly imprinted upon his boyish mind. The Jackson family was staunchly patriotic. Hugh, although only seventeen, had been a regularly enlisted trooper in Major Davie's famous partisan legion. At the battle of Stono, on the twentieth of June, 1779, although seriously ill at the time and under orders to retire, he had insisted upon taking his place in the fighting line and had died soon after the battle from a relapse brought about by his efforts.

It being vacation time, Robert and Andrew attached themselves as supernumeraries to Major Davie's dragoons during the summer of 1780. I suppose that the boys may have been allowed to help out with the horses or do other chores by the free riders of the gallant little band. Davie said afterwards that Jackson acted as his mounted orderly—a responsible position for a lad. I am sure that the two youngsters were there with their mother's consent in view of her well-known patriotism and devotion to her adopted country. Her intense antagonism to England and English rule is another evidence that she at least was not Scottish.

At any rate, both boys were present at the famous little battle of Hanging Rock on the sixth of August, where Sumter and Davie captured the British camp, dislodged the British forces from their position, looted the camp, and would have put the redcoats to utter rout had not Sumter's men got out of hand when they got at the drink in the tents. After four hours of varying fighting the Americans withdrew, leaving the ruined camp in possession of the British, who reoccupied it on their heels. Theoretically it was a victory for the defenders; practically it was a defeat.

History is silent as to what part the Jackson boys took in the fighting. But little, I imagine. At any rate, they were there, and they remained with Davie for some little time thereafter. Davie was one of the best partisan leaders of the Revolution. His fame has been somewhat obscured by the greater lustre which attaches to the names of Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, but he was a soldier who was never surprised or defeated. This young graduate of Princeton disposed of all his property to equip and maintain his celebrated legion of hard fighters. At the Hanging Rock affair his were the only troops that did not break out into mutinous disorder and excess. All that Jackson ever learned by experience

of the art of war, until he took command as a major-general, he learned from William Richardson Davie, and some of the glory of the pupil should accrue to his first instructor. By recalling one's own boyhood it is easy to realize what an abiding impression this experience made on the young trooper. Jackson remembered Davie with the keenest admiration, and in after life often referred to him in the highest terms as a soldier and as a man.

After the disastrous defeat of Gates at Camden Mrs. Jackson, who had previously temporarily abandoned her home and plunged into the wilderness with her boys rather than take the compulsory oath of allegiance to Great Britain, once more retired from the Waxhaws and took up her residence with another relative named Wilson, four miles from Charlotte. She returned to the Waxhaws in February, 1781.

While at the Wilsons' Andrew paid for his board by doing what New England people call "chores." He brought in wood, "pulled fodder," picked beans, drove cattle, went to mill, and took the farming utensils to be mended. Respecting the last-named duty there is a striking reminiscence. "Never," Dr. Wilson, who was a playmate of the stranger, would say, "did Andrew come home from the shops without bringing with him some new weapon with which to kill the enemy. Sometimes it was a rude spear, which he would forge while waiting for the blacksmith to finish his job. Sometimes it was a club or a tomahawk. Once he fastened the blade of a scythe to a pole, and, on reaching home, began to cut down the weeds with it that grew about the house, assailing them with extreme fury, and occasionally uttering words like these: 'Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass-blade!'" He found something better than a "grass-blade" with which to "sweep them down" later on!

Andrew was subsequently concerned in one or two trifling skirmishes with the Tories, and in the internecine conflict which raged so hotly through the Carolinas, was finally made prisoner with his brother by a detachment of the enemy, which surprised the settlement at Waxhaws.

On a rumor of the approach of a party of British some fifty men had gathered in the Waxhaws church. Captain Coffin, who commanded the assailants, deceived the defenders by covering his advance with a party of Tories who posed as friends. After a hot little struggle, in which the Jackson boys took part, the Americans were dispersed. Eleven were subsequently captured and the rest killed or wounded. The commander of the Waxhaws men was Jackson's cousin, Lieutenant Crawford. The Jackson boys, who were among those taken, received further illustrations of what was to be expected under the gentle régime of the redcoats when Lieutenant Crawford's house was pillaged and his children and wife, with a baby at her breast, were treated with shocking indignities. It was to this period that tradition refers the anecdote, which is certainly true, that a British officer commanded young Andrew Jackson to black his boots. The boy refused, stating that he was a prisoner of war, and demanded the treatment of one. Instead of respecting this hardy declaration the brutal officer struck the boy with his sabre. Andrew threw up his hand, but did not completely ward the blow, for both head and arm were badly cut and the scars of this ferocious attack he carried with him to his grave.

Failing with Andrew, the Britisher made the same request of Robert and got the same plucky, defiant answer. He meted out the same punishment, too. The two boys, with other prisoners, were hurried to Camden and interned in the stockaded prison there. Smallpox broke out and raged virulently. Robert Jackson

came down with it. Andrew at first was spared. During their captivity the battle of Hobkirk's Hill was fought, in which Lord Rawdon rather ingloriously defeated General Nathanael Greene. The stockade in which the boys were confined was on a hill on the outskirts of Camden. From this hill a plain view of the American troops as they advanced was had. Realizing that there would be a battle, Jackson spent the night in making a hole in the stockade with an old razor which was used for cutting meat. Through this hole he witnessed the fighting the next morning. It was his second and last lesson in practical soldiering. Thereafter he was to give, not receive, instruction in that department of human endeavor.

Elizabeth Jackson, greatly distressed at the detention of her two small but doughty boys, prevailed upon a local militia captain, who had made some Tories prisoners, to allow her to try to effect an exchange. She journeyed to Camden, saw Lord Rawdon, and succeeded in making the exchange, including, of course, many others, for whose release she stipulated, with her sons. Robert was so far gone with the dread disease that he had to be held on his horse. Mrs. Jackson rode one horse, supporting him on another. There were but two horses available, and young Andrew, although the smallpox had already stricken him, plodded behind them on foot, forty miles, to the rude home on the Waxhaws. A few days after their arrival Robert died—like his oldest brother, a patriotic little martyr to his country's service —and Andrew came near to following his example. They might better have resisted the disease had not their systems been enfeebled by the frightful neglect and starvation to which they had been subjected.

English oppression had removed two of the family of four, and it was only after a hard struggle that Elizabeth Jackson saved the life of her remaining son. She

was destined to lay down her own life for the cause she loved. There were a number of prisoners confined in the hulks at Charleston. Among them were many of the Waxhaws people, some of whom were related to the Jackson-Crawford connection. So soon as she could leave Andrew this heroic woman determined to journey to Charleston to do what she could for her fellow-settlers and relatives who were suffering and dying uncared for and unheeded. Perhaps she volunteered because she could better be spared than mothers of larger families. Leaving Andrew to the care of his relatives, the Crawfords, in the fall of 1781, with two other devoted women she went down to Charleston—tradition has it "on foot," although this is not likely—laden with such rude provision for the comfort of the prisoners as the settlement could muster.

After she discharged her errand she caught the ship fever—which was the name then given to yellow fever—and died near Charleston after a brief illness—the third martyr in the family. She was buried hastily with other victims of the plague, and although in after years Jackson sought earnestly to find her grave, he never succeeded in locating the spot where she was laid away. No wonder Jackson hated the English!

After her death the lonely little orphan left the Crawfords and went to live with another uncle, Joseph White, where he worked some time as a saddler, taught school, visited Charleston, and spent his legacy recklessly. Fortune, however, had better things in store for the young Irish-American than the making of harness or the squandering of patrimony in idle pleasure. It was not long before he began the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and subsequently removed to his future home across the mountains in Tennessee.

II

LAWYER

JACKSON'S specific profession in life was law. He practised privately for a short time, then for several years was public prosecutor, or what is now called district attorney, for Tennessee. After an intermediate experience as congressman and senator from the new State he was elevated from the latter office to the Supreme Court of Tennessee. After he resigned from the bench to devote himself to planting and trade he never resumed the practice of law. Of legal knowledge Jackson had little. It was his salvation that probably most of the practitioners of his time and locality were not much better off than he. There were great lawyers in the United States in those days,—never have there been greater, indeed,—but there were few of them west of the Allegheny Mountains. Those who flourished there came after Jackson's career at the bar.

As a personality Jackson was head and shoulders over any of his contemporaries. He possessed three qualifications for the then dangerous office of public prosecutor, without which he would have been a total failure. They were a dauntless courage, an inflexible determination, and sound common-sense. Except when his prejudices were awakened by insults or injuries, fancied or otherwise, to himself or his friends, or to those whose circumstances gave them a claim on his chivalric nature, he was eminently fair and just. There are no reports of the Tennessee courts until after the close of Jackson's terms of office. Unfortunately, none of his decisions as judge has been preserved, consequently no one ever refers to him for the establishment of a pre-

cedent or the decision of a nice point of law. Yet no man seems to have questioned his impartiality on the bench. He was so fiercely assailed in after life, his every action was so keenly scrutinized, and everything that possibly could be turned to his disadvantage was so openly proclaimed, that the absence of any general charge of injustice or inefficiency is conclusive proof that he made a wise and upright judge.

To be a district attorney then was to take one's life in one's hand. It is not a pleasant situation now, and it entailed most serious risks in primitive days. The breaker of law often had public sentiment on his side. The laws were harsher in those days, and for that reason it was more difficult to enforce them. Jackson, however, was equal to the situation. Before he had been a month in Nashville he had issued over seventy writs to delinquent debtors and had brought them to a speedy trial.

As Fiske says: "Amid such a turbulent population the public prosecutor must needs be a man of nerve and resource. Jackson proved himself quite equal to the task of introducing law and order in so far as it depended upon him. 'Just inform Mr. Jackson,' said Governor Blount, when sundry malfeasances were reported to him; 'he will be sure to do his duty, and the offenders will be punished.'"

Colonel Putnam, of the Tennessee Historical Society, states that "The records of the Quarter Sessions Court of Davidson County, the county of which Nashville is the capital, show that at the April term, 1790, there were one hundred and ninety-two cases on the two dockets (Appearance docket and Trial docket) and that Andrew Jackson was employed as counsel in forty-two of them. On one leaf of the record of the January term, 1793, there are thirteen suits entered, mostly for debt, in *every one* of which Andrew Jackson was employed. At the April term of the same year he was counsel in seventy-

two out of one hundred and fifty-five cases. In most of these he was counsel for the defence. At the July term of the same year he was employed in sixty cases out of one hundred and thirty-two. In the four terms of 1794 there were three hundred and ninety-seven cases before the same court, in two hundred and twenty-eight of which Jackson acted as counsel. And during these and later years he practised at the courts of Jonesboro and other towns in East Tennessee."

Colyar had unearthed a note in the court records of Sumner County, Tennessee, at Gallatin, to the effect that in a certain case the court "Thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct." Here follows the explanation of the words.

"Judge Guild, who was admitted to the bar at Gallatin in 1825, hunted up two men who had been members of the county court at the time referred to and from them learned the following:

"'That there was a gang of bullies in the county, who on public days got up fights and committed other offences and then bullied the court and refused to be tried; that up to the time Jackson went there as attorney-general the justices holding the court had been dominated by these bullies; that Jackson had full information before he came of the condition; that he came on horseback, hitched his horse, and came into court, which had already been opened, and, getting his docket, looked over the cases, and the first thing he did was to call one of the cases in which the defendant had refused to be tried; that the defendant came up and said he was not going to be tried.'

"Judge Guild's remembrance was that the old men who had been on the bench at the time said that Jackson in a mild way remonstrated with the man about his case and told him that the case had to be tried; that the defendant used offensive language and said no

court could try him; that thereupon Jackson pulled his saddlebags out from under the table and took out two large pistols—such as travellers carried—and laid them on the table. The bully grabbed at the pistols, and the struggle between him and Jackson led to a general fight. The good citizens, inspired by the courage of young Jackson, fell in and whipped the whole crowd. Jackson and his man having fallen out of the door, Jackson held to him and brought him back and tried him, and when it was all over the court ordered the clerk to put on the minutes Judge Guild assured me he had seen: 'The Court thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct.'"

When Jackson became judge he was equally fearless and determined. Parton thus writes of his famous episode with Colonel Harrison: "In the fall of 1803, while Jackson was on his way from Nashville to Jonesboro, where he was about to hold a court, he was informed by a friend who met him on the road that a combination had been formed against him, and that on his arrival at Jonesboro he might expect to be mobbed. He was sick at the time of an intermittent fever, which had so reduced his strength that he was scarcely able to sit on his horse. But on hearing this intelligence he spurred forward and reached the town, but so exhausted that he could not dismount without help. Burning with fever, he lay down upon a bed in the tavern. A few minutes after a friend came in and said that Colonel Harrison and 'a regiment of men' were in front of the tavern, who had assembled for the purpose of tarring and feathering him. His friend advised him to lock his door. Jackson rose suddenly, threw his door wide open, and said, with that peculiar emphasis which won him so many battles without fighting,—

"'Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment

whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not follow them.' "

" The 'regiment,' either because they were ashamed to harm a sick man or afraid to attack a desperate one, thought better of their purpose and gradually dispersed. Judge Jackson recovered from his fever, held his court as usual, and heard nothing further of any hostile designs at Jonesboro."

On one occasion the sheriff was ordered to bring a desperate criminal into the court. When he reported that he was unable to arrest the man, Jackson descended from the bench, directed the sheriff to summon him, received the summons, walked out into the street and apprehended the man, marched him into the court, resumed his seat on the bench, and there sentenced him for punishment. He was quite willing then, as always, to do everything himself.

Jackson was one of the few Presidents of the United States who had been on both sides of the bar—*i.e.*, both as prosecutor and prosecuted. During the New Orleans campaign, after the defeat of the British, a citizen of the town, Louis Louaillier, published an article in the *Louisiana Gazette* claiming that peace had been restored, although it had not been officially proclaimed, that the British had departed, and that martial law—which Jackson had declared and established without warrant of the constitution but for the great good and benefit of the citizens—should be abrogated immediately; accordingly he urged resistance to Jackson's authority in case he did not at once annul his proclamation. Louaillier evidently did not know the temper of the man whom he was attacking, for Jackson promptly ordered him under arrest, his justification being the very proclamation by which martial law had been established, as follows:

"The Major-General Commanding assumes every responsibility that may attach to this proceeding. Martial law can only be justified by the necessity of the case. The Major-General proclaims it at his own risk and upon his sole responsibility not alone to the Government, but to individuals. It is a measure unknown to the Constitution and laws of the United States. The effect of its proclamation is to abrogate for the time being the authority of the civil law; to bring all persons resident in the district comprised by it within the purview of martial law; so that all those in that district capable of defending the country are subject to such law by virtue of the proclamation and may be tried by its provisions and methods during its continuance."

Judge Dominick A. Hall, of the United States Court, granted a writ of habeas corpus requiring the production of Louaillier before him immediately. Jackson dealt with this situation as promptly as he had with the other. He issued the following order to Colonel Arbuckle, which was at once carried out:

"New Orleans, March 5th, 1815,
"Seven o'clock P.M.

"Headquarters Seventh Military District,

"Having received proof that Dominick A. Hall has been aiding and abetting and exciting mutiny within my camp, you will forthwith order a detachment to arrest and confine him, and report to me as soon as he is arrested. You will be vigilant; the agents of our enemy are more numerous than was expected. You will be guarded against escapes.

"A. Jackson, Major-General Commanding."

After Judge Hall was arrested, he and Louaillier were both exiled from the United States! "I have thought proper," said the general, "to send you beyond the limits of my encampment, to prevent a repetition of the improper conduct with which you have been charged. You will remain without the lines of my sentinels until the ratification of peace is regularly announced, or until the British shall have left the southern coast."

Jackson certainly had no hesitation whatever in standing by his own proclamation. When he said a thing he meant it, and other people got involved in difficulties by failing to understand that. They soon learned that they were dealing with a man who never took a position in which he was not prepared to go to the last limit to sustain his course, right or wrong though it might be. He was like Lord Say and Seal in that.

When he was finally persuaded that peace had been declared—and it was eminently proper for him to take no *ex-parte* statements or opinions to that effect, but only official notice, especially with the British forces still on the coast—he, of course, abrogated martial law and restored the community to the operation of the civil law and the jurisdiction of the civil courts. This was Judge Hall's opportunity.

The angry judge at once issued a summons for the summary general couched in the following terms:

"That the said Major-General Andrew Jackson show cause, on Friday next, the 24th March instant, at ten o'clock A.M., why an attachment should not be awarded against him for contempt of this court, in having disrespectfully wrested from the clerk aforesaid an original order of the honorable the judge of this court, for the issuing of a writ of habeas corpus, when issued and served, in having imprisoned the honorable the judge of this court, and for other contempts, as stated by the witnesses."

Jackson immediately obeyed the summons. He is pictured usually as a haughty, irascible, undisciplined man, who respected little but his own will, yet in this instance he showed that he possessed other more admirable qualities. He was the savior of New Orleans, the victor of the most remarkable battle of his time, a man whose authority had been absolutely unquestioned; who had acted as he believed—and as I for one believe—

with abundant justification; who was being subjected to a petty personal persecution for an official action which the circumstances rendered necessary. No doubt he could have dismissed Judge Hall's summons with contempt. There was no power in Louisiana or in the southern part of the United States to have brought him to that court had he been unwilling to go. The soldiers were devoted to him, and so were the citizens. Yet he went without hesitation. Eaton thus describes the scene:

"On that day General Jackson appeared in court, attended by a prodigious concourse of excited people. He wore the dress of a private citizen. Undiscovered amidst the crowd, he had nearly reached the bar, when, being perceived, the room instantly rang with the shouts of a thousand voices. Raising himself on a bench, and moving his hand to procure silence, a pause ensued. He then addressed himself to the crowd; told them of the duty due to the public authorities; for that any impropriety of theirs would be imputed to him, and urged, if they had any regard for him, that they would, on the present occasion, forbear those feelings and expression of opinion. Silence being restored, the judge rose from his seat, and remarking that it was impossible nor safe, to transact business at such a moment and under such threatening circumstances, directed the marshal to adjourn the court. The general immediately interfered and requested that it might not be done. 'There is no danger here; there shall be none—the same arm that protected from outrage this city, against the invaders of the country, will shield and protect this court or perish in the effort.'

"Tranquillity was restored and the court proceeded to business. The district attorney had prepared, and now presented, a file of nineteen questions to be answered by the prisoner. 'Did you not arrest Louaillier?' 'Did

you not arrest the judge of this court?' 'Did you not say a variety of disrespectful things of the judge?' 'Did you not seize the writ of habeas corpus?' These nineteen interrogations the general utterly refused to answer, to listen to, or receive. He told the court that in the paper previously presented by his counsel he had explained fully the reasons that had influenced his conduct. That paper had been rejected without a hearing. He could add nothing to that paper. 'Under the circumstances,' said he, 'I appear before you to receive the sentence of the court, having nothing further in my defence to offer.'

"Whereupon Judge Hall pronounced the judgment of the court. It is recorded in the words following:

"'On this day appeared in person Major-General Andrew Jackson, and, being duly informed by the court that an attachment had issued against him for the purpose of bringing him into court, and the district-attorney having filed interrogatories, the court informed General Jackson that they would be tendered to him for the purpose of answering thereto. The said General Jackson refused to receive them, or to make any answer to the said interrogatories. Whereupon the court proceeded to pronounce judgment, which was, that Major-General Andrew Jackson do pay a fine of one thousand dollars to the United States.'"

The fine was paid then and there.

Few things are more creditable to Jackson than his action in this connection. It is interesting to note that the fine was afterwards refunded to the general by the United States government. Thus his original course was approved by the authorities. The whole incident was a lucky one for Judge Hall, for it rescued his name from an oblivion from which nothing else in his career would have saved him.

Once again in his life Jackson faced a writ of habeas corpus and refused to obey it. When he was made governor of Florida and after the cession of that terri-

tory to the United States, he came into a collision with Callava, the retiring Spanish governor. A woman, a mulattress, claimed to be one of the heirs of the estate of a man named Vidal who had left considerable property. She said she was unable to establish her claim because the Spanish governor, Callava, refused to allow her access to certain papers belonging to her which he retained in his possession.

That was enough for Jackson. A woman—even a black one—in trouble appealed to him as no one else could. He sent Callava a peremptory demand for the papers. When the Spanish governor claimed that they were not his personal property, that he was simply the custodian of them and refused to give them up, Jackson actually clapped him in jail! He put him in the local calaboose and then sent one of his aids to open the governor's boxes and get out the papers, which, by the way, utterly failed to substantiate the claims of the woman, for investigation disclosed the fact that so far from anything being due her from the Vidal estate, she was indebted thereto.

Judge Elijius Fromentin, of Louisiana, an apostate French Roman Catholic priest, who had been appointed United States judge of Florida, issued a writ of habeas corpus for Callava, to which Jackson paid no attention whatever. The action made a great stir at the time. Callava and the Spanish government carried the affair to Washington. Jackson was sustained in his disregard of the writ for the reason that Congress had only extended the revenue laws to the new territory, and the only law which obtained in other matters was the old Spanish law which did not provide for a writ of habeas corpus—a point to which Jackson had given no thought whatever, although it turned out so luckily in his favor. The Spanish government was soothed by a sort of apology—not tendered by Jackson!—for the

arrest of the former governor—who was released so soon as Jackson had examined the papers, by the way —and thus the matter ended. As usual, although he had behaved outrageously towards the unfortunate Spanish official, Jackson got off scot-free.

Wherever Jackson went he managed to get into difficulties. If there was any fighting against the enemy to be done, he could work off his energy and temper in that direction, but failing that safety-valve, his pugnacity involved him in all sorts of trouble. He generally did the right thing in the wrong way, or if he did it in the right way, he would throw such color over his action or his words as to exasperate those who did not believe as he.

He was once offered the mission to Mexico. He declined it, which was within his power, but he went further than that. He published a letter in the Mobile *Register* in which he stated his reasons for declining.

" These reasons were a reflection on the administration, because they showed cause why no mission ought to be sent. The letter was calculated to win capital out of the appointment at the expense of the administration which had made it."

Monroe was his good friend and considered the propriety of appointing him minister to Russia. Before making out the appointment he consulted with Jefferson. Jefferson and Jackson were both Democrats, and the Democratic party, in accordance with its fluctuation of opinion, swore impartially by either or both—and still so swears!—but no two men were ever so temperamentally, and I may add politically, diverse as Jackson and Jefferson. Jefferson responded to Monroe's inquiry in the following vigorous and emphatic language, " Why, good God, he would breed you a quarrel before he had been there a month!"

Jackson fully reciprocated Jefferson's poor opinion of

him. Senator Allen says: "Then he had always disliked Jefferson from the first, from the time when he (Jackson) went to Congress for Tennessee in 1796. He said he saw but little of Jefferson then, but got better acquainted with him the next year, when he was in the Senate, with Jefferson as presiding officer. 'Officially,' said Jackson, 'he was all that could be wished, but in personal intercourse he always left upon you the impression of want of candor, sincerity, and fidelity. He could not conceal his timidity. He was much more sensitive to Federalist criticism than to that of his own party. He seemed to think he owned his party anyhow, and his ambition seemed to be to win over the Federals. I really believe,' exclaimed Jackson, 'that he seriously cherished the foolish hope that he might sometime be elected President without opposition, as Washington had been!'"

Notwithstanding this, Jefferson on one occasion presided at a banquet to do honor to Jackson, after his military fame had become so great, and toasted him in the most handsome and magnanimous manner. Jefferson was an old man at the time, however, and perhaps the mellowness of age made him more charitable than he would have been in earlier life.

Jackson must have had in his bearing a great deal of the dignity and impressiveness we like to associate with the bench if the following testimony from Senator Benton can be accepted. "The first time that I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1790—he on the bench, a judge of the then Supreme Court, and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendancy over all who apprehended him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned; nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war; but the effect of personal qualities,

cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language which grated on my ear and lodged in my memory without derogating in the least from the respect which he inspired, and without awakening the least suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his diction."

By the way, in 1808 Benton was fined one dollar for swearing in open court, which shows that the forensic manner of the time was not quite what it should have been, at least in the case of so accomplished a man as the great senator from Missouri.

III

PLANTER, STOREKEEPER, AND SPORTSMAN

LIKE many men of action, Jackson's fondest desire was for a retired, quiet life on his plantation, especially after the close of his military career. That desire was rarely realized. He was a rich man for his day, perhaps the richest man in Tennessee, and, other things being equal, could have ordered his life according to his fancy. In the Hermitage he had one of the finest plantations in the State or out of it. Although various things embarrassed him somewhat after his retirement from the Presidency and compelled him to borrow money and pledge his crops, his circumstances were easy and he never suffered from lack of means. His generosity was unbounded to all who had any claim upon him. Fortune and the demands of his countrymen never permitted him to enjoy his rural life for any extended period of time. He was generally in office of some sort which necessitated his absence from Nashville, near which his home was situated. He was not only a prosperous planter, but a successful merchant as well. He associated himself at various times with different partners and dealt in general merchandise.

Sparks, in his "Memories of Fifty Years," charges Jackson with having been in early life a dealer in slaves. His remarks on this charge are rather naïve, since he accompanies them with many controverting statements and with very little establishing testimony. Whom are we to believe if not the affidavits of Jackson's friends, who strenuously denied the charge? Yet I suppose there may be some ground of truth for it. Jackson may

have sold slaves that had come into his possession in various ways, as other planters had done from time to time, but that he was a slave-dealer in the recognized sense of the word is not true. In the first place, the universal testimony is that no man was ever kinder to his slaves than Jackson. The relation between them and him was that of a patriarchal type, which was not infrequent in the South and which constituted the best defence of slavery that could be made. Master and slaves at the Hermitage were devoted to one another. Fierce, haughty, irascible as he sometimes was, Jackson was always kind to the poor and dependent.

"Everybody told us," writes Parton, "that General Jackson's slaves were treated with the greatest humanity, and several persons assured us that it would not surprise them if in a short time their master, who already had so many claims on the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, should attempt to augment it still more by giving an example of gradual emancipation to Tennessee, which would be the more easily accomplished, as there are in this State but seventy-nine thousand slaves in a population of four hundred and twenty-three thousand, and from the public mind becoming more inclined than formerly to the abolition of slavery."

Before he built the Hermitage, which was a mansion for those days, and is still a spacious and commodious residence, Jackson and his wife lived in log cabins, the capacity of which was limited and the facilities for entertainment meagre, yet the hospitality of the general and his wife was unbounded. Thus Parton:

"In an establishment so restricted, General Jackson and his good-hearted wife continued to dispense a most generous hospitality. A lady of Nashville tells me that she has often been at the Hermitage in those simple old times, when there was in each of the four available rooms not a guest merely, but a *family*, while the young

THE LARGE LOG-CABIN, PART OF THE ORIGINAL HERMITAGE

Built in 1804

men and solitary travellers who chanced to drop in disposed themselves on the piazza, or any other shelter about the house. 'Put me down in your book,' said one of General Jackson's oldest neighbors, 'that the general was the prince of hospitality; not because he entertained a great many people, but because the poor, belated pedlar was as welcome as the President of the United States, and made so much at his ease that he felt as though he had got home.'"

"The general used in those years to ride in a carriage drawn by four handsome iron-gray horses, attended by servants in blue livery with brass buttons, glazed hats, and silver bands. 'A very big man, sir,' remarked one of the aged waiters of the City Hotel of Nashville. 'We had many big men, sir, in Nashville at that time, but General Jackson was the biggest man of them all. I knew the general, sir; but he always had so many people around him when he came to town that it was not often I could get a chance to say anything to him. He didn't used to put up at our house. No, sir; the old Nashville Inn was General Jackson's house. He was a mighty quick man, sir; used to step around lively.' Thus, Washington, for thirty-five years waiter in the City Hotel."

The views of the old waiter are interesting and accurate. According to Bernard Shaw, waiters are men of much more acumen than those who simply are fed—fancy! Jackson was a very great man and a marvellously active one, yet he was never an early riser when at home. It was his custom then to breakfast between eight and nine—a fashionable enough hour now, but very late in those days.

Originally he had been what Parton describes as "an impetuous eater, fond of a liberal table and accustomed to take freely and largely of whatever good things were before him. He was one of these long, thin men who

ply a vigorous knife and fork all their days and never grow fat." Illness, brought about by his campaigning and fighting, caused him to grow constantly more careful and abstemious in his diet as he grew older. After dinner he and his wife were accustomed to sit by the fire, both taking a few leisurely and dignified pulls at their long reed tobacco-pipes.

"For a week," writes Aaron Burr, who certainly knew the outward marks of good-breeding and refinement as well as any man on earth, "I have been lounging at the house of General Jackson, once a lawyer, after a judge, now a planter; a man of intelligence, and one of those prompt, frank, ardent souls whom I love to meet."

The poor were as welcome as the rich. It must not be inferred that Jackson loved the poor any more than he did the rich, or *vice versa*, but he was the first of the Presidents of the United States who was really Democratic in practice as well as in theory. He estimated a man by his mental and moral worth, not by his manners. Yet there was no man who has filled the Presidential chair who was more courtly in bearing, more distinguished in manner, or more genuinely filled the measure of high breeding than Andrew Jackson. Strange as it may seem to the casual who are attracted by such antitheses as "Jefferson simplicity" and "Jackson vulgarity," there is no doubt that Jackson was as polished a gentleman as, let us say, Chester A. Arthur, for instance. The vulgarity charge in connection with Jackson is just about as true as the charge of simplicity in connection with Jefferson.

As a storekeeper Jackson made money. He was the most honest of men. His credit was the highest in the land. When banks were unable to secure money Jackson could get it on his personal unsecured note from anybody who had it. When he first entered business

he sold a piece of land to a Philadelphia capitalist whose reputation was very high. Jackson took notes in payment for his land, discounted them, and bought goods with the proceeds. The man who had given the notes failed entirely. Jackson found himself minus his land and liable for the amount of the notes. He paid every dollar of the obligation and by economy and shrewdness recouped his fortune. According to Parton:

"Sometime in 1838 or 1839 a gentleman in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property and owed debts. His property was not available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by the names of several of the best men in Tennessee. Money was tight, and Boston bankers looked closely at the names. 'Very good,' said they; 'but—but—do you know General Jackson?' 'Certainly.' 'Could you get his endorsement?' 'Yes, but it is not worth a tenth as much as either of those gentlemen whose names I offer you.' 'No matter: General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money on the strength of his name.' In a few days the paper with his signature arrived. The moment these Boston bankers saw the tall A and long J of Andrew Jackson, our Tennessean said he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon the signature without the slightest difficulty."

Several times he pledged his personal property to pay bills incurred in military movements for the State and for the United States. In every instance, so high was his credit, he had no difficulty in obtaining the money. As his property accumulated he gradually withdrew from mercantile business. "The tradition is," says Parton, "that, after some years of storekeeping, Jackson sold out to Coffee, taking notes payable at long intervals in payment for his share; that Coffee floundered on awhile by himself and lost all that he had in

the world; that, afterwards, Coffee gave up the business, resumed the occupation of surveying, prospered, and married a niece of Mrs. Jackson; that, on the wedding-day, General Jackson did the handsome and dramatic thing—brought out Coffee's notes from his strong box, tore them in halves, and presented the pieces to the bride with a magnificent bow. Which latter incident has the merit of being entirely probable, for his generosity to the relatives of his wife was boundless." Thereafter he devoted himself to his plantation.

Respecting General Jackson's mode of dealing, we have agreeable information. "A cool, shrewd man of business," remarked Dr. Felix Robertson, a venerated citizen of Nashville (who was the first boy born in Nashville and who remembered Jackson since 1800). "He knew the value of an article. He knew his own mind. Hence, he was prompt and decided. No chaffering, no bargaining. 'I will give or take so much; if you will trade, say so, and have done with it; if not, let it alone.' A man of soundest judgment, utterly honest, *naturally* honest; would beggar himself to pay a debt, and did so; could not be comfortable if he thought he had wronged anyone. He was swift to make up his mind, yet was rarely wrong; but whether wrong or right, hard to be shaken. Still, if convinced that he was in the wrong, no man so prompt to acknowledge and atone. He was a bank hater from an early day. Paper money was an abomination to him, because he regarded it in the light of a promise to pay that was almost certain, sooner or later, to be broken. For his own part, law or no law, he would pay what he owed; he would do what he said he would."

Jackson was not only a farmer, but a breeder of fine horses as well. Next to his books on military tactics those on horses were his favorite study. He did much

by importing blooded sires and carefully breeding them to produce that high quality which the horses of Kentucky and Tennessee have never lost.

Being a horseman, he was naturally a sportsman. He entered his horses freely in every race and meet which took place in his vicinity and generally won. The ostensible cause of his quarrel with Dickinson was a horse-race. He was fond of every kind of sport prevalent in that day. As a boy, while a law student at Salisbury, one of his contemporaries writes: "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow, that ever lived in Salisbury." Add to this such expressions as these: "he did not trouble the law-books much;" "he was more in the stable than in the office;" "he was the head of all the rowdies hereabouts." And the following discreditable pranks throws a peculiar light on the manners and customs of the free and easy period:

"The dancing-school resolved to give a Christmas ball, and Andrew Jackson was appointed to serve as one of the managers thereof. There were living at that time in Salisbury two women of ill-repute, a mother and daughter, Molly and Rachel Wood—women notoriously dissolute—a by-word in the county of Rowan. Jackson, who was excessively fond of a practical joke, sent these two women tickets of admission to the ball, 'to see what would come of it,' as he said. On the evening of the ball, lo! the women presented themselves, flaunting in all the colors of the rainbow. Some confusion ensued. The dancing was suspended. The ladies withdrew to one side of the room, half giggling, half offended. Molly and Rachel were soon led out and the ball went on as before. In the course of the evening, when it came out that Jackson had sent them invitations, the ladies took him to task, upon which he humbly apologized, declaring that it was merely a piece of fun,

and that he scarcely supposed the women would have the face to make their appearance; and if they did, he thought the ladies would take it as a joke." The ladies forgave him more easily than some modern readers of the story will, yet this, it must be remembered, took place when Jackson was still little more than a boy.

Parton says that " Jackson played cards, fought cocks, ran horses, threw the ' long bullet' (a cannon-ball slung in a strap and thrown as a trial of strength), carried off gates, moved outhouses to remote fields, and occasionally indulged in a downright drunken debauch. But he was not licentious nor particularly quarrelsome." Except for the " debauch," which is disputed by some authorities, these practices were those that usually obtained among the young men of the time and some of them were harmless enough.

According to Parton, during his sojourn in Charleston the following incident occurred: " He had strolled one evening down the street, and was carried into a place where some persons were amusing themselves at a game of dice, and much betting was in progress. He was challenged for a game by a person present, by whom a proposal was made to stake two hundred dollars against a fine horse on which Jackson had come to Charleston. After some deliberation he accepted the challenge. Fortune was on his side; the wager was won and paid. He forthwith departed, settled his bill next morning, and returned to his home. ' My calculation,' said he, speaking of this little incident, ' was that, if a loser in the game, I would give the landlord my saddle and bridle, as far as they would go towards the payment of his bill, ask a credit for the balance, and walk away from the city; but being successful, I had new spirits infused into me, left the table, and from that moment to the present time I have never thrown dice for a wager.' "

This personal testimony may be depended upon absolutely. Whatever else he might have been, Jackson was the most truthful of men; he scorned a lie and hated a liar. Mistaken he might be, his remembrance at fault possibly, but wilfully deceiving, never. Such a statement as that quoted is impeachable.

"Nashville increased very rapidly both in numbers and wealth after the new century began," writes the virtuous and voluminous Parton. "It became a gay and somewhat dissipated place. Billiards, for example, were played to such excess that the game was suppressed by act of the legislature. The two annual races were the two great days of the year. Cards were played wherever two men found themselves together with nothing to do. Betting in all its varieties was carried on continually. Cock-fights were not infrequent. The whiskey bottle—could that be wanting?

"In all these sports—the innocent, the less innocent, and the very bad, Andrew Jackson was an occasional participant. He played billiards and cards, and both for money. He ran horses and bet upon the horses of others. He was occasionally hilarious over his whiskey or his wine when he came to Nashville on Saturdays. At the cock-pit no man more eager than he."

There were gentlemen of the first respectability living at Nashville in Parton's day who remembered seeing him often at the cock-pit in the public square adjoining the old Nashville Inn, cheering on his favorite birds with loudest vociferation. "'Hurrah! my Dominica! Ten dollars on my Dominica!' or 'Hurrah! my Bernadotte! Twenty dollars on my Bernadotte! Who'll take me up? Well done, my Bernadotte! My Bernadotte for ever.'"

Colonel Avery thus relates: "On the third of July, 1809, I rode from Rutherford Court-House to Nashville. I saw there the general in a character new to me.

He had made a main of cocks with Patton Anderson, to be fought on the Fourth for six hundred and forty acres of land. Whatever General Jackson did was the fashion. His influence over young men was unbounded. Cock-fighting was, accordingly, the order of the day. I passed ox-carts and wagons loaded with chickens. They were arriving by boats, too, from up and down the Cumberland. General Jackson was on the main, but the fighting by amateurs continued. On the third afternoon of the fighting, I think, when I went to the pit with George W. Campbell, a chicken of the General's, after being cut down, revived, and, by a lucky stroke, killed his antagonist. Upon this I heard Jackson say to Campbell:

"'There is the greatest emblem of bravery on earth. Bonaparte is not braver!'

"They were drinking quantities of mint-julep. I remained at the pit long enough to see large sums of money and several horses change hands. I suppose it was ennui, or want of excitement, made him do it. I never heard of him fighting chickens before or after this occasion, though he may have done it."

And another contemporary exclaimed when it was proposed to nominate him for the Presidency: "What! Jackson up for President! *Jackson! Andrew Jackson!* The Jackson that used to live in Salisbury? Why, when he was here he was such a rake that my husband would not bring him into the house. It is true, he *might* have taken him out to the stable to weigh horses for a race, and might drink a glass of whiskey with him *there.* Well, if Andrew Jackson can be President, anybody can!" Which shows how mistaken sometimes is the contemporary judgment.

Yet it is well established that after the War of 1812 he was never seen at a cock-pit and very seldom at the race-track, although he never lost his love for horses.

Sumner, who cannot be accused of partiality, writes: "Jackson was above every species of money vice; he was chaste and domestic in his habits; he was temperate in every way; he was not ambitious in the bad sense. Judge McNairy speaks of General Jackson as being less addicted to the vices and immoralities of youth than any young man with whom he was acquainted; that he never knew of his *fighting cocks* or gambling, and as for his being a *libertine,* as has been charged, the judge says he was distinctly the reverse of it. 'The truth is, as everybody here well knows, General Jackson never was fond of any kind of sport, nor did he indulge in any except occasionally for amusement, but horse-racing. This his friends are willing to admit, but even this he has quit for many years. I believe ever since the year 1810 or 1811.'"

I suppose the discrepancies in what has been recorded arise from the fact that the things Jackson may have enjoyed and delighted in during his youth, he gradually abandoned as he grew older; at any rate, the testimony to his manly qualities in his mature years is abundant.

IV

SOLDIER

The military career of Andrew Jackson undoubtedly made him the most prominent figure in the history of the United States between Washington and Lincoln. The Creek War, the War of 1812, and the Seminole War afforded him opportunities for the display of talents, military and personal, which amounted to genius. The opening of the second decade of the nineteenth century found him obscure and for national purposes unknown or unconsidered. Its close left him the dominant personality of his age. From that position which he attained he never derogated. He remained the greatest man of his times. The same qualities which made him great as a soldier distinguished him in his after life. The same defects which he exhibited as a soldier marred his subsequent career; but in his life the good overbalanced the ill, and with the lapse of years the latter is well-nigh forgotten.

In the popular understanding Jackson's fame as a soldier rests solely upon the Battle of New Orleans. That was a remarkable battle. We can safely go farther and say that it was a unique battle, such an one as had never happened before and certainly will never happen again. But it would have been a most remarkable thing if from half an hour of fierce fighting at long range in the Delta of the Mississippi had ensued the subsequent career of Andrew Jackson. It was the salient, the culminating, feature of a military education in the hard school of actual experience which fastened the popular attention upon him, and which, conse-

ANDREW JACKSON

From the portrait by Colonel R. E. W. Earl in the State Capitol, Nashville, Tenn.

quently, has stood for all that went before. Yet it by no means represents Jackson's military career, nor was the famous battle of the eighth of January the most convincing demonstration of his ability as a soldier—quite the contrary.

Jackson was elected major-general of militia in the State of Tennessee in 1801 at the age of thirty-four. His military experience prior to that time had been practically nil. He took part in an Indian expedition on a very small scale in the spring of 1792, when he commanded a small body of fifteen men pursuing some Indians who had ravaged Robertson's Station. One of his companions describes him as "bold, dashing, fearless, and mad upon his enemies." Buell says that he was at that time a major of militia. No one else attributes that rank to him, and Buell qualifies his statement later on, by saying that prior to his appointment as major-general he had enjoyed no military experience whatsoever. Whether he was a titular major or not, the latter statement is indubitably correct.

Jackson was elected by one vote. His principal competitor for the office of major-general was the famous John Sevier, the hero of a hundred fights, a veteran and approved soldier. It was an inexpressible humiliation to old John Sevier to be beaten by an unknown young man who had never set a squadron in the field, whatever his courage and other qualities for command might be. The vote that elected Jackson was the deciding one of Governor Roane.*

In after years the position of major-general of militia was a subject for burlesque, and the gorgeously apparelled paper soldiers who filled the office were the butts of the wits of the time. It is different to-day. A

* It is interesting to speculate upon the consequences to this country of a change in that one vote!

major-general of the National Guard is usually at least a respectable soldier with well-understood duties and a zealous desire to discharge them. He has the administration and the training of that force of the nation upon which, when we are compelled to use the final argument of republics as well as of kings, we must rely for defence. In Jackson's day the position was even more honorable and its duties more important and more onerous than they are now. Every man in Tennessee was more or less of a soldier. At least, it cannot be gainsaid that he was of necessity a man-at-arms. The most precious possession of the pioneer was his rifle. By it he preserved his life, procured his food, and insured his liberty. Indians were always troublesome, and the new commonwealths to the west lived rifle in hand, finger on trigger.

At the time of Jackson's election he was also chief-justice of Tennessee. Consequently he was not at first able to devote to the duties of the office that time and attention which he gave to them after he resigned from the bench in 1804, when his military career became his chief consideration. Yet from the beginning Jackson was a real and not a play soldier. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war were conspicuous by their absence, but the true spirit of the soldier was always in evidence. His military career lasted until 1821. He was thus a soldier for a score of years, thirteen as major-general of militia, eight as major-general in the regular army of the United States. In these twenty years he participated as commander in no less than five distinct campaigns. He fought seven pitched battles, which were contested with bravery and skill on the part of his opponents and were carried out with equal bravery and skill by his command, battles which were marked by sanguinary ferocity and desperate courage. Many of them were small contests, like some of Washington's

in the Revolution, but they were, nevertheless, important. In addition to New Orleans, another one, Tallushatches, in which all the contestants on one side were killed to a man, was unique. Not only did Jackson fight these seven battles in person, but his lieutenants and the men under his command fought four more, of which he was the animating spirit, although not in actual command on the field.

He fought in three wars, the Creek, the War of 1812, and the Seminole. Two of his campaigns were practically bloodless, one of no importance, the other of great value. Before he ever saw a British soldier he had demonstrated his splendid fighting ability. The Creek War was to Jackson what the Algerine War was to the American navy—a school. What he had learned in fighting that splendid race of Indians, than which no tribe that has ever roamed the forest glades has been more skilful, more determined, and more heroic,—I except not even the Iroquois, the Ottawa, the Nez Perce, the Sioux, or the Cheyenne,—enabled him to flesh his maiden sword and to gain that confidence begot of experience,—experience of victory, be it remembered,—which rendered the British an easy mark.

"In 1814, after two years of warfare," Winfield Scott records in his autobiography that there were but two books of tactics (one written in French) in the entire army on the Niagara frontier; and officers and men were on such a dead level of ignorance that he had to spend a month drilling all the former, divided into squads, in the school of the soldier and school of the company.

Jackson is popularly regarded as a rough-and-ready backwoods soldier who knew how to fight and little else. Scott is justly considered as a most highly educated and accomplished captain. Yet in Jackson's library at the Hermitage "the most thumbed books,"

said Mr. Blair, "were a translation of French army regulations and military tactics, two or three English books on similar subjects, histories of the campaigns of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and several pamphlets concerning certain campaigns of the Revolution." These books had evidently been studied with care, no mean preparation for an American soldier of that day. It may also be mentioned that many of Jackson's friends were old Revolutionary veterans, some of whom had enjoyed the benefit of Baron von Steuben's instructions in the school of a soldier. Some of them had learned tactics under Greene and Morgan and strategy under Washington. Therefore we are not justified in the inference that the troops Jackson led were mere untrained, unorganized mobs, who were herded in one direction or the other much like cattle, whose only redeeming virtue was ability to shoot straight to the mark. This, however, coupled with a courage that will not quail, is no mean groundwork on which to build successful campaigning.

It is probable that Jackson and the man who most nearly approaches him in native military ability during the war, William Henry Harrison, who also acquired his fame west of the Alleghenies, were quite as accomplished soldiers in the refinements of the art of war as Winfield Scott or Jacob Brown, who were the only conspicuous examples of ability produced by the seaboard States.

It is no part of my task to recount the history of Jackson's campaigns. This has been done *in extenso* with great skill by many biographers, old and new. Reference has been made to some of the works, and further reference will be made to others, where the student of military affairs may find explicit information in detail. I shall only strive to show what kind of a soldier Jackson was by discussing his characteristics and peculiarities as exhibited in his campaigns.

Generally speaking, three things go to make a commander—strategy, tactics, and courage. Strategy deals with the movements preliminary to action—battle, that is; tactics with the conduct of the force after the battle is joined. Everybody but the coward knows what courage is—perhaps the coward knows it better than anybody else, by exclusion. There are also many other things of less importance which go to make up the soldier and which contribute to make up the commander. I shall first consider Jackson as a captain rather than as a soldier.

He had little or no opportunity for the display of grand strategy. In but two of his five campaigns did he meet with resistance stout enough to develop or render necessary any strategic concepts—the Creek War and the New Orleans campaign. The Creeks opposed to him mustered at least two thousand fighting men—"Red Sticks," so called from a little baton they carried as a sign of affiliation and to distinguish them from friendly Creeks.

These Indians were no mean antagonists for any man. They had attained to a higher degree of civilization than any of the fighting Indian tribes on the continent, before or since. Many of them lived on plantations and owned slaves. They had much acreage under high cultivation. They lived in villages of comfortable log cabins. Their principal men were half-breeds. Many of them spoke and read English. They had a genius for warfare, and did not disdain pitched battles with the whites. They came out in the open and fought boldly. Their courage was beyond praise. They were not defeated and the war was not ended until they were literally exterminated.

"They defeated the Americans," Pickett, in his "History of Alabama," says, "at Burnt Corn * and compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. They reduced

Fort Mims * after a fight of five hours and exterminated its numerous inmates. They encountered the large force under Coffee at Talluschatches and fought till not one warrior was left, disdaining to beg for quarter. They opposed Jackson at Talladega, and, although surrounded by his army, poured out their fire and fled not till the ground was almost covered with their dead. They met Floyd at Autosse * and fought him obstinately, and again rallied and attacked him a few hours after the battle, when he was leading his army over Haydon's Hill. Against the well-trained army of Claiborne they fought at the Holy Ground * with the fury of tigers, and then made good their retreat across the Alabama. At Emuckfau, three times did they charge upon Jackson, and when he retreated across the Coosa they sprang upon him, while crossing at Enotachopco, with the courage and impetuosity of lions. Two days afterwards a party under Weatherford rushed upon the unsuspecting Georgians at Calabee * threw the army into dismay and confusion, and stood their ground in a severe struggle until the superior force of General Floyd forced them to fly at daylight. Sixty days after this Jackson surrounded them at the Horseshoe, and after a sanguinary contest totally exterminated them, while not one of them begged for quarter. At length, wounded, starved, and beaten, hundreds fled to the swamps of Florida; others went to Pensacola, and, rallying under Colonel Nichols, attacked Fort Bowyer." A brilliant record for the red man!

"Thus," adds the same author, "were the brave Creeks opposed by the combined armies of Georgia, Tennessee, and the Mississippi Territory, together with

* Jackson had nothing to do with the battles starred. The troops engaged there were not under his orders, nor parts of his command.

the Federal forces from the other States, besides numerous bands of bloody Choctaws and Chickasaws. Fresh volunteers and militia from month to month were brought against them, while no one came to their assistance save a few English officers, who led them to undertake enterprises beyond their ability to accomplish. And how long did they contend against the powerful forces allied against them? From the twenty-seventh of July, 1813, to the last of December, 1814. In every engagement with the Americans the force of the Creeks was greatly inferior in number, except at Burnt Corn and Fort Mims."

MacMaster bears the following testimony to their civilization:

"The hunting-grounds of the Creeks had once stretched across Georgia, but by treaties, first with Georgia and then with the United States, the bounds had been narrowed, till in 1800 they were the Tennessee River, the western half of Georgia, and the present State of Mississippi. Over them, as agent for the United States, presided at that time Benjamin Hawkins. He had been appointed in 1796, had labored unremittingly for their good, and had done much to give them what little civilization they possessed. Following out the policy of the Government, he had taught them how to plough and sow, raise crops, spin cotton, and had persuaded them to adopt a sort of national organization for the purpose of preserving peace and enforcing law. His success was not as great as could have been wished. Nevertheless, while they clung tenaciously to their old habits of hunting, they dwelt in villages and owned farms, cattle, slaves, and knew the use of the humbler implements of agriculture."

To meet this united and determined foe Jackson had a constantly changing body of volunteers and militia, men who were enlisted for short terms and about whose

term of service there was always a dispute. They were as unruly and as difficult to manage as any soldiers that ever wore out the life of a commander. Jackson at the beginning of the campaign rose from a sick-bed to take charge. Most of the time he carried his left arm in a sling from an open wound. He had two slugs in his shoulder, the result of his duel with the Bentons. During his service in the field he was also afflicted with dysentery so severely that the only position he could assume with any degree of comfort was to sit stride of a chair with his face upon his arms, which rested on the back of it. It is almost impossible to imagine his physical condition. He was thin to the point of emaciation. Even when his wound partially healed he was not able to wear the weight of the heavy epaulet of his rank upon his left shoulder. Nothing sustained him but his indomitable will. Armies might come and armies might go, but they could not alter his determination. As Parton well says:

"The reader is, therefore, to banish from his imagination the popular figure of a vigorous warrior galloping in the pride of his strength upon a fiery charger, and put in the place of it a slight, attenuated form, a yellowish, wrinkled face, the dark-blue eyes of which were the only features that told anything of the power and quality of the man. In great emergencies, it is true, his *will* was master, compelling his impaired body to execute all its resolves. But the reaction was terrible sometimes, days of agony and prostration following an hour of anxiety and exertion. He gradually learned, in some degree, to manage and control his disease. But all through the Creek War and the New Orleans campaign he was an acute sufferer, more fit for a sick-chamber than the forest bivouac or the field of battle. There were times, and critical times too, when it seemed impossible that he could go on. But, at the decisive

moment, he always rallied, and *would do* what the decisive moment demanded."

He took the field on the seventh of October, 1813, and kept it amid the fluctuations of the troops until May of the following year, when he returned to Nashville, having completely blotted out the Creeks and terminated the war. Like all great soldiers, he attracted to him a body of heroic and splendid subordinates. Every one of them, almost, had gone back home during the course of the war at one time or another, many of them sent by Jackson on recruiting or other business for the army, but he himself stayed at the front.

It may seem far-fetched, but as I view it, his position reminds me not a little of that of Washington in 1776–1777, when he was struggling perhaps more desperately to keep his army together than to fight the British. Yet the individuals who composed Jackson's armies were men of extraordinarily high character. Testimony to that is abundant. Benton, who commanded one of the regiments on the abortive expedition to Natchez in 1812, thus refers to them:

"They represented almost every family of note in Middle and West Tennessee. Forty years have passed since I saw them. But I see them plainer than then. The rolls of this Republic's honor are full of their names. They have become governors, legislators, jurists, ministers of the Gospel, great and successful planters, capitalists, leaders of industry. They have helped to hew new States out of what was wilderness then. Their pioneer fathers and heroic mothers wrested the new West from savage hands. They defended it. Their own sons, but a year or two ago [Benton said this at a "Jackson Day" dinner, January 8, 1852] tore from the grasp of Spanish bigotry the fairest of our realms! What splendid fellows they were! Tall, straight, broad-shouldered, deep-chested young men, hardly one of them

over thirty. We read of Sparta, Rome, and Macedon. Let us grant that all their men were truly what their classic epics say of them. Then let us wait for the coming of some new Homer to sing the Volunteers of Tennessee."

These qualities, however, are not inconsistent with shocking — on occasion — insubordination, which in several instances became downright mutiny! I have observed that a loosely drawn contract and agreement admitting of two constructions is as provocative of quarrel and misunderstanding and as deleterious in its results as a half-truth, which, indeed, it greatly resembles; and it is a fact that Jackson invariably acted under one construction of law when his dire need warranted him in assuming, and the volunteers and militia invariably tried to act on another, differing as widely as was possible from their general. Another cause of the refractory conduct of the volunteers was due to the commissariat, which was wretchedly managed. The men were always hungry and ill provided. "If," as has been pithily observed by the greatest of soldiers, "an army fights, or moves, on its belly," it also obeys on the same useful member! The highest evidence that the most modern army of the day presents of its efficiency is exhibited by the Japanese medical and subsistence departments.

These Tennesseans were half starved time and time again. Whenever there was any fighting to do they were all right, but at other times they were generally all wrong. That they were not fighting all the time with the enemy rather than wrangling among themselves was not the fault of their commander. Ammunition and food he was always struggling for. Roosevelt gives, perhaps, a juster estimate of these soldiers and their captain than Benton did:

"Accustomed to the most lawless freedom, and to

giving free rein to the full violence of their passions, defiant of discipline and impatient of the slightest restraint, caring little for God and nothing for man, they were soldiers who, under an ordinary commander, would have been fully as dangerous to themselves and their leaders as to their foes. But Andrew Jackson was of all men the one best fitted to manage such troops. Even their fierce natures quailed before the ungovernable fury of a spirit greater than their own; and their sullen, stubborn wills were bent at last before his unyielding temper and iron hand. Moreover, he was one of themselves; he typified their passions and prejudices, their faults and their virtues; he shared their hardships as if he had been a common private, and, in turn, he always made them partakers of his triumphs. They admired his personal prowess with pistol and rifle, his unswerving loyalty to his friends, and the relentless and unceasing war that he waged alike on the foes of himself and his country. As a result, they loved and feared him as few generals have ever been loved or feared; they obeyed him unhesitatingly; they followed his lead without flinching or murmuring, and they ever made good on the field of battle the promise their courage held out to his judgment."

The picture of their final submissiveness is a little highly colored, perhaps, but true enough in the main. No less than four times in the Creek War did the troops under him break out in open mutiny. In quelling these successive disturbances and in bringing the subordinate troops to terms, Jackson showed his qualities as, perhaps, in no other way. The militia and volunteers were different bodies. When the volunteers, conceiving with some show of right that their term of service was over, broke out in open revolt and attempted to march homeward, they found their path barred by the militia, who, with loaded guns, waited only the order of the indomi-

table commander to fire upon their comrades. The volunteers were quite equal to dealing with the militia alone, but not with the militia plus Jackson! That mutiny was nipped in the bud.

The next day, however, in obedience to a singular but understandable influence, the militia reflected that if they had not acted as they had in obedience to their commander, the volunteers would have been on their way home and that they had good color for following them. This prospect so inflamed their imagination that they determined to break away and go home in their turn. But Jackson was equal to the emergency. He now paraded the volunteers in front of the militia—and those who were threatened the day before were only too glad to measure out some of the medicine they had received to their former enemies! It was a huge joke, and Jackson displayed great adroitness in his manipulation of his antagonistic units. He was fond of a joke of that kind and greatly enjoyed it.

Later on the volunteers, now fully persuaded that their term of enlistment had expired, made another attempt to abandon the field. Jackson had been reënforced, and the volunteers found the rest of his army commanding their position, every rifle charged, cannon loaded, artillerists with smoking matches in their hands, and the general on horseback, a stern and ruthless figure which they could not face. Having mastered them thoroughly, bent them to his will, Jackson let them go with a stinging rebuke, under which they writhed and against which they vainly protested for the rest of their natural lives.

At one period of the campaign, when the troops were actually starving, "Jackson, with the utmost cheerfulness of temper, repaired to the bullock-pen, and of the offal there thrown away provided for himself and staff what he was pleased to call and really seemed to think

a very comfortable repast. Tripes, however, hastily provided in a camp, without bread or seasoning, can only be palatable to an appetite very high whetted; yet this constituted for several days the only diet at headquarters, during which time the general seemed entirely satisfied with his fare."

Their subsequent condition, however, was more than mere flesh and blood could bear, and even the iron Jackson, who lived on acorns when the tripe gave out,—he surrendered his own private stores to the sick and wounded after the first battle and thus afterwards had no other subsistence than the meanest private,—declared that if supplies did not reach them in two days the army could march home, with the distinct understanding that if provisions were met on the way it should come back. Provisions were met on the way. The army refreshed itself and deliberately proceeded on its march homeward. Jackson galloped in front of it, barred its way, sprang from his horse, rested his rifle across the saddle,—he only had the use of one arm,—and in a blazing fury threatened to kill the first man that made a step. Parton thus describes the affair:

"I can fancy the scene—Jackson in advance of Coffee's men, his grizzled hair bristling up from his forehead, his face as red as fire, his eyes sparkling and flashing; roaring out with the voice of a Stentor and the energy of Andrew Jackson, 'By the immaculate God! I'll blow the damned villains to eternity if they advance another step!'"

On one occasion, when deserted by everybody, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "If only two men will remain with me, I will *never* abandon this post!" Captain John Gordon instantly exclaimed, "You have one, General. Let us see if we cannot find another." By hard persuasion one hundred and nine men agreed to remain with him.

Jackson was keenly aware of the value of discipline, the necessity of it in any military enterprise, especially in such a force as he commanded, as the following preliminary orders will show:

"We will commence the campaign by an inviolable attention to discipline and subordination. Without a strict observance of these, victory must ever be uncertain, and ought hardly be exulted in, even when gained. To what but the entire disregard of order and subordination are we to ascribe the disasters which have attended our arms in the North during the present war? How glorious will it be to remove the blots which have tarnished the fair character bequeathed us by the fathers of the Revolution! The bosom of your general is full of hope. He knows the ardor which animates you, and already exults in the triumph which your strict observance of discipline and good order will render certain."

For the police of his camp he announced the following order:

"The chain of sentinels will be marked, and the sentries posted, precisely at ten o'clock to-day.

"No sutler will be suffered to sell spirituous liquors to any soldier, without permission in writing from a commissioned officer, under the penalties prescribed by the rules and articles of war.

"No citizen will be permitted to pass the chain of sentinels, after retreat beat in the evening, until reveille in the morning. Drunkenness, the bane of all orderly encampments, is positively forbidden, both in officers and privates; officers under the penalty of immediate arrest; and privates, of being placed under guard, there to remain until liberated by a court-martial.

"At reveille beat, all officers and soldiers are to appear on parade, with their arms and accoutrements in proper order.

"On parade, silence, the duty of a soldier, is positively commanded.

"No officer or soldier is to sleep out of camp, but by permission obtained."

This, which is preserved by Eaton, does not bear out the "undisciplined-mob" theory!

Perhaps in nothing is his iron determination shown so clearly as in the execution of Private John Wood, a mutinous soldier. Wood had been tried and convicted of mutiny on the field,—practically in the face of the enemy,—and in spite of every plea, against every appeal, Jackson ordered the sentence to be carried out. He was accused of inhumanity and reckless disregard of life for this action. This is what he says about it himself. It affords a complete vindication of his course and adequately reveals the character of the man. For all his fierce temper, his blazing energy, his frightful language, on occasion, as we shall see later, he could be as tender as a woman.

" . . . Nothing else could be so grievous to me as the necessity of putting to death one of my own soldiers. It was with great difficulty and after two sleepless nights of consideration that I was able to decide upon inflicting the full sentence of the court-martial. At first my inclination was to commute the sentence to flogging, branding with the letter D, and drumming out of camp.

" But I had to reflect that the camp had been torn to pieces by mutiny once before, and now, unless sternly checked at the start, it might, and doubtless would, again spread and become general. The volunteers and militia had got the idea that a citizen of the State, temporarily under arms, could not be subjected to capital punishment under military law. Unfortunately, my mistaken leniency with the former mutineers had given grounds for such a belief. I had heard the reproach that it was necessary for me to use one-half of my army to keep the other half in order—and, really, there had been too much truth in that saying.

" This was what determined me to sign the order for Wood's execution. It was witnessed by the whole army —all but one man. That one was myself. I not only did not attend, but rode far enough from camp in the

other direction to be out of hearing when the fatal shots were fired. . . .

"It certainly was the best. But it was a fearful ordeal to me. I hope it may never be repeated."

In exactly the same spirit just after New Orleans he ordered the execution of six other Tennessee militiamen who had been convicted of mutiny and sentenced to death by a duly constituted court-martial. It is a poor commander who cannot master his own men, and unless he can enforce obedience at home he can never hope to win victories abroad. The circumstance is, of course, deplorable, and, as the war was practically over when these six men were executed, Jackson might have admitted them to mercy. But legally and morally he cannot be censured for the execution, even though we wish it had not taken place. The lesson was a salutary one, and Jackson had suffered enough from rebellion and insubordination to make him resolute and determined to put such things down always and everywhere with a strong hand—not the least of his great characteristics as a captain, and the lesson was not lost for the future, either. Volunteers, militia, and other irregulars need such teaching.

Jackson did not believe that the only good Indian was a dead Indian, and the Indians themselves respected and admired him, even those who fought against him, as they respected few others. Major Lewis bears testimony to the fact that "the general was always infinitely more patient and conciliatory in dealing with Indians than with white men, and he would good-naturedly listen to their long harangues and humor their petty caprices to the limit when, had they been white men, their speeches might have been cut short and their caprices dashed aside by a peremptory order."

His remarks about the treaty which closed the Creek War exhibit his feelings:

"Yes, yes; it is good—as far as it goes. But none of these treaties can last more than a score of years. The white race will by that time demand access to every acre east of the river (meaning the Mississippi), and they will have it, too. Nothing can stop them. I feel sorry for the Indians. If the English would let them alone they wouldn't make much trouble. They can lay all their misfortunes at the door of England."

After one of the engagements the story goes that "a young warrior who was brought in badly wounded to the surgeons said, as they were dressing his wounds, 'Cure him, kill him again.' The general, who was standing by, assured him that he had no such intention. He recovered and was afterwards taken home by Jackson to Tennessee, where he learned a trade, married a colored woman, and established himself in business. Jackson's course towards a little Indian baby captured in the field will be referred to later.

In general, in spite of their mutinies, the soldiers loved him. He understood them, sympathized with them, encouraged them, and, above all, *constantly led them to victory!* A soldier will forgive anything to a successful commander—a fighter. To a restless and untiring energy he united sleepless vigilance and genuine military genius. Prompt to attack whenever the chance offered itself, seizing with ever-ready grasp the slightest vantage ground, and never giving up a foot of earth that he could keep, he yet had the patience to play a defensive game when it so suited him, and with consummate skill he always followed out the scheme of warfare that was best adapted to his wild soldiery."

The Creek War made no little stir in America and the story of Jackson's brilliant campaign even penetrated to England, where years after the Duke of Wellington was pleased to express himself in terms of high appro-

bation concerning it. That great soldier told Major Donelson at a dinner-table in London when the latter was on his way to Germany, to which country he had been appointed American minister, "*that he had carefully read the history of General Jackson's Creek campaign; and if he had never done anything else, this would have made Jackson one of the great generals of the world.*" *

A brief word about Jackson's battle tactics is here in order. In the first place, until the final day at New Orleans, he was always on the offensive except at the battle of Enotachopco. Before the Creeks realized the proximity of his army he ordered Coffee to strike them at Talluschatches. Excepting the arrival of a reënforcement, he left his sick and wounded at Fort Strother to go to the rescue of friendly Creeks beleaguered at Talladega. On the march he heard that the reënforcements had been diverted. A weaker commander would have retired to his base at once. Jackson pushed on, realizing that the best protection to his rear would be a vigorous offence against the enemy.

His fighting tactics were exceedingly effective. At Talladega he made a feint with a small force, which he promptly withdrew as the Creeks charged. The Indians found themselves outflanked as they came on, and when they retreated they were attacked in the rear by Coffee's cavalry and surrounded. At Emuckfau Jackson built fires some distance in front of his line, gradually withdrawing his men from the vicinity of them. When the savages sought to rush his camp at night, he coolly waited until they came between his men and the firelight

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* I put this testimony in italics to emphasize it that it may not escape the attention of those who think Jackson's success rests upon a combination of good luck, reckless audacity, and the blundering of his enemies.

and shot them down in easy view. At Enotachopco, where circumstances forced him to return to his base of supplies, he conducted a most masterly retreat in the presence of a superior offensive force. On this strenuous day one company became disorganized; Jackson's personal efforts on the field saved the day.

The Creeks had not dreamed that any army could penetrate the difficult country in which they made their home. They considered themselves secure in their wooded mountain fastnesses. "So rapid were Jackson's marches," says Eaton, "that not unfrequently was he in the neighborhood of the enemy before they had received any intelligence of his approach; in addition to this was attached to him the quality that few generals ever possessed in a higher degree, of inspiring firmness in his ranks and making the timid brave. An entire confidence of success, a full assurance of victory, and a fearlessness and disregard of danger, were the feelings displayed by himself in all difficult situations, and those feelings he possessed the happy faculty of inspiring to others and of diffusing through his army."

The battle of Tohopeka, which broke the Creek power forever, was a tactical masterpiece.* The Creeks had fortified the neck of Horse Shoe Bend, enclosed by a deep and unfordable river. Jackson deployed his main body before the breastwork and, engaging it with his artillery, made a demonstration in force to amuse the Indians while he sent Coffee to surround the Bend. Some of Coffee's friendly Creeks swam the river and, like Gulliver with the Blefuscan Navy, towed the canoes of the tribe across the stream. Coffee ferried his men across therein, set fire to the Indian village, advanced

* For an account of this battle, see my book, "American Fights and Fighters Series—Border."

to assail their rear, while Jackson converted his feint into a real attack and stormed the breastwork. The Indians died fighting. It was all on a small scale, of course, but it could not have been better done. No ruse or stratagem seemed to escape the general and the commendation of the great Duke was fully warranted.

V

SOLDIER (CONTINUED)

JACKSON'S splendid campaigning won him an appointment first as brigadier-general in the regular army, which, before it could be accepted, was changed to major-general, *vice* William Henry Harrison, resigned. As major-general of regulars Jackson promptly invaded Spanish territory without warrant of law or specific authority from his superiors. Yet Pensacola had been used by the British openly as a base from which to incite the Indians to war on the frontiers. In fact, the promises of England—which she did not keep, by the way—were at the back of the Creek uprising. Spain could not—or, better, she would not—preserve her neutrality, and Jackson high-handedly marched to Pensacola, seized it, and then expelled the British commander of the small British garrison at Fort Barrancas and occupied the work.

He said to Eaton in after years that "if I had received any hint that such a course would have been winked at by the government, it would have been in my power to have captured the British shipping in the bay. I would have marched at once against Barrancas and carried it, and thus prevented any escape; but, acting on my own responsibility against a neutral power, it became essential for me to proceed with more caution than my judgment or wishes approved, and consequently important advantages were lost which might have been secured."

While there was no legal justification for this course there was abundant moral justification. Jackson's view-

point regarding the assumption of responsibility in an emergency may be learned from a quotation from his famous letter to Governor Blount, of Tennessee, regarding the calling out of an additional force without warrant of law: "Believe me, my valued friend, there are times when it is highly criminal to shrink from responsibility, or scruple about the exercise of our powers. There are times when we must disregard punctilious etiquette and think only of serving our country." These were principles he invariably acted upon with a sincerity and devotion beyond question. Jackson may have been, and it must be admitted he sometimes was, mistaken, but no one questions the sincerity of his patriotism or his profound conviction that his action was for the best. Indeed, his ends were almost always those that should be pursued by a devoted lover of his country, although his methods would frequently not bear scrutiny. With him the end invariably justified the means, —he made it do so,—and that is not a safe maxim even in the case of noble ends.

In the two Florida campaigns Jackson was right in principle, as he usually was, but wrong in method, as was frequently the case. Yet perhaps no diplomatic representations would have been effective, at least in their long-drawn-out course they would not have brought about any immediate adjustment of the intolerable situation which, so long as the then present conditions existed, placed the peace and safety of the frontier in constant jeopardy. The judgment of his contemporaries sustained him in his action and with substantial propriety.

The Pensacola campaign was succeeded by that of New Orleans. The problem of the defence of New Orleans was a grave one. General Wilkinson, who, with all his ignominious meanness, was a regular veteran who had been trained in a good school, wrote that "to

defend New Orleans and the mouths of the Mississippi against a dominant naval force and six thousand veteran troops, rank and file, from the West India station, the following force is *indispensable:* Four of the heaviest national vessels; forty gunboats to mount eighteen and twenty-four pounders; six steamboats for transportation, each to hold four hundred men and a month's provisions; four stout radeaux, each to mount two twenty-four pounders; ten thousand regular troops; four thousand five hundred militia."

The force at Jackson's disposal when he reached the city on the first of December, 1814, was practically nothing. He organized the most nondescript and heterogeneous army that ever fought under the American flag. There were United States regulars, Creole militia, New Orleans volunteers, including men of every station and class and nationality,—French, Spanish, German, Irish, and so on,—free men of color, pirates from Barataria, of the famous band of the La Fittes; dragoons from Mississippi, Choctaws from Alabama, and sailors from everywhere; but the bone and sinew of his force were the riflemen of Tennessee and Kentucky under such officers as Coffee, Carroll, and Adair.

Every language under the sun was spoken in that camp. Jackson knew none but English, but he knew that well enough and was sufficiently expressive and explicit in it to make his men understand him by instinct, as it were. Besides, he had the help of Edward Livingstone, one of the most accomplished men of his time, and a numerous and efficient staff of regulars and volunteers. It is no small part of Jackson's fame that he welded together and made sufficient for his purpose and obedient to his will such a motley crowd as that. It was most unpromising material, but he made of it an army—even the British admitted that later.

To oppose this motley array the British brought to New Orleans the flower of Wellington's army. They had distinguished themselves in the famous campaigns on the Spanish Peninsula against the marshals of Napoleon. Napier thus aptly characterized them:

"For what Alexander's Macedonians were at Arbela, Hannibal's Africans at Cannæ, Cæsar's Romans at Pharsalia, Napoleon's Guards at Austerlitz—such were Wellington's British soldiers at this period. . . . Six years of uninterrupted success had engrafted on their natural strength and fierceness a confidence that made them invincible."

General Jackson, however, was not daunted by any consideration of the troops he had to face. Witness this quotation from Buell: "In 1832 a work called 'The Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington' was published in London, and a copy found its way into the hands of Mr. Blair, then editor of the *Globe*. Mr. Blair showed it to the President—or gave it to him to read—and called his attention particularly to a remark ascribed to the duke concerning the quality of his army in Spain. The remark was: 'That was the best army ever seen. It was an army that could go anywhere and do anything." Mr. Blair suggested that the troops composing the army—or some of them—on a famous occasion signally and disastrously failed to make good the duke's boast. 'Well, Blair,' said Jackson after a moment's deliberation, 'I never pretended that I had an army that "could go anywhere and do anything," but at New Orleans I had a lot of fellers that could *fight more ways and kill more times* than any other fellers on the face of the earth!'"

As an observing Southern woman put it, "All these Tennesseans are mild and gentle, except when they are excited, which is hard to do; but when they are once raised, it is victory or death."

Next to the Tennesseans the most important factor in Jackson's operations was the naval force under Master Commandant Daniel T. Patterson, seconded by Lieutenants Henly and Thomas Ap-Catesby Jones. The utmost harmony existed between Jackson and Patterson. This naval officer's services are not estimated at their true value by historians, by the way, and he is not justly appreciated by our people. And the way Jackson made use of his sea power was masterly.

While reorganizing his forces and hurrying Coffee and Carroll—whom he had rather mistakenly sent up the river—with their riflemen to the front, Jackson put the city under martial law, a situation unknown to the Constitution but eminently congenial to a man of Jackson's stamp and decidedly necessary under the then conditions. "Born and brought up among the lawless characters of the frontier, and knowing well how to deal with them, Jackson was able to establish and preserve the strictest martial law in the city without in the least quelling the spirit of the citizens."

New Orleans was the only campaign in which opportunity for strategy was given Jackson. At English Bend he placed a force in Fort Philip to command the river; another one was placed in Fort St. John at Chef-Menteur at the entrance to Lake Ponchartrain. Thus he covered his right and left flanks as well as he could, a check to the British advance from either direction. And then he strove to meet the situation with furious energy.

To Colonel Overton, commanding Fort Philip, he gave positive orders that he must hold the fort while a man remained alive to point a gun. The officer obeyed orders to the letter and gallantly repulsed a formidable attack from the river later in the campaign. To General Coffee he wrote: "You must not sleep until you reach me, or arrive within striking distance. Your accustomed

activity is looked for. Innumerable defiles present themselves where your services and riflemen will be all-important. An opportunity is at hand to reap for yourself and brigade the approbation of your country." To General Winchester, who commanded at Mobile: "The enemy will attempt, through Pass Huron, to reach you; watch, nor suffer yourself to be surprised; haste, and throw sufficient supplies into Fort Bowyer and guard vigilantly the communication from Fort Jackson, lest it be destroyed. Mobile Point must be supported and defended at every hazard. The enemy has given us a large coast to guard; but I trust, with the smiles of Heaven, to be able to meet and defeat him at every point he may venture his foot upon the land." He sent a steamboat to General Carroll to hasten his descent of the river, and a despatch concluding, "I am resolved, feeble as my force is, to assail the enemy, on his first landing, and perish sooner than that he shall reach the city."

Part of his naval force he placed on Lake Borgne, the rest on the Mississippi below the city. Thus he covered both forts from the water as well as he could. The British landed at Bayou Bienvenu, having captured the gunboats on Lake Borgne after a desperate resistance on the part of the Americans. Roughly speaking, the British landed midway between the two forts which masked Jackson's flanks. Three distinct battles were fought before the determination of the campaign. One on the twenty-third of December, one on the first of January, and one on the eighth of January. There were, besides, numerous skirmishes and smaller affairs hotly contested with bloody results. The British had no sooner landed and got within striking distance of the city than Jackson attacked them. The attack was a strategic conception of the first magnitude. The British had imagined that they would have little difficulty in

seizing the city. "I shall eat my Christmas dinner in New Orleans," * said Admiral Cochrane on the day of the landing. The remark was repeated by a prisoner to General Jackson, who said: "Perhaps so, but I shall have the honor of presiding at that dinner." They advanced as far as the Villeré plantation and halted. Instead of waiting their advance Jackson in person led every soldier he had at hand to attack them. Coffee's riflemen had joined him, fortunately, and his numbers were about equal to those of the British.

The attack was delivered at dusk and the battle raged far into the night. The losses on both sides were about equal. The British remained in possession of the field, the Americans withdrew. Technically it was a drawn battle, actually it was the cause of the subsequent British defeat. Jackson's genius as a soldier is best exhibited by this battle, which I have ventured to call the Battle of Villeré, for it paralyzed the British advance. They could not conceive that anything less than confidence begot of overwhelming superiority in numbers could have induced Jackson with his raw troops to attack veteran soldiery in the open. The British halted then and there until the bulk of their army could be brought up and they could, as they supposed, engage on more equal terms.

John Van Buren, the brilliant attorney-general of New York, said, in an eulogy of Jackson delivered after the general died: "This battle saved New Orleans. It was, too, in the judgment of the military men, a masterly movement. The enemy till then had been unmolested; they had reason to expect a friendly reception; the next day they would have advanced on

* I have observed that similar boasts as to proposed festivities have often be made by would-be conquerors—*e.g.*, Buller, Kuropatkin, etc.

New Orleans. The night assault on the twenty-third checked and drove them back—it taught them respect for the American arms, and led them to overestimate the number of our forces. It came upon them at night, in a strange land, unexpected, and when but a part of their forces were landed. It carried confusion and panic into their ranks, and dispelled the terror of their invincibility; and although the brilliant victory of the first of January, and the total and memorable rout of the eighth, finally expelled the invaders, they but completed and perfected what the master-stroke of the twenty-third had so well begun. The forces of the British vastly exceeded those of the attacking party; and this fact strongly illustrates the natural and intuitive skill of General Jackson in the art of war. It was the maxim of Napoleon, the great master of this science, that an inferior force should never wait to be attacked; for, by advancing, they either fall with all their strength on a single point when they are not expected, or meet the opposing columns on the advance, when bravery gives the victory—or, in his own nervous language, *'C'est une affaire de têtes de colonnes où la bravoure seule décide tout.'* "

Jackson's dashing tactics in this battle were on a level with his brilliant strategy. He used the " Carolina," an armed schooner, with consummate skill. She dropped down the river, anchored opposite the British camp, and deliberately opened fire at practically pointblank range, her broadsides of grape doing much execution. Meanwhile, Jackson had brought every available soldier down the river. Leading over half his force in person, he fell upon the British left, driving them from the shelter of the levee. Coffee, who was to do the same thing on the right, lost his way in the swamps, was delayed by their impassable condition, and instead of falling on the flank struck the British in front. If Coffee had been

able to carry out his part of the programme—and no blame is attached to him for his failure—it is possible that the British detachment might have been put to utter rout.

Jackson's withdrawal from the field was another evidence of good tactics. He realized that at the present stage of the battle nothing could be gained by prolonging it. He divined that the blow he had dealt the British would paralyze their offensive efforts for the time being, so he brought off his force in good order and put the men to work behind the old Rodriguez Canal, which he had selected as his first line of defence. The badly mauled British did not dare attack him. He had ample leisure to build a strong fortification of logs filled in with earth and mud of the Delta on the north side of the canal, which extended from the river to the swamp; the right resting on the river, protected by an outwork, while the impassable swamp effectually covered the left.

With the "Carolina" and the "Louisiana," a small corvette, he kept up a constant and galling fire on the British camp. He also cut the levee below his position in the hope of flooding out the enemy, but the river was low and the only result was the filling of the bayous, thus rendering the British boat transportation easier. The British complained of the fire he kept up on the picket line. The practice is, I believe, deprecated in so-called civilized warfare, but conditions here were different and Jackson allowed his backwoodsmen and Indians to make the picket line as unhealthy for the redcoats as they could. These episodes are trifling, but they certainly impaired the nerve and undermined the morale of the British army. Instead of a triumphant march to New Orleans, they found themselves impotently subjected to a most galling rifle and artillery fire. On his redoubt Jackson had assembled every piece of artillery he could

gather together—truly a miscellaneous collection of cannon; indeed, quite like his army.

After a time the British succeeded in sinking the valiant little "Carolina" and driving the "Louisiana" to a point where she could no longer annoy them. They then advanced their own artillery and signalized the opening of the New Year by a furious duel with great guns in which the honors were decidedly with the American cannoneers. Pakenham, Wellington's brother-in-law, who had finally arrived and taken command, then decided upon a direct assault in force on the American line. It was a foolish proceeding, it must be admitted. Pakenham has been terribly censured for his course and Jackson's qualities as a general have been sneered at because Pakenham showed such bad judgment. It would have been easy, say the critics, for Pakenham to cross the river, turn Jackson's entrenchments, march up opposite the city, recross the river, force Jackson to fight a battle in the streets or abandon it. An interesting programme but not so simple as it seems, perhaps! At any rate, it was possible for Pakenham to flank Jackson out of his strong defensive position, although whether the rest of the campaign would have proceeded as indicated is a question. But Pakenham made the not uncommon mistake of the British officer in America, from Braddock down, of despising his enemy. He did not dream of the possibility of a repulse. He knew nothing of the quality of the American riflemen. Had he survived the battle he would have been the most surprised man on earth. "Who would have thought it?" muttered poor Braddock in his death agonies, and the words might well have been Pakenham's.

The river opposite Jackson's right had been hastily fortified and was held by a small, inefficient force under a thoroughly incapable commander. A detachment of

British under Colonel Thornton, the ablest English soldier present, apparently, had no difficulty in clearing these men out of their works at the point of the bayonet and seizing Patterson's water battery, made up of the guns which had been landed from the "Louisiana." Jackson's failure strongly to fortify and hold this point under a competent commander is the one military mistake that he made. The omission, or failure, might have had most serious consequences. But one mistake in all his fighting and campaigning does not damn him as a captain, and few generals there are who can show fewer blunders.

The attack on the eighth of January resulted in an appalling slaughter of the British. The Americans lost eight killed and thirteen wounded. The British lost three thousand and twenty-six in killed and wounded, of whom about three thousand were struck by rifle bullets, the balance of casualties being due to artillery fire. The attack on the main redoubt was an absolute failure. None of the British touched the redoubt except a small party under Colonel Rennie on the extreme right, who were killed to a man as they mounted the parapet. The success across the river was negatived by the defeat on the east bank.*

Of the four British generals in the battle, Pakenham and Gibbs, the second in command, were killed; Keane was severely wounded, while Lambert, who commanded the reserve, which was not engaged, alone escaped.

The British had had enough. They embarked in ships and sailed away on the seventeenth of January to capture Fort Bowyer at Mobile Bay. The campaign was over. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has the following

* For an account of the battle, see my book, "American Fights and Fighters Series—Revolutionary."

lucid comment to make on the strategy of the campaign.*

"Possibly it might by some now be argued that, had Pakenham thus weakened his force on the east side of the river by operating, in the way suggested, on New Orleans, and Jackson's flank and rear on the west side, a vigorous, fighting opponent, such as Jackson unquestionably was, might have turned the tables on him for thus violating an elementary rule of warfare—the very rule, by the way, so dangerously ignored by Washington at Brooklyn. Leaving his lines, and boldly taking the aggressive, Jackson, it will be argued, might have overwhelmed the British force in his front, thus cutting the column operating west of the river from the fleet and its base of supplies—in fact, destroying the expedition. Not improbably Pakenham argued in this way; if he did, however, he simply demonstrated his incompetence for high command. Failing to grasp the situation, he put a wrong estimate on its conditions. It is the part of a skilful commander to know when to secure results by making exceptions to even the most general and the soundest rules. Pakenham at New Orleans had under his command a force much larger —in fact, nearly double—that confronting him. While, moreover, his soldiers were veterans, the Americans were hardly more than raw recruits; but, like the Boers of to-day, they had in them good material and were individually accustomed to handling rifles. As one of the best of Jackson's brigadiers, General Adair, afterwards expressed it, 'Our men were militia without discipline, and if once beaten, they could not be relied on again.' They were, in fact, of exactly the same temper and stuff as those who were stampeded by a volley and a shot at Bladensburg; and the principle of military morale thus stated by General Adair was that learned by

* From "Lee at Appomattox and Other Papers." By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Washington on Long Island. Troops of a certain class when once beaten cannot be relied on again. They are not seasoned soldiers. The force Pakenham had under his command before New Orleans was, on the other hand, composed of seasoned soldiers of the best class. In the open field, and on anything approaching equality of position, he had absolutely nothing to fear. He might safely provoke attack; indeed, all he ought to have asked was to tempt Jackson out from behind his breastworks on almost any terms. So fully, moreover, did he realize this that he hesitated to divide his command, overestimating Jackson's numbers and aggressive capacity. Had he done so, he would hardly have ventured to assail Jackson in front. On the contrary, Pakenham's trouble lay not in overestimating, but in underestimating his adversary. He failed to operate on what were correct principles for the conditions which confronted him, not because he was afraid to do so, but because he did not grasp the situation.

"In case, then, dividing his commnad, Pakenham had thrown one-half of it across the river to assail New Orleans in force, so turning Jackson's rear, and then with the other half hold his position on the east bank, keeping open his communications with the British fleet, the only possible way in which Jackson could have taken advantage of the situation would have been by leaving his lines and attacking."

Even in spite of Pakenham's blundering it is not fair to take the credit from Jackson. In this connection further remarks from Mr. Adams are pertinent:

"Jackson on this occasion evinced one of the highest and rarest attributes of a great commander; he read correctly the mind of his opponent—divined his course of action. The British commander, not wholly impervious to reason, had planned a diversion to the west bank of the river, with a view to enfilading Jackson's lines, and so aiding the proposed assault in front. As

this movement assumed shape it naturally caused Jackson much anxiety. All depended on its magnitude. If it was the operation in chief of the British army, New Orleans could hardly be saved. Enfiladed, and threatened in his rear, Jackson must fall back. If, however, it was only a diversion in favor of a main assault planned on his front, the movement across the river might be checked, or prove immaterial. As the thing developed during the night preceding the battle, Commodore Patterson, who commanded the American naval contingent on the river, became alarmed, and hurried a despatch across to Jackson, advising him of what was taking place and begging immediate reënforcement. At one o'clock in the morning the messenger roused Jackson from sleep, stating his errand. Jackson listened to the despatch, and at once said: 'Hurry back and tell Commodore Patterson that he is mistaken. The main attack will be on this side, and I have no men to spare. General Morgan must maintain his position at all hazards.' To use a vernacular but expressive term, Jackson had 'sized' Pakenham correctly—the British commander could be depended upon not to do what a true insight would have dictated and the occasion called for. He would not throw the main body of his army across the river and move on his objective point by a practically undefended road, merely holding his enemy in check on the east bank. Had he done so, he would have acted in disregard of that first principle both in tactics and strategy which forbids the division of a force in presence of an enemy in such a way that the two parts are not in position to support each other; but, not the less for that, he would have taken New Orleans. An attack in front was, on the contrary, in accordance with British military traditions and the recent experience of Bladensburg. He acted, accordingly, as Jackson was satisfied he would act. In his main assault he sacrificed his army and lost his own life, sustaining an almost unparalleled defeat; while his partial movement across the river was completely successful,

so far as it was pressed, opening wide the road to New Orleans. A mere diversion, or auxiliary operation, it was not persisted in, the principal attack having failed. Jackson would have had to attack on their own ground had he found himself compelled on the eighth of January to leave his lines and assume the aggressive, as the only possible alternative to a precipitate retreat and the abandonment of New Orleans. Certainly, that day Andrew Jackson was under great obligations to Edward Pakenham."

There is a disposition in spite of this to attribute Jackson's success to luck and British bad tactics and stupidity. Roosevelt covers this point most admirably.* I quote his illuminating remarks together with the notes that accompany them:

"Jackson, adopting that mode of warfare which best suited the ground he was on and the troops he had under him, forced the enemy always to fight him where he was strongest, and confined himself strictly to the pure defensive—a system condemned by most European authorities,† but which has at times succeeded to admiration in America, as witness Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Kenesaw Mountain, and Franklin. Moreover, it must be remembered that Jackson's success was in no wise owing either to chance or to the errors of his adversary.‡

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* From "The Naval War of 1812." By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Thus Napier says (vol. v, page 25): "Soult fared as most generals will who seek by extensive lines to supply the want of numbers or of hardiness in the troops. Against rude commanders and undisciplined soldiers, lines may avail; seldom against accomplished commanders, never when the assailants are the better soldiers." And again (page 150), "Offensive operations must be on the basis of a good defensive system."

‡ The reverse has been stated again and again with very great injustice, not only by the British, but even by American writers (as, *e.g.*, Professor W. G. Sumner in his "Andrew Jackson as

As far as fortune favored either side, it was that of the British; * and Pakenham left nothing undone to accomplish his aim, and made no movements that his experience in European war did not justify his making. There is not reason for supposing that any other British general would have accomplished more or have fared better than he did.† Of course, Jackson owed much to the nature of the ground on which he fought; but the opportunities it afforded would have been useless in the hands of any general less ready, hardy, and skilful than Old Hickory."

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a Public Man," Boston, 1882). The climax of absurdity is reached by Major McDougal, who says (as quoted by Cole in his "Memoirs of British Generals," ii, page 364): "Sir Edward Pakenham fell, not after an utter and disastrous defeat, but at the very moment when the arms of victory were extended towards him," and by James, who says (ii, 338), "The premature fall of a British general saved an American city." These assertions are just on a par with those made by American writers, that only the fall of Lawrence prevented the "Chesapeake" from capturing the "Shannon."

British writers have always attributed the defeat largely to the fact that the Forty-fourth Regiment, which was to have led the attack with fascines and ladders, did not act well. I doubt if this had any effect on the result. Some few of the men with ladders did reach the ditch, but they were shot down at once, and their fate would have been shared by others who had been with them; the bulk of the column was ever able to advance through the fire up to the breastwork, and all the ladders and fascines in Christendom would not have helped it. There will always be innumerable excuses offered for any defeat; but on this occasion the truth is simply that the British regulars found they could not advance in the open against a fire more deadly than they had before encountered.

* *E.g.*, the unexpected frost made the swamps firm for them to advance through; the river being so low when the levee was cut, the bayous were filled, instead of the British being drowned out; the "Carolina" was only blown up because the wind happened to fail her, bad weather delayed the advance of arms and re-enforcements, etc., etc.

† "He was the next man to look to after Wellington." (Codrington, i, 339.)

Of course, neither Jackson nor Pakenham followed the recognized rules of strategy. One succeeded, one failed. To disregard conventionalities is a dangerous procedure. On the part of a great man it frequently brings success. On the part of a commonplace man it usually results in failure. Jackson and Pakenham were cases in point.

Adams says again, "The really great military commander, as in the case of Napoleon in his earlier days, effects his results quite as much by ignoring all recognized rules and principles as by acting in obedience to them. At New Orleans, Jackson had no right to succeed; Pakenham had no excuse for failure. The last brought defeat on his army, and lost his own life, while proceeding in this way of tradition and in obedience to accepted principles of strategy; the former achieved a brilliant success by taking risks from which any reasonably cautious commander would have recoiled."

But it takes greatness to attempt that from which "any reasonably cautious commander would have recoiled," and it is an evidence of genius to succeed in such an endeavor.

Nor did Jackson blindly stake everything on his position. He had two different lines of entrenchments between the Rodriguez Canal and New Orleans to which he could have retired without difficulty should it have been necessary. Nor did the capture of New Orleans appear to him as decisive of the campaign, for he was quite prepared to destroy the city absolutely rather than let it fall into the hands of the British. He knew what the great strategists of modern times have sought to inculcate, that fleets and armies, not places, are the legitimate objects of campaigns, and that so long as he had an army in being there could be no effectual conquest of Louisiana. The British might possess themselves of the ruins of New Orleans, but so long as Jack-

son held his army intact they would have to follow him and fight him sooner or later.

"It was not Marmont," he said to Eaton, "that betrayed the Emperor, it was Paris. He should have done with Paris what the Russians did with Moscow—burnt it, sir, burnt it to the ground, and thrown himself on the country for support. So *I* would have done, and my country would have sustained me in it." And many years after the battle General Jackson told the same man that "if he had been driven from his position, he would have burned the city and retreated up the river, fighting over every inch of the ground."

During the course of the battle Jackson, who was ill and found great difficulty in remaining on horseback, walked up and down the line on foot. Walker in his "Campaign of New Orleans" preserves this anecdote of his demeanor:

"Jackson's first glance when he reached the line was in the direction of Humphrey's battery. There stood his right arm of the artillery, dressed in his usual plain attire, smoking that eternal cigar, coolly levelling his guns and directing his men.

"'Ah!' exclaimed the general, 'all is right. Humphrey is at his post, and will return their compliments presently.'

"Then, accompanied by his aide, he walked up and down to the left, stopping at each battery to inspect its condition, and waving his cap to the men as they gave him three cheers, he observed to the soldiers,—

"'Don't mind these rockets, they are mere toys to amuse the children.'"

Satisfied that the right would take care of itself, and realizing that the main attack was upon his left, he stationed himself there with his staff. When the British charge spent itself unavailingly and the Highlanders,

who made the supreme effort, halted, reeled, and staggered back, there was a natural impulse along the American lines to leave the entrenchments and charge the British. The opportunity was tempting, yet Jackson had the good sense and nerve to refuse. As it is one of the few instances in which he was conspicuous for self-restraint it ought to be noted. He absolutely negatived the importunate plea of one of his officers for permission to deliver a countercharge.

"My reason for refusing," he said afterwards to Eaton, "was that it might become necessary to sustain him, and thus a contest in the open field be brought on. The lives of my men were of value to their country and much too dear to their families to be hazarded where necessity did not require it; but, above all, from the numerous dead and wounded stretched out on the field before me, I felt a confidence that the safety of the city was most probably attained, and hence that nothing calculated to reverse the good fortune we had met should be attempted."

Buell relates the following incident of his treatment of an unauthorized movement on the part of a young subaltern, which, if it had not been checked, might have led to disaster.*

"Young Robert Polk, ensign of his uncle's company, a curly-headed youth of nineteen or twenty, sprang upon the breastwork, and the bright blade of his Indian tomahawk glittered above his bare head as he yelled: 'Come on, boys! Follow me! Let's charge 'em. Let's get among 'em!'

"'*Down, sir, down!*' roared Jackson in the voice of a mad bull. '*Back to your post!*'

"Young Robert Polk jumped down off the parapet!

"Jackson fumbled with his hands about his waist.

* From "History of Andrew Jackson." By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

As if surprised, he found he had on no belt or side arms of any kind—only the cane in his hand. In a half-helpless sort of way, he turned to his aide-de-camp, 'Kindly lend me your pistols for a moment, Captain.'

"Captain Butler took two heavy rifled pistols from his belt and handed them to his chief.

"'Now,' said Jackson in a voice that no one ever forgot who heard it, and with a wicked glint in his great gray eyes, 'I'll shoot the first man who dares go over the works! *We must have order here!*'

"There was order."

Incidentally this episode throws rather an interesting and curious light upon this supposed fire-eater, breathing blood and destruction, spitting out curses and anathemas. We are surprised to see him walking up and down the lines quietly in the midst of fierce battle with no other weapon than a cane and forced to borrow a pair of pistols from a staff officer in an emergency. This is a picture of him which artists who love to depict him on horseback, cocked hat, drawn sword, and so forth, do not seem to have realized and which is infinitely more dramatic and thrilling than their imaginings.

As the British trumpets flared out the charge through the fog Major Butler, his aide, thus records the general's action:

"'That is their signal for advance, I believe,' he said. He then ordered all of us down off the parapet, but stayed there himself, and kept his long glass to his eye, sweeping the enemy's line with it from end to end. In a moment he ordered Adair and Carroll to pass word along the line for the men to be ready, to count the enemy's files down as closely as they could, and each look after his own file-man in their ranks; also that they should not fire until told, and then to aim above the cross-belt plates."

Throughout the whole campaign he did not spare himself. Colyar writes: "The anxiety and excitement produced by the mighty object before him were such as overcame the demand of nature, and for four days and four nights he was without sleep and was constantly employed. His line of defence being completed on the night of the twenty-seventh, he, for the first time since the arrival of the enemy, retired to rest and repose. Edward Livingstone, in careless, familiar conversation, used to say 'three days and three nights.' 'Nor during these days,' the same gentleman was accustomed to say, 'did the general once sit at a table or take a regular meal. Food was brought to him in the field, which he would oftenest consume without dismounting.' When Mr. Livingstone, fearful of the consequences of such unremitting toil upon a constitution severely shattered, would remonstrate with him and implore him to take some repose, he would reply: 'No, sir; there's no knowing when or where these rascals will attack. They shall not catch me unprepared. When we have driven the red-coated villains into the swamp, there will be time enough to sleep.'" As always he had gone to the front and had stayed there until the campaign was finally decided, sustained, as usual, by that indomitable will.

The result of his campaign was amazing. As Parton puts it: "The victory occurred at a happy time. It finished the war in glory. *It restored and inflamed the national self-love.* And whoever does that in an eminent degree remains for ever dear to a nation—becomes its Wellington, its Jackson!" Henry Clay, one of the commissioners to treat for peace, thus summed up the effects of the British defeat; when the news of the victory reached him in Paris he said, "*Now*, I can go to England without mortification."

But it was not until later years that its full signifi-

cance was appreciated. Jackson himself had no misapprehensions about it, but few others appreciated it, and it has been preserved for a present day historian—Colonel Augustus C. Buell, whose discussion of the matter in his last book is one of the most illuminating and valuable contributions to our history—so to put it that even the unwilling may understand. The popular idea is that the Battle of New Orleans having been fought after peace was declared, was a perfectly useless slaughter of no value in determining the issue of the war; and save for the exploitation of our skill with the rifle, and the demonstration of ability of the backwood general and his soldiers, served no purpose whatsoever except that of ministering to our national vanity. For which petty end the terrible slaughter of the hapless British soldier cannot be justified by the most callous observer.

These conclusions, which prevail widely to-day, are all wrong. So far from being a useless slaughter, the Battle of New Orleans was the most important and decisive fought on this continent between Yorktown and Gettysburg. Andrew Jackson contributed to the future of his country in a degree only surpassed by Washington, who founded it, and Lincoln, who preserved it. For to Andrew Jackson is due the vital fact that the western boundary of the United States is the Pacific and not the Mississippi.

This is quite sufficient to immortalize him, to win him a place among the highest of the benefactors and patriots of America. For this service we can forgive him much. For what would the country now be with Canada in possession of the Great West, with the red flag of England facing the stars and stripes on opposite banks of the Father of Waters? Buell has preserved this conversation which he heard from Governor William Allen, of Ohio, who was a party to it:

"Near the end of General Jackson's second administration, and shortly after the admission of Arkansas to the Union, I, being Senator-elect from Ohio, went to Washington to take the seat on March 4th.

"General Jackson—he always preferred to be called General rather than Mr. President, and so we always addressed him by his military title—General Jackson invited me to lunch with him. No sooner were we seated than he said, 'Mr. Allen, let us take a little drink to the new star in the flag—Arkansas!' This ceremony being duly observed the general said, 'Allen, if there had been disaster instead of victory at New Orleans, there never would have been a State of Arkansas.'

"This, of course, interested me, and I asked, 'Why do you say that, General?'

"Then he said, 'If Pakenham had taken New Orleans, the British would have claimed that the treaty of Ghent, which had been signed fifteen days before the battle, provided for restoration of all territory, places, and possessions taken by either nation from the other during the war, with certain unimportant exceptions?

"'Yes, of course,' he replied. 'But the minutes of the conference at Ghent as kept by Mr. Gallatin, represent the British commissioners as declaring in exact words:

"'"We do not admit Bonaparte's construction of the law of nations. We can not accept it in relation to any subject-matter before us."

"'At that moment,' pursued General Jackson, 'none of our commissioners knew what the real meaning of these words was. When they were uttered, the British commissioners knew that Pakenham's expedition had been decided on. Our commissioners did not know it. Now, since I have been Chief Magistrate I have learned from diplomatic sources of the most unquestionable authority that the British ministry did not intend the treaty of Ghent to apply to the Louisiana Purchase at all. The whole corporation of them from 1803 to 1815—Pitt, the Duke of Portland, Greenville, Perceval, Lord

Liverpool and Castlereagh—denied the legal right of Napoleon to sell Louisiana to us, and they held, therefore, that we had no right to that territory. So you see, Allen, that the words of Mr. Goulburn on behalf of the British commissioners, which I have quoted to you from Albert Gallatin's minutes of the conference, had a far deeper significance than our commissioners could penetrate. Those words were meant to lay the foundation for a claim on the Louisiana Purchase entirely external to the provisions of the treaty of Ghent. And in that way the British government was signing a treaty with one hand while with the other behind its back it is despatching Pakenham's army to seize the fairest of our possessions.

"'You can also see, my dear William,' said the old general, waxing warm (having once or twice more during the luncheon toasted the new star), 'you can also see what an awful mess such a situation would have been if the British programme had been carried out in full. But Providence willed it otherwise. All the tangled web that the cunning of English diplomats could weave around our unsuspecting commissioners at Ghent was torn to pieces and soaked with British blood in half an hour at New Orleans by the never missing rifles of my Tennessee and Kentucky pioneers. And that ended it. British diplomacy could do wonders, but it couldn't provide against such a contingency as that. The British commissioners could throw sand in the eyes of ours at Ghent, but they couldn't help the cold lead that my riflemen sprinkled in the face of their soldiers at New Orleans. Now, Allen, you have the whole story. Now you know why Arkansas was saved at New Orleans. Let's take another little one.'"

It is indubitably true that if the British had succeeded in defeating Jackson and seizing Louisiana they would have held it, treaty to the contrary notwithstanding. As Jackson said, the commissioners did not know the significance of Mr. Goulburn's words, "We do not admit

Napoleon's construction of the law of nations. We cannot accept it in relation to any subject-matter before us." They all suspected an ulterior design, although they could not fathom it. Had Pakenham been successful, had Jackson failed, it is as clear as anything can be that we should have had to accept the Mississippi as the western boundary of the United States or else fight the British again for it. It is singular that it has been reserved for Mr. Buell, over sixty years after the battle—he first published the Allen interview in 1875 and it did not attract the attention then that it did when it appeared in his biography of Jackson, published last year—to bring out this point so clearly that it has now become one of the accepted facts of our history. The whole chapter concerning it may be studied with great profit in Mr. Buell's book.

It is with peculiar happiness that I reaffirm that the preservation to his country of that great and magnificent territory beyond the Mississippi is due to the skill and determination and conspicuous ability of that great backwoodsman. A share of the honor for these results must be accorded William Henry Harrison. For had Proctor and Tecumseh been successful, I believe it would have been absolutely impossible to have driven the British from the northwest territory they had seized, and the cross of St. George would have waved forever from the Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate.

Jackson passionately disliked the English, and his inveterate animosity cost them dear. "He had hereditary wrongs to avenge on the British, and he hated them with an implacable fury that was absolutely devoid of fear." Parton, the Englishman, says: "He cherished that intense antipathy to Great Britain which distinguished the survivors of the Revolution, some traces of which could be discerned in the less enlightened parts of the country until within these few years. [It may still

be discerned even among the enlightened.—C. T. B.] In these respects, he was the most American of Americans—an embodied Declaration of Independence—the Fourth of July Incarnate!" To him was vouchsafed the supreme satisfaction of thwarting one of the most gigantic projects ever conceived by a British Cabinet, struggled for by British diplomacy, fought for by the British army, and I am confident that never has there been a man on earth who took greater pleasure and satisfaction out of a success than Andrew Jackson did at New Orleans. It was some compensation for the loss of his mother and his brothers and his own brutal treatment in the Revolution. And besides all this, Jackson was Irish enough—not Scotch!—to be exceedingly glad of the humiliation of the hereditary enemy of his race.

VI

SOLDIER (CONTINUED)

JACKSON'S only other campaign was against the Seminoles in Florida in 1818. Florida was still a Spanish possession. From a military stand-point the campaign is uninteresting. No battles worthy of the name were fought. Jackson seized the country with practically no resistance. The Seminoles were defeated on several occasions, with no loss to his white troops. Jackson had no legal right, of course, to invade Florida again, although the Seminoles at the instigation of British agents were using Florida as a base from which to war upon the border settlements of the United States. The feeble Spanish government protested vainly against this breach of neutrality, but a country which cannot keep order within its own borders, and which permits its citizens, or denizens, to make war on their own account upon a friendly nation has no reasonable ground for complaint if such disorder is kept down by force, even though its own territory be invaded for the purpose.

The only episode of any note brought out by the campaign is the execution of a Scottish trader named Arbuthnot and an ex-British marine officer named Ambrister. Jackson captured the ringleaders among the Indians, two chiefs named Hillis Hajo, or Francis, and Himollomico, and hanged them. They richly deserved their fate, but I am unable to find any warrant of law for their summary execution without trial or the observance of other legal forms.

Francis, a handsome man who spoke English and Spanish, who had been created a brigadier-general—in

the Colonial Establishment!—by the English while on a visit to England, requested that he might be shot like a man instead of being hanged like a dog. When this was reported to the general the request was refused. "No," said he, "let him hang. I will be more merciful to him than he was to poor Scott and the soldiers and women of the Fourth!"

A boat containing forty soldiers of the Fourth United States Infantry, with seven soldiers' wives and four little children, all under the command of Lieutenant Scott of the Seventh United States Infantry, had been captured on the Appalachicola River on the thirtieth of November, 1817. In revenge for the seizure of Fowltown, the Seminole stronghold, the Indians attacked this boat from ambush.

"Lieutenant Scott and nearly every man in the boat were killed or badly wounded at the first fire. Other volleys succeeded. The Indians soon rose from their ambush and rushed upon the boat with a fearful yell. Men, women, and children were involved in one horrible massacre, or spared for more horrible torture. The children were taken by the heels and their brains dashed out against the sides of the boat. The men and women were scalped, all but one woman, who was not wounded by the previous fire. Four men escaped by leaping overboard and swimming to the opposite shore, of whom two only reached Fort Scott uninjured. Laden with plunder, the savages reëntered the wilderness, taking with them the women whom they had spared. In twenty minutes after the first volley was fired into the boat, every creature in it but five was killed and scalped or bound and carried off."

J. B. Rodgers, one of Jackson's officers, adds further details of this desperate, bloody, and forgotten affair: "Himollomico was a savage-looking man of forbidding countenance, indicating cruelty and ferocity. He

was taciturn and morose. He was the chief that captured Lieutenant R. W. Scott, with forty men and seven women, about the first of December, 1817, on the Appalachicola. The lieutenant with his whole party (except one woman retaken by General Jackson in the April following) were almost inhumanly massacred by order of Himollomico. Lieutenant Scott (as described by the woman prisoner) was tortured in every conceivable manner. Lightwood slivers were inserted into his body and set on fire, and in this way he was kept under torture for the whole day. Lieutenant Scott repeatedly begged and importuned the woman that escaped the slaughter to take a tomahawk and end his pain. But 'No,' said she, 'I would as soon kill myself.' All the while Himollomico stood by, and with a fiendish grin enjoyed the scene.

"Mr. Hambly told him when they were about to hang him that General Jackson would not let him be shot, but would hang him like a dog and disgrace him, and reminded him of how he had treated Lieutenant Scott and his party.

"The woman said that the Indians severed the breasts of every woman of the party from the body, then scalped and tomahawked them—six in number. She, being the seventh, was taken and claimed by a young Indian warrior. He treated her very kindly and made her wait on him, and on the march during the day she rode his pony. She was retaken from the Indians in the April thereafter, between St. Mark's and Suwannee, by the friendly Indians and some Tennesseans, who killed twenty or thirty of the Indians, taking about ninety prisoners, with a large number of cattle."

No wonder these two wretches were hanged out of hand! The other executions were different affairs. Arbuthnot and Ambrister were captured at St. Mark's on the Appalachicola. These two men were tried by a

court-martial presided over by General Gaines and including officers of rank and experience. They were found guilty of inciting the Indians to warfare on the United States and sentenced to death. Arbuthnot was hanged and Ambrister shot, Jackson, of course, approving the act.

A strict construction of the law of nations did not warrant the execution. Jackson was perfectly clear in his own mind as to the legality of his action. In the order for the carrying out of the sentence of the court he declared it to be "an established principle of the law of nations that any individual of a nation making war against the citizens of any other nation, they being at peace, forfeits his allegiance and becomes an outlaw and a pirate."

This is a half truth. Such persons undoubtedly forfeit their allegiance and cannot demand the protection of their government, but they do not thereby become outlaws and pirates, at least not when civilized warfare is under consideration—that is, warfare between civilized nations; else Lafayette, Von Stuben, Kosciusko, and De Kalb were all pirates and outlaws because they served the United States in the war of the Revolution! According to Jackson, if England had caught any of them she might have executed them out of hand! Of course, the Creeks and Seminoles were not civilized nations, and perhaps in Jackson's mind that fact added to the supposed enormity of the actions of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. Jackson, by his summary execution of Francis and Himollonico, showed that he did not intend to accord belligerent rights to the savages, and he evidently put the two Englishmen in the same class in spite of his specious affirmation of a false principle of international law. The evidence looked at from the present does not seem to warrant the guilt of Arbuthnot, who was only a trader. Nor is it very convincing in the case

of Ambrister, who, however, had no ostensible business in the country.

On the whole, I must admit that, coldly considered, Jackson was not warranted in his action. His course was made the subject of bitter and determined attack on three grounds: first, that neither of the culprits was guilty; second, that if they were guilty, they were not deserving of death; third, if they were deserving of death, Jackson had no power to inflict it. As to this, it must be remembered that they were tried by a duly constituted court-martial, according to military law, and were heard in their own defence. It is rather a serious thing for a historian writing years after an event to reverse a judgment rendered under such circumstances. This is not merely my own opinion, but that of one of the most distinguished historians of the age with whom I have corresponded on a similar question. I am, however, prepared to admit that the justice of the whole proceeding is open to doubt, and I have not given General Jackson the benefit of the doubt in passing a judgment upon him.

Before dismissing the subject we may note these significant facts. The British government acquiesced in the execution, and the British government is remarkable among the nations of the world for the spirit and ability with which it protects the rights of citizens wherever they are impugned. The fact that the British government did nothing should be abundant evidence that it had no case. Richard Rush, our then minister to England, says, "The opinion formed (in a cabinet council) was that the conduct of these individuals had been unjustifiable and, therefore, not calling for the special interference of Great Britain."

Congress specifically approved of Jackson's course after a long and acrimonious debate over resolutions of censure of his action, in which Henry Clay was the

leader of the anti-Jackson party. The following is the final vote of the Committee of the Whole in the House of Representatives on the question:

"Does the Committee disapprove the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister? *It does not.* Ayes, 54; noes, 90.

"Shall a law be drafted prohibiting the execution of captives by a commanding general? *There shall not.* Ayes, 57; noes, 98.

"Was the seizure of Pensacola and the capture of Barrancas contrary to the Constitution? *It was not.* Ayes, 65; noes, 91.

"Shall a law be drafted forbidding the invasion of foreign territory without the previous authorization of Congress, unless in the fresh pursuit of a defeated enemy? *There shall not.* Ayes, 42; noes, 112.

"So the Committee of the Whole sustained General Jackson on every point. Jackson triumphed—Jackson always triumphed."

Similar resolutions of censure introduced in the Senate were laid on the table by a practically unanimous vote. John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, in one of the ablest papers in American diplomacy, defended and justified the execution, although Calhoun and others of the Cabinet wished to disavow it. Jackson, therefore, was sustained by all branches of the government and by the people, but he was not sustained until the opposition had exhausted its capacity for argument to have his action condemned. Jackson himself had no doubt as to his course. As to that, Ben Butler in his eulogy on Jackson spoke to the following effect: "'My God would not have smiled on me,' was his characteristic remark when speaking of this affair to him who addresses you, 'had I punished only the poor, ignorant savages, and spared the white men who set them on.'"

The Reverend Doctor Van Pelt, who was a fellow-

passenger with Jackson on a steamer bound for New York after the close of the campaign, records the following conversation between the old general and a rash interlocutor:

"Some of the people here at the North, General, think you were rather severe in altering the sentence of Ambrister and ordering him to be shot," said the man.

A spark in a powder-flask! The general turned quickly towards the audacious utterer of this blasphemy, looked at him sharply for a moment, rose to his feet, and began at the same moment to talk and pace the floor.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "that matter is misunderstood! In the same circumstances I would do the same thing again. The example was needed. The war would not otherwise have ended so speedily as it did. The British government has not complained. The Spanish government does not complain. It is only our own people who are dissatisfied. Why, sir, those men were British subjects. If the execution was unjust, why has not the British government remonstrated? No, sir, they were spies. They ought to have been executed. And I tell you, sir, that I would do the same again."

The people of the United States were not dissatisfied. Jackson's enemies and political opponents, of whom there were not a few, made a great to-do over the matter, but nothing came of it. Niles' *Register* well explains the popular opinion in the following paragraph:

"The fact is that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people believe General Jackson acted on every occasion for the good of his country, and success universally crowned his efforts. He has suffered more hardships and encountered higher responsibilities than any man living in the United States to serve us, and has his reward in the sanction of his government and the approbation of the people."

This was the last episode of importance in his military

career. Estimates as to his character and services as a soldier are now in order.

Parton writes: "The success of General Jackson's military career was due to three separate exertions of his will. First, his resolve not to give up the Creek War when Governor Blount advised it, when Coffee was sick, when the troops were flying homeward, when the general was almost alone in the wilderness. Second, his determination to clear the English out of Pensacola. Third, and greatest of all, his resolution to attack the British whenever and wherever they landed, no matter what the disparity of forces. It was that resolve that saved New Orleans. And it is to be observed of these measures that they were all irregular, contrary to precedent, 'imprudent'—measures which no council of war would have advised, and no Secretary of War ordered; measures which, failing, all the world would have hooted at—which, succeeding, the world can never praise enough."

Roosevelt, no mean authority in the premises, thus characterizes him: "Andrew Jackson, who, with his cool head and quick eye, his stout heart and strong hand, stands out in history as the ablest general the United States produced, from the outbreak of the Revolution down to the beginning of the Great Rebellion."

Eaton, who knew him long and intimately, has this to say: "Few generals had ever to seek for order amidst a higher state of confusion, or obtained success through more pressing difficulties. . . ." Major Latour, a United States engineer officer, who was on Jackson's staff, testifies that "the energy manifested by General Jackson spread, as it were, by contagion, and communicated itself to the whole army. I shall add that there was nothing which those who composed it did not feel themselves capable of performing if he ordered it to be done. It was enough that he expressed a wish,

or threw out the slightest intimation, and immediately a crowd of volunteers offered themselves to carry his views into execution."

The late John Fiske pays him this splendid tribute: "Throughout the whole of this campaign, in which Jackson showed such indomitable energy, he suffered from illness such as would have kept any ordinary man groaning in bed; besides that, for most of the time his left arm had to be supported in a sling. His pluck was equalled by his thoroughness. Many generals after victory are inclined to relax their efforts; not so Jackson, who followed up every success with furious persistence, and whose admirable maxim was that in war 'until all is done, nothing is done.'"

And Parton quotes Thomas H. Benton as follows: "For it was the nature of Andrew Jackson to *finish* whatever he undertook. He went for a clean victory or a clean defeat." Jackson is often considered as a self-willed, obstinate man, willing to take no advice and to listen to no one. Eaton contradicts that impression and writes of him: "No man is more willing to hear and to respect the opinions of others; and none where much is at stake, and to conflict with his own, less disposed to be under their influence. He has never been known to call a council of war whose decisions, when made, should shield him from responsibility or censure. His council of war, if doubting himself, was a few officers in whom he fully confided, whose advice was regarded, if their reasons were conclusive; but these not being satisfactory, he at once adopted and pursued the course suggested by his own mind."

One blot on his military record, or perhaps one quality which dimmed his military fame, was his determination to follow his own instincts without regard to the wishes or commands of his superiors. True, his instincts were generally correct, but his lack of knowl-

edge and experience frequently led him to undertake the right thing in the wrong way and brought him to a disobedience of his superiors which, had the situation been reversed, he would have put down with ruthless determination. He was a good commander but a poor subordinate. One reason for that is, he had never been trained to obey. His whole experience as a soldier had been in supreme command. He had not worked himself up to that happy position by long and toilsome service in lower grades. Since he had never learned subordination, he did not appreciate the necessity of submission to higher authority, although he thoroughly realized the necessity of obedience, and exacted it in the sternest way from those whom fortune placed under him.

In his first abortive campaign, when he led the Tennessee volunteers to Natchez and was there ordered to disband them by the Secretary of War, he flatly disobeyed the order, refused to allow Wilkinson, then in command, to interfere with his plans, commandeered wagons and supplies, and marched his men back to Nashville, justifying himself in the following language: "As between an open defiance of the orders of my superior, the Secretary of War, and my duty to the private soldier who put himself under me, I shall risk all the consequences of being dishonored and losing my entire estate and much more. I shall take care of my men and carry them back home."

Nor did he hesitate to draw bills of exchange on the government for the expenses of his return march, guaranteeing them by his own private fortune. Wilkinson had no option but to dishonor the drafts when they were presented, and Jackson took them up without hesitation, although to do so was to impoverish him. He would have been a ruined man had not Benton succeeded in getting the government to honor his drafts.

The successful soldier usually sustains a very intimate and personal relationship to his officers and men. Although he may be the sternest of disciplinarians, as far removed from contempt-breeding familiarity as the stars in their courses, and as immovable in his decisions as fate itself, he must know when to condescend. Jackson was a past master in the art of mingling with his soldiers. In that he was not unlike Napoleon with his grenadiers. I have culled from various sources several anecdotes illustrating this trait in his character which will lighten this picture of Jackson the stern soldier.

"When the little army set out from Natchez for a march of five hundred miles through the wilderness there were a hundred and fifty men on the sick-list, of whom fifty-six could not raise their heads from the pillow. There were but eleven wagons for the conveyance of these. The rest of the sick were mounted on the horses of the officers. The general had three excellent horses, and gave them all up to the sick men, himself trudging along on foot with the brisk pace that was usual with him. Day after day he tramped gayly along the miry forest roads, never tired, and always ready with a cheering word for others. They marched with extraordinary speed, averaging eighteen miles a day, and performing the whole journey in less than a month, and yet the sick men rapidly recovered under the reviving influences of a homeward march. 'Where am I?' asked one young fellow who had been lifted to his place in a wagon when insensible and apparently dying. 'On your way *home!*' cried the general merrily; and the young soldier began to improve from that hour, and reached home in good health.

"The name of 'Old Hickory' was not an instantaneous inspiration, but a growth. First of all, the remark was made by some soldier, who was struck with his commander's pedestrian powers, that the general

was 'tough.' Next it was observed of him that he was as 'tough as hickory.' Then he was called '*Hickory*.' Lastly, the affectionate adjective 'Old' was prefixed, and the general henceforth rejoiced in the completed nickname, usually the first-won honor of a great commander."

Every great soldier is nicknamed, at least every great soldier that is loved by his men, and few are the soldiers who are, or become great—paradoxical as it seems—without that love from those they lead. Waldo Jackson once alluded to this fact as follows:

"The pleasant raillery which is the very zest of life when played off by one gentleman upon another was, unfortunately, practised upon a captain of a company in the New Orleans campaign, who took it in high dudgeon. In imitation of the names of Indian chiefs, his men called him Captain Flat-Foot. He remonstrated against it to General Jackson, who pleasantly remarked, 'Really, Captain, it is difficult getting along with these gay young fellows; but so long as they toil at the lines with such vigor, and fight the enemy with such courage, we officers must overlook a little innocent levity. Why, Captain, they call me Old Hickory, and if you prefer my title to yours, I will readily make an exchange.' The captain retired, proud of the title of Captain Flat-Foot."

Here is an anecdote of Eaton's which harks back to Marion, of whom a similar incident was told, as of many another starving captain.

"In the Creek campaign a soldier one morning, with woe-begone countenance, approached the general, stating that he was nearly starved, that he had nothing to eat, and could not imagine what he should do. He was the more encouraged to complain from perceiving that the general, who had seated himself at the root of a tree, waiting the coming up of the rear of the army, was

busily engaged in eating something, he knew not what. The poor fellow was impressed with the belief from what he saw that want only attached to the soldiers, and that the officers, particularly the general, were liberally and well supplied. He accordingly approached him with great confidence in being relieved. Jackson told him that it had always been a rule with him never to turn away a hungry man when it was in his power to relieve him. 'I will most cheerfully,' said he, 'divide with you what I have,' and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew forth a few acorns, on which he had been feasting, adding that it was the best and only fare he had. The soldier seemed much surprised, and forthwith circulated amongst his comrades that their general was actually subsisting upon acorns, and that they ought, hence, no more complain."

To know his men, to give them a sense of personal relationship to him, is a highly desirable quality in a commander. As proof of this Colonel Butler said: "It was astonishing to see how many men—private soldiers—the general could tell by name. He knew almost every Tennessean and at least half the Kentuckians. His manner with them was easy; a modern general would call it familiar. Still, he was dignified, and they all seemed to understand him. I remember him rallying one of the young Robertsons—grandson of the old pioneer. Robertson was quite young. He belonged to Polk's company [of Carroll's command.—C. T. B.]. 'Joe,' said the general, 'how are they using you? Wouldn't you rather be with Aunt Lucy (meaning his mother) than with me?'

"'Not by a d—d sight, General,' young Joe stoutly replied. 'But I wouldn't mind if Aunt Lucy was here a little while.' Jackson laughed, patted the boy on the shoulder, and said, 'Stick to 'em, Joe. We'll smash h—l out of 'em, and then you can go home to Aunt

Lucy,' This was one of the many similar scenes that morning—or at any time when he went along the lines."

And Buell records the following: "A few days after the battle, while the army yet lay in the Chalmette lines awaiting the pleasure of the British force still in camp on Villeré's plantation, a well-built youth, about nineteen or twenty years old, belonging to Carroll's command, was on sentry post at the breastwork, pacing up and down with a long rifle carelessly thrown over his right shoulder. General Jackson came along in his usual way, on foot, inspecting the lines. Seeing this boy on duty, the general stopped and talked with him two or three minutes in a familiar way, and finally handed him a letter, which the young fellow read and then handed it back to the general, who resumed his tour of inspection.

"The regular officer, who had witnessed the interview, went to the youthful soldier and asked his name.

"'My name is Hays, sir.'

"'You seem to be acquainted with the general.'

"'Oh, yes, sir. He is my uncle—that is, you know, my uncle up home in Tennessee!'

"The officer, amused, asked:

"'Your uncle, up home in Tennessee, you say; and what is he here?'

"'Oh, here he is the general, sir!'

"To further inquiries the boy responded that he was the youngest son of Mrs. Jackson's sister, Mrs. Hays, and that he had lived a good part of his boyhood at the Hermitage with 'Uncle Jackson and Aunt Rachel.' He then explained to the officer that the letter General Jackson showed him was from 'Aunt Rachel' and contained some messages from his own family. Finally, the officer remarked; 'And so you are General Jackson's nephew and a private soldier here. I wonder that he doesn't do better by you?'

"'Well, sir, that doesn't make any difference to him. So long as I'm here with a gun, he's satisfied!'"

So, it is evident, was young Hays!

Nor was there ever a commander more quick to recognize merit in his subordinates nor more willing to make generous public acknowledgment of it. On the twenty-fifth of January, when he dispatched Colonel Hayne, his inspector-general, to Washington with his report of the operations around New Orleans, after specifically requesting him to commend by name to the Secretary of War on Jackson's behalf a number of officers who had distinguished themselves, lest he should have unwittingly omitted any he includes in his order to Hayne the following paragraph:

"Any officers whose merit you may have noticed, and no doubt there are many such, you will be proud to do justice to, and, for God's sake, entreat the Secretary of War not to yield too much, in time to come, to recommendations of *members of Congress*.* He must be sensible of the motives from which, for the most part, such recommendations proceed, and events have too often and too sadly proved how little merit they imply."

After that, on the thirtieth of January, Jackson had spent "many hours in drawing up a general order—a permanent roll of honor—which was a source of lasting happiness to many brave men and their friends. In this document every corps which had served during the siege, every commanding officer, every subaltern who had distinguished himself, the physicians, the general's aids and secretaries, several privates and unattached volunteers, were mentioned by name and honored with a few words of generally well-discriminated compliment. The officers who had fallen in action received also a kindly tribute. This paper contained seventy names.

* A thing all Secretaries have to fight against.

Hundreds of the descendants of the men thus distinguished still cherish it with gratitude and pride."

Two days after Hayne's departure, in order that the temporary contingent of citizens of his command might not feel slighted, he addressed a most generous letter to Nicholas Girod, the mayor of New Orleans, in which he referred in the most complimentary manner to the patriotism and self-sacrifice and devotion to the public good which had been displayed by the mayor and citizens during the operations. He wrote:

"I anticipate with great satisfaction the period when the final departure of the enemy will enable you to resume the ordinary functions of your office and restore the citizens to their usual occupations—they have merited the blessing of peace by bravely facing the dangers of war. I should be most ungrateful or insensible if I did not acknowledge the marks of confidence and affectionate attachment with which I have personally been honored by your citizens; a confidence that has enabled me with greater success to direct the measures for their defence, an attachment which I sincerely reciprocate, and which I shall carry with me to the grave."

In general his relation with the citizen volunteers was very pleasant. Recognizing the difference between them and the others, he handled them with an adroitness and tact which he did not feel it necessary to employ in the case of his Tennesseans or the regular soldiers. The citizen soldiers constantly wanted to leave the front when no fighting was going on, to go back home to visit their families, to attend to their business—there were a thousand pretexts which afforded them excuse for asking the general's permission. He did not leave the lines himself and he rarely allowed anyone else to visit the city. The general's dexterous management was never more apparent than in the following episode, told by Edward Livingston:

"Even those fathers of families whom Major Planché

commanded found it hard to get permission to go to town for an hour or two. Some of them were a whole week at the lines without seeing their families. Nay, the gentlemen volunteers who surrounded the general's person, and over whom he had no military authority, discovered that he had taken them at their word very literally and expected them to set an example of endurance and diligence. It may have been on this Christmas Day that a pretty scene occurred between the general and Louis Livingston (a fine, gallant youth of sixteen, the son of Edward Livingston) which shows at once the delicacy and firmness of Jackson.

"'May I go to town to-day, General?' asked the young man, who had been complimented with the title of captain.

"'Of course, Captain Livingston,' replied the general, 'you *may* go. But *ought* you to go?'

"The youth blushed, bowed, saluted, and, withdrawing without a word, returned to his duty."

Mr. Vincent Nolte, a foreigner residing in New Orleans at the time, who had fought bravely enough and who afterwards published a book of interesting reminisences, in which he showed that he was not well affected towards Jackson, had a difficulty with him regarding a settlement for cotton and blankets which the general had appropriated for the use of his army. The general had agreed to pay for anything he took at the price current on the day he took it. Nolte had a number of blankets, and as blankets were scarce, the price on the day the blankets were seized was very high. He was paid accordingly, and made no demur about accepting the money. Of course, the shipment of cotton had ceased during the campaign and cotton was a drug on the market. Its price was very low. When the British had gone and things had resumed their normal state the price of cotton rose rapidly. Mr.

Nolte desired to be paid for his cotton at the after-war price. In other words, he wanted to take advantage of the high price on both commodities. This is the way, according to Mr. Nolte, the general settled him:

"I called on the General. He heard me, but that was all. 'Are you not lucky to have saved the rest of your cotton by our defence?' he asked.

"'Certainly, General, as lucky as others in the city whose cotton had also been saved. But the difference between me and the rest is that none of the others have anything to pay and I have to bear all the loss."

"'Loss!' exclaimed the general. 'Why, you have saved all!'

"I saw that an argument was useless with so stiff-necked a man, and remarked to him that I only wanted compensation for my cotton, and that the best compensation would be to give me precisely that had been taken from me and of the same quantity.

"To this the general replied that he liked straightforward business, that my proposition was too complicated, that to adopt it would be to compel him to go into the market as a buyer, etc. He wound up by saying: 'You must take six cents (a pound) for your cotton.' [The price on the day it was seized—it was now worth nine times as much.—C. T. B.] I endeavored to resume the argument. He cut me off with: 'I can say no more. It is done!' 'Then, assuming an entirely different tone, he said, 'Come, come, now, Mr. Nolte, we have been soldiers together! Let's take a glass of whiskey and water. You must be d—d dry with all your arguing.'

"Then, though many were waiting to see him in the next room, he began talking in a pleasant way about what he termed 'our efforts and sacrifices to defend the country,' the 'grand success that had crowned our efforts,' etc., etc., and wound up by saying that 'a

little loss on cotton was nothing compared to the honor of having borne a creditable part in such achievements.'" It was a pity for his own fame that Mr. Nolte did not take the same view.

An imperious man himself, Jackson loved a man of like temper. A steamboat captain had been ordered to do a certain thing and had flatly disobeyed his commands in order to insure the safety of some women and children who had been committed to his charge. Jackson sent for him post haste, determined to call him to account for his defiance, which had been open, not to say flagrant. When the man of the river presented himself before the general "the latter, fiercely eyeing him, in a voice husky with intense passion, made the inquiry,—

"'By ——, Captain Shreve, *dare you disobey my orders?*'"

"'Yes, by ——, *I dare!*' was the vehement reply of the undaunted captain.

"Jackson could not repress the expression of surprise which spread itself over his face at the unexpected reply of the daring captain, and, in a tone of voice considerably milder than his first inquiry, bade Shreve explain his conduct. Upon the explanation being given, Jackson dismissed him, simply saying that he had forgotten his promise to the citizens, whose wives and children Captain Shreve then had upon his vessel."

Although he had no love for the British, two instances of his generous treatment of his enemies may be cited. The following is his account of the restoration of General Keane's sword. "Major-General Keane, having lost his sword in the action of the eighth of January, and having expressed a great desire to regain it, valuing it as the present of an esteemed friend, I thought proper to have it restored to him, thinking it more honorable to the American character to return it, after the expression of these wishes, than to retain it as a trophy of victory.

I believe, however, it is a singular instance of a British general soliciting the restoration of his sword fairly lost in battle."

So much for his dealings with the general. Here is what he wrote to General Lambert after the evacuation concerning some British soldiers who had been prisoners:

"Some of my officers under a mistaken idea that deserters were confined with prisoners, have, as I have understood, made improper applications to some of the latter to quit your service. It is possible they may have in some instances succeeded in procuring either a feigned or a real consent to this effect; the whole of the transaction, however, met my marked reprehension, and all the prisoners are now restored to you. But as improper allurements may have been held out to these men, it will be highly gratifying to my feelings to learn that no investigation will be made, or punishment inflicted, in consequence of the conduct of those who may, under such circumstances, have swerved from their duty."

General Lambert assured Jackson in his reply that no investigation should be made into the conduct of the returning troops, and applauded the humanity of the request.

In his campaigns Jackson was served by some immortal men. Among them were Coffee, Carroll, Houston, and Crockett.* Crockett and Jackson differed in after years, but the other three remained his staunchest friends to the end. In the trying times at Fort Strother, in the Creek War, when all men were deserting him, they showed their mettle. Said Carroll: "I will go back to the frontiers and say Jackson wants soldiers." Said Coffee: "I will make a captain's company, and lead it, of officers whose men have left them." Colyar calls attention to this touching little episode:

* See my books, "American Fights and Fighters—Border" and "The Conquest of the Southwest," for some account of Crockett and Houston.

". . . One day when the great warrior had come to be President of the United States and in the White House, he sat down at his table, pulled his hat over his eyes, and wrote:

"Sacred to the Memory of
GENERAL JOHN COFFEE,
Who departed this life
7th day of July, 1833,
Aged 61 years.

"'As a husband, parent, and friend, he was affectionate, tender, and sincere. He was a brave, prompt, and skilful general; a distinguished and sagacious patriot; an unpretending, just, and honest man. To complete his character, religion mingled with these virtues her serene and gentle influence and gave him that solid distinction among men which detraction cannot sully, nor the grave conceal. Death could do no more than to remove so excellent a being from the theatre he so much adorned in this world to the bosom of God who created him, and who alone has the power to reward the immortal spirit with exhaustless bliss.'"

Crockett is widely known as the author of that famous aphorism, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." In the following little episode, which may well be true, Colyar ascribes the origin of the saying to Jackson himself. "General Moore was a young captain in Jackson's army. He had a company from Fayetteville in which was Davy Crockett, an awkward, boy-like soldier. General Moore said his company became somewhat insubordinate in idleness, and he made known to his men that he would not remain captain of a company that would not obey his orders, and he was going to put the facts before the general and ask him what to do. And when he started to the general's headquarters, Davy Crockett blabbed out that he was going along and see what the old general said. So he and his private called on the general; he had made known his trouble, when the general said to him:

" 'Captain, I have but little to say to you. It is this: Don't you make any orders on your men without maturing them, and then you can execute them, no matter what it costs; and that is all I have to say.' But when they got back to the company the men were anxious to know what the general said, and Crockett thus spoke, 'The old general told the captain to be sure he was right, and then go ahead.'" The phrase certainly is thoroughly Jacksonian.

To sum up, as a strategist, a tactician and a fighter, as a disciplinarian and a leader of men, this "Backwoods Soldier"—name applied to him in derision!—had no cause to blush when contrasted with the most accomplished officers of his time. His opportunities were limited, his resources small, his operations, save in one instance, insignificant; but he showed his qualities just as thoroughly and just as decisively as if he had commanded greater armies and fought larger battles. Carlyle says, "You may paint with a very large brush and not be a great painter after all;" and the converse is equally true—you may paint with a small brush upon a small piece of canvas and yet produce a masterpiece. From what Jackson did and the way he did it, I think it quite proper to accord him a high place among the truly great soldiers of his country.

VII

PERSONAL APPEARANCE, MANNERS, "JACKSONIAN VULGARITY"

THE popular impression of Jackson's appearance, his manners and bearing, is about as erroneous as popular impressions usually are. No doubt his nicknames have conduced to perpetuate the almost universal error into which posterity has fallen, and it is singular that the popular opinion should prevail so obstinately in view of the abundant evidence to the contrary that is on record.

Because Jackson was a Democrat, when to be a Democrat was synonymous with being a man of the very plain people, it has become almost a universal belief that he was a vulgarian, and that "Old Hickory" and the "Backwoods General," with the attributes which ordinarily accompanied such appelations, aptly characterized his appearance and his manners.

Sumner says: "One can easily discern in Jackson's popularity an element of instinct and personal recognition by the mass of the people. They felt 'he is one of us.' 'He stands by us.' 'He is not proud and does not care for style, but only for plenty of what is sound, strong, and good.' 'He thinks just as we do about this.' The anecdotes about him which had the greatest currency were those which showed him trampling on some conventionality of polite society, or shocking the tastes and prejudices of people from 'abroad.' In truth, Jackson never did these things except for effect, or when carried away by his feelings, but his adherents had a most enjoyable sense of their own power in supporting him in defiance of sober, cultivated people, who

disliked him for his violence, ignorance, and lack of cultivation."

Peck writes: "The prevailing and potential idea of Jackson was that he was 'of and for the people,' and it was prodigiously aided by the criticism that he was without training, and on that account barbarously unfit for President. Nor was the popular notion of him wrong. He was thoroughly homespun. Despite his martial bearing and the belligerent vigor of his administration, he was accessible and unaffected. To all but his declared enemies he was sincerely cordial and winning. His advanced age and later experience had subdued and improved his manner. He was in all things entirely direct: and such a man is necessarily free from cant and pretension."

The Presidents of the United States up to Jackson's advent were among the finest gentlemen of their time. They were products of aristocratic Virginia or of no less aristocratic New England. They were mainly college-bred and had enjoyed the best society of the age in which they lived in Europe and America. Jackson had experienced none of these advantages. He had lived his life on the frontier amid the rudest and most primitive conditions, yet no one could be more courtly, or more gracious, or more gentle in his bearing on occasion, especially in the society of women.

There is something about the Celtic race which differentiates it from other peoples, and among these setting-apart characteristics is a certain urbanity, an old-world courtesy, which you will find in even the commonest and plainest Irishmen. They have the outward politeness of the Parisian with the addition of a heart, which the Parisian lacks. Their politeness is not merely superficial, but innate, and Jackson had this to the full. There was a touch of knight-errantry about the man, too. He was willing and anxious to espouse the cause

of any woman in distress. It may be stated here that he was the purest and most continent of men in an age in which less value was set upon these things by contemporaries than in the present. More will be said on this subejct in a chapter concerning his relations to the other sex. Judge Overton writes:

"In his singularly delicate sense of honor, and in what I thought his chivalrous conception of the female sex, it occurred to me that he was distinguishable from every other person with whom I was acquainted."

The first description of his appearance that I have come across is from the pen of Mrs. Susan Smart, who, when she was a little girl, met him in the highway one September afternoon in 1780, when he was but thirteen years old. She describes him as "a tall, slender, 'gangling fellow,' legs long enough almost to meet under the pony he was riding; a damaged, wide-brimmed hat flapping down over his face, which was yellow and worn; the figure covered with dust; tired looking, as though the youth had ridden till he could scarcely sit on his pony." He was the forlornest apparition that ever revealed itself to her eyes during the whole of her life. She ran out on the road and hailed him. He reined in his pony, when the following brief conversation ensued between them:

She.—"Where are you from?"

He.—"From below."

She.—"Where are you going?"

He.—"Above."

She.—"Who are you for?"

He.—"The Congress."

She—"What are you doing below?"

He.—"Oh, we are popping them still."

She (to herself).—"It's mighty poor popping such as *you* will do, anyhow." (Aloud) "What's your name?"

He.—" Andrew Jackson."

One of the earliest descriptions we have of his appearance comes from an aged servant in the family of Judge McCay, of Salisbury, who saw him often, and who briefly remarks that " Jackson was a fair-complexioned young man, with long, sandy hair—one of the most genteel young men of the place."

Another woman, Mrs. Anne Rutherford, who knew him well, thus describes him: " He was always dressed neat and tidy and carried himself as if he were a rich man's son. The day he was licensed he had on a new suit, with broadcloth coat, ruffled shirt, and other garments in the best of fashion. The style of powdering the hair was still in vogue then; but he had his abundant suit of dark-red hair combed carefully back from his forehead and temples and, I suspect, made to lay down smooth with bear's oil. He was full six feet tall and very slender, but yet of such straightness of form and such proud and graceful carriage as to make him look well-proportioned. In feature he was by no means good-looking. His face was long and narrow, his features sharp and angular, and his complexion yellow and freckled. But his eyes *were* handsome. They were very large, a kind of steel-blue, and when he talked to you he always looked straight into your own eyes. I have talked with him a great many times and never saw him avert his eyes from me for an instant. It was the same way with men. He always looked them straight in the eye as much as to say, ' I have nothing to be ashamed of and I hope you haven't.' This and the gentle manner he had made you forget the plainness of his features. When he was calm he talked slowly and with very good-selected language. But if much animated by anything, then he would talk fast and with a very marked North-Ireland brogue, which he got from his mother and the Crawfords who raised him—all of

whom he grew to maturity in the old country. But either calm or animated, there was always something about him I cannot describe except to say that it was a *presence*, or a kind of majesty I never saw in any other young man."

Parton refers to him when he had just entered his twentieth year as follows: "He had grown to be a tall fellow. He stood six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was remarkably slender for that robust age of the world, but he was also remarkably erect; so that his form had the effect of symmetry without being symmetrical. His movements and carriage were singularly graceful and dignified. In the accomplishments of his day and sphere he excelled the young men of his own circle, and was regarded by them as their chief and model. He was an exquisite horseman, as all will agree who ever saw him on horseback. . . . Into the secrets of forest and frontier life Jackson was early initiated. He was a capital shot and became a better one by and by. 'Georg' his favorite servant in after years, used to point out the tree in which he had often seen his master put two successive balls into the same hole. His bodily activity was unusual. He was a young man of a quick, brisk, springing step, with not a lazy bone in his body; and though his constitution was not robust, it was tough and enduring.

"He was far from handsome. His face was long, thin, and fair; his forehead high and somewhat narrow; his hair, reddish-sandy in color, was exceedingly abundant and fell down low over his forehead. The bristling hair of the ordinary portraits belong to the latter half of his life. There was but one feature of his face that was not commonplace—his eyes, which were of a deep blue, and capable of blazing with great expression when he was roused. Yet, as his form seemed fine without being so, so his face, owing to the

quick, direct glance of the man, and his look of eager intelligence, produced on others more than the effect of beauty. To hear the old people of Tennessee, and particularly the ladies, talk of him, you would think he must have been an Apollo in form and feature."

A lady of Nashville—Mrs. K.—thus writes of him after he had taken his seat on the bench in 1808: "It was in 1808, when I was a girl of sixteen, that I first saw General Jackson. It was in East Tennessee, at the house of Captain Lyon, whose family myself and another young lady were visiting. We were sitting at work one afternoon when a servant, who was lounging at the window, exclaimed, 'Oh, see what a fine, elegant gentleman is coming up the road!' We girls ran to the window, and there, indeed, was a fine gentleman, mounted on a beautiful horse, an upright, striking figure, high jack-boots coming up over the knee, holsters, and everything handsome and complete. He stopped before the door and said to a negro whom he saw there:

"'Old man, does Captain Lyon live here?'

"The old man gave the desired information.

"'Is he at home?' inquired the stranger.

"He was not at home.

"'Do you expect him to-night?'

"'Yes, he was expected at any moment.' The old man was waiting to take his horse.

"'Well, my good boy,' continued the stranger, 'I have come to see Captain Lyon; and, as he is coming home to-night, I will alight and walk in.'

"The old negro, all assiduity and deference, led the horse to the stable, and the stranger entered the house, where we girls were sitting as demurely as though we had *not* been peeping and listening. We all rose as he entered the room. He bowed and said as he said:

"'Excuse my intruding upon you, ladies, in the absence of Captain Lyon. I am *Judge Jackson.* I have business with Captain Lyon and am here by his invitation. I hope I do not incommode you.'

"We were all captivated by this polite speech and the agreeable manner in which it was spoken. Soon after Captain Lyon entered, accompanied by two officers of the army, one of whom was Doctor Bronaugh. We had a delightful evening. I remember Jackson was full of anecdote, and told us a great deal about the early days of Tennessee. Doctor Bronaugh, as it happened, sat next to me and paid me somewhat marked attention. The party broke up the next morning, and we saw Judge Jackson ride away on his fine horse, and all agreed that a finer-looking man or a better horseman there was not in Tennessee. Years passed before I saw him again. I was a married woman, though he knew it not. He recognized me in a moment, and so well did he remember the incidents of this evening that the first salutations were no sooner over than he said, laughing,—

"'Well, Miss——, how is that handsome young officer who was so attentive to you at Captain Lyon's?'

"'General,' said I, 'permit me to present to you my *husband*, Captain K.'

"Not another word was said about the handsome young officer."

In his book, "Jackson and New Orleans," Mr. Alexander Walker, of Louisiana, thus pictures him: "The chief of the party, which was composed of five or six persons, was a tall, gaunt man, of very erect carriage, with a countenance full of stern decision and fearless energy, but furrowed with care and anxiety. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy; his hair was iron gray, and his body thin and emaciated, like that of one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful sickness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-

like eyes betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all the infirmities of the body. His dress was simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protected his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, whilst his feet and legs were encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blacking, which reached to the knees. In age he appeared to have passed about forty-five winters—the season for which his stern and hardy nature seemed peculiarly adapted."

And this is Eaton's description: "In the person of General Jackson is perceived nothing of the robust or elegant. He is six feet and an inch high, remarkably straight and spare, and weighs not more than a hundred and forty-five pounds. His conformation appears to disqualify him for hardship; yet, accustomed to it from early life, few are capable of enduring fatigue to the same extent or with less injury. His dark-blue eyes, with brows arched and slightly projecting, possess a marked expression, but when, from any cause, excited they sparkle with peculiar lustre and penetration. In his manners he is pleasing—in his address commanding; while his countenance, marked with firmness and decision, beams with a strength and intelligence that strikes at first sight. In his deportment there is nothing repulsive. Easy, affable, and familiar, he is open and accessible to all. Influenced by the belief that merit should constitute the only difference in men, his attention is equally bestowed on honest poverty as on titled consequence. No man, however inconsiderable his standing, ever approached him on business that he did not patiently listen to his story and afford him all the information in his power. His moral character is without reproach, and by those who know him intimately he is most esteemed. With him benevolence is a prominent virtue. He was never known to pass distress without seeking to assist and relieve it.

"It is imputed to him that he derived from his birth a temper irritable and hasty, which has had the effect to create enemies and involve him in disputes. In a world like this exemption from fault is not expected—to a higher destiny is perfection reserved! For purposes wiser than men can conjecture has it been ordained that vice and virtue shall exist together in the human breast, tending, like the happy blending of light and shade in a picture, to reflect each other in brighter contrast. Some of the foibles and imperfections, therefore, which Heaven mingles in the composition of man are to be looked for, and must be found with every one. In Jackson, however, these defects of character exist to an extent limited as with most men, and the world is in error in presuming him under a too high control of feeling and passion. A fixed devotion to those principles which honor sanctions peculiarly attaches to him and renders him scrupulously attentive to his promises and engagements of every description. Preserving system in his transactions, his fiscal arrangements are made to correspond with his resources, and hence his every engagement in relation to such subjects is met with marked punctuality, not for the reason that he is a man of extraordinary wealth, but rather because he has method, and, with a view to his resources, regulates properly his *balance of trade.*

"No man has been more misconceived in character. Many on becoming acquainted with him have been heard to admit the previous opinions which have been entertained and to admit how great has been their mistake. Rough in appearance—positive and overbearing in manner, are what all upon a first introduction expect to find; and yet none are possessed of milder manners or of more conciliating address. The public situations in which he has been placed, and the circumstances which surrounded him, are doubtless the cause that these opin-

ions have become so prevalent; but they are opinions which an acquaintance with him tends speedily to remove."

The "American Officer" * in his admirable little life of Jackson says: "He is deeply versed in the science of human nature—hence he is rarely deceived in the confidence he reposes in his friends, and knows well how to detect his enemies. The first he loves, and sets the last at defiance. In the discharge of official duties, he imparts dignity to the office and secures respect to himself—in the circles of private life, he is affable without descending to low familiarity.

"In his person he is above the ordinary height, elegantly formed, but of very spare habit. But '*toil has strung his nerves, and purified his blood,*' and he can bear any fatigue within the power of human endurance. The features of his face have that striking peculiarity which immediately attracts attention. His large, dark-blue eyes are settled deep under prominent arching eyebrows, which he can clothe in frowns to repel an enemy and dress in smiles to delight his friends—his whole person shows that he was born to command."

Shortly after Jackson's arrival at New Orleans to undertake the defence of the place he called upon the Livingston family. Madame Livingston was one of the most elegant and accomplished women in America. This is the way her husband describes his wife's first interview with Jackson: "The general appeared in the full-dress uniform of his rank—that of a major-general in the regular army. This was a blue frock coat with buff facings and gold lace, white waistcoat and close-fitting breeches, also of white cloth, with morocco boots reaching above the knees. To my astonishment this uniform was new, spotlessly clean, and fitted his tall,

* Colonel James Gadsden.

slender form perfectly. I had before seen him only in the somewhat worn and careless fatigue uniform he wore on duty at headquarters. I had to confess to myself that the new and perfectly fitting full-dress uniform made almost another man of him.

"I also observed that he had two sets of manners; one for the headquarters, where he dealt with men and the problems of war; the other for the drawing-room, where he met the gentler sex and was bound by the etiquette of fair society. But he was equally at home in either. When we reached the middle of the room the ladies rose. I said, 'Madame and Mademoiselles, I have the honor to present Major-General Jackson, of the United States Army.'

"The general bowed to madame and then right and left to the young ladies about her. Madame advanced to meet him, took his hand, and presented him to the young ladies severally, name by name. Unfortunately, of the twelve or more young ladies present—all of whom happened to be French—not more than three could speak English; and as the general understood not a word of French—except, perhaps, '*Sacre bleu!*' general conversation was restricted.

"However, we at once sought the table, where we placed the general between Madame Livingston and Mademoiselle Choutard, an excellent English scholar, and with their assistance as interpreters he kept up a lively all-round chat with the entire company. Of our wines he seemed to fancy most a fine old Madeira, and remarked that he had not seen anything like it since Burr's dinner at Philadelphia in 1797, when he (Jackson) was a senator. I well remembered that occasion, having been then a member of Congress from New York and one of Burr's guests.

"'So you have known Mr. Livingston a long time?' exclaimed Mademoiselle Choutard.

"'Oh, yes, Miss Choutard,' he replied, 'I had the honor to know Mr. Livingston probably before the world was blessed by your existence!'

"This was only one among a perfect fusillade of quick and apt compliments he bestowed with charming impartiality upon Madame Livingston and all her pretty guests.

"When the dinner was over he spent half an hour or so with me in my library, and then returned to the drawing-room to take leave of the ladies, as he still had much work before him at headquarters that night. During the whole occasion the ladies, who thought of nothing but the impending invasion, wanted to talk about it almost exclusively. But he gently parried the subject. The only thing he said about it that I can remember was to assure madame that while possibly British soldiers might get near enough to see the church spires that pointed to heaven from the sanctuaries of their religion, none should ever get even a glimpse of the inner sanctuaries of their homes. I confess that I more than once marvelled at the unstudied elegance of his language and even more at the apparently spontaneous promptness of his gallantry.

"When he was gone the ladies no longer restrained their enthusiasm. 'Is that your savage Indian fighter?' they demanded in a chorus of their own language. 'Is this your rough frontier general? Shame upon you, Mr. Livingston, to deceive us so! He is a veritable *preux chevalier!*' And I must confess that madame was as voluble in her reproaches as any of the young ladies. I was glad to escape in a few minutes, when I went to join the general at headquarters, where we were busy until two A.M. with the preliminary work of the campaign."

Parton has another version of the effect produced upon the company by Jackson's personality which he

ANDREW JACKSON

From a miniature copied in 1858 from an original (whereabouts now unknown) painted in 1832. Copy in possession of Rev. A. H. Hord

received from a lady who was present: "He rose soon from the table and left the house with Mr. Livingston. In one chorus the young ladies exclaimed to their hostess:

"'Is *this* your backwoodsman? Why, madame, he is a prince!'"

Parton also says: "Before leaving New Orleans General Jackson presented his friend Livingston with a miniature of himself, accompanying the gift with a note expressive of his appreciation of his aide-de-camp's services to himself and to the cause. This miniature, still in perfect preservation, is the earliest portrait of the general now in existence. It is so unlike the portraits familiar to the public, that not a man in the United States would recognize in it the features of General Jackson. Abundant, reddish-sandy hair falls low over the high, narrow forehead and almost hides it from view. The head is long, which Mr. Carlyle thinks one of the surest signs of talent. Eyes of a remarkably bright blue. Complexion fair, fresh, and ruddy. A mild, firm, plain, country face. He wears the full uniform of a major-general of that day—blue coat with stiff upright collar to the ears, epaulets, yellow vest with upright collar and gilt buttons, ruffled shirt. The miniature reminds you of a good country deacon out for a day's soldiering. The still, set countenance wears what I will venture to call a *Presbyterian* expression.

"The general did not forget the little daughter of his friend Livingston, but sent her a little brooch in a little note, both of which, I have heard, she still preserves. She wondered much, it is said, that the general should think of her in the hurry and bustle of his departure."

When Aaron Burr was at the height of his popularity in the West he was the guest of Jackson at the Hermitage. A grand ball was given in his honor, and this is how Parton describes the advent of Burr and

Jackson: "There are still a few persons living at Nashville who remember this famous ball; remember the hush and thrill attending the entrance of Colonel Burr, accompanied by General Jackson in the uniform of a major-general; and how the company lined the sides of the room, and looked intently on while the courtliest men in the world made the circuit of the apartment, General Jackson introducing his guest with singular grace and emphasis. It was a question with the ladies which of the two was the finer gentleman."

I presume there is no doubt as to the elegance of Burr's manner or the charm of his personality, and that Jackson could even approach him is remarkable. Here is another testimonial as to how the people of Nashville loved their hero. "Mr. Monroe visited Nashville during his Presidency, when General Jackson figured conspicuously among those who welcomed and escorted the President. At the grand ball given him at Nashville General Jackson and Mr. Monroe entered the ballroom arm-in-arm, the general in his newest uniform, towering far above the little President. On the other side of the President walked General Carroll, who was also a man of lofty stature. 'Ah!' whispered one of the ladies present, 'how our general does surpass everyone —how he does throw everyone into the shade!'—a sentiment that was most cordially assented to by all of the little circle to whom it was addressed."

And here is another feminine view of him after he was elevated to the Presidency: "The general's appearance has so often and correctly been described, that it would seem almost unnecessary to touch upon it here; but it will do no harm to give my impressions of him. Picture to yourself a military-looking man, above the ordinary height, dressed plainly, but with great neatness; dignified and grave,—I had almost said stern,—but always courteous and affable, with keen, searching

eyes, iron-gray hair, standing stiffly up from an expansive forehead, a face somewhat furrowed by care and time and expressive of deep thought and active intellect, and you have before you General Jackson who has lived in my memory for thirty years."

Niles in his famous *Weekly Register* thus describes him: "In society he is kind, frank, unaffected, and hospitable, endowed with much natural grace and politeness, without the mechanical gentility and artificial, flimsy polish to be found in fashionable life."

Daniel Webster says of him at the time when he was first a candidate for the Presidency: "General Jackson's manners are more presidential than those of any of the candidates. He is grave, mild, and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly. He is a true man and will do good to his country in that situation."

Goodrich, in his "Recollections," thus places the general in contrast with John Quincy Adams, who certainly by birth and breeding was entitled to be ranked with the aristocracy of the land, whatever coldness of manner he may have assumed. The reference is to the first meeting between the two, when Adams, who had received less electoral votes than Jackson, had been elected President over his leading competitor by the House of Representatives because not one of the candidates received a majority.

"I shall pass over other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly who most of all others engrossed the thoughts of the visitors—Mr. Adams, the elect; General Jackson, the defeated. It chanced in the course of the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct stepped aside and left them face to face.

Mr. Adams was by himself; General Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then General Jackson moved forward, and, reaching out his long arm, said: 'How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair. I hope you are very well, sir.' All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the general's hand and said with chilling coldness, 'Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well!' It was curious to see the Western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier, who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans, genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue! The personal character of these two individuals was, in fact, well expressed in that chance meeting; the gallantry, the frankness, and the heartiness of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all."

Another view of the situation more favorable to the New Englander is also preserved by Parton: "General Jackson, we were pleased to observe," wrote an editor present, "was among the earliest of those who took the hand of the President, and their looks and deportment towards each other were a rebuke to that bitterness of party spirit which can see no merit in a rival and feel no joy in the honor of a competitor."

In truth, Jackson was quite equal to any social situation in which he found himself. Writes Elson: "He was not in the least overawed in the presence of the great audience that now stood before him; his manner revealed no tendency to cringe, nor was it marred with a taint of bravado. 'His manner was faultless,' writes Thompson, who was not his political friend, in his 'Recollections of Sixteen Presidents,' 'not strained,

but natural. There was no exhibition of pride or ostentation—no straining after effect or false show.' The ceremonies over, a great public reception with refreshments was held at the White House, and the rabble had full sway. They trampled the fine carpets with their muddy boots, stood on chairs and upholstered furniture, and among other things smashed an immense costly chandelier. 'Let the boys have a good time for once in four years,' said Jackson—and nothing he ever said gives a deeper insight into the cause of his popularity."

Yet society was not always pleasant to Jackson. Witness the following in his own words written on the sixteenth of March:

"Yesterday being my birthday, and having entered upon my fifty-eighth year, I had a few friends to dine with me, and the evening was spent agreeably. Thus I have entered my fifty-eighth year. How I may end is for Providence to decide. Today, at eleven o'clock A.M., I was notified by the President to attend him, that he might present me with the medal voted by Congress on the twenty-seventh of February, 1815. Accordingly, attended by Major Eaton, General Cobb, and Mr. E. Livingston, I waited upon him, when, in the presence of the heads of the department, the ladies of the heads of the departments, the ladies of the Executive head, *cum multis alios* [so in the original], in due form and pomp it was presented. Of all things I hate to speak of myself, and these parades and pomps are most disagreeable to me; you will see it all printed; and to that I refer you."

"Many years afterwards Josiah Quincy, member of a committee to receive President Jackson on his visit to Boston, was in like manner astonished at his urbanity and grace. He had the dignity that goes with entire simplicity of nature, and the ease that comes from unconsciousness of self," says John Fiske.

There is another side to the picture. Gallatin's famous remark about his appearance when he came first to Washington as the representative of Tennessee has

been often quoted and has as often been disputed; and Jefferson's allegation that Jackson never finished a speech because he would get so choked with rage that he was unable to articulate distinctly cannot be passed over. Various attempts have been made to disprove or discredit or explain away these statements. In view of the testimony already given they are not of great importance. However, that the other side may have its hearing I append Sumner's comment on Gallatin's statement, and whatever else he is, Sumner is no great admirer or friend of Jackson.

"Gallatin recalled him years afterwards as 'a tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face; and a cue down his back tied in an eel-skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment that of a rough backwoodsman.' Jefferson said of him in 1824: 'When I was President of the Senate he was a senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage.' There is, however, ample testimony that Jackson, later in life, was distinguished and elegant in his bearing when he did not affect roughness and inelegance, and that he was able to command encomiums upon his manners from the best bred ladies in the country."

One of the charges oftenest brought against Jackson was that of vulgarity, nor can it be denied that in many of the public functions in the White House in Jackson's time a shocking degree of license prevailed when aforetime these affairs had been characterized by the highest dignity and decorum. Nor can Jackson be freed from responsibility therefor. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb corroborates Elson, quoted above, and shows that the disgraceful practices of the beginning continued throughout Jackson's two terms:

"President Jackson, towards the close of his adminis-

tration, abolished supper-tables at the 'drawing-rooms,' which had hitherto been a special feature of such entertainments. The growing population and the vast crowds attending them rendered the custom of offering refreshments unsupportable, and it has never since been resumed. It is said that on the occasion of one levee, Sir Charles Vaughan [the British minister] rolled up to the palace in full court dress to pay his respects to the President, but he saw such a crowd of all sorts and descriptions pushing into the Executive Mansion that he called out roughly to his coachman to drive home, 'This is too democratic for me!'"

And in this connection these citations from Sargent's "Recollections" are pertinent. Sargent professes to be, and I have no doubt he was, an eyewitness to what he describes: "The President was literally pursued by a motley concourse of people, riding, running, helter-skelter, striving who should first gain admittance into the Executive Mansion, where it was understood that refreshments were to be distributed. The halls were filled with a disorderly rabble scrambling for the refreshments designed for the drawing-rooms! the people forcing their way into the saloons, mingling with the foreign ministers and citizens surrounding the President. China and glass to the amount of several thousands of dollars were broken in the struggle to get at the ices and cakes, though punch and other drinkables had been carried out in tubs and buckets to the people.

"A profusion of refreshments had been provided. Orange-punch by barrels full were made; but, as the waiters opened the door to bring it out, a rush would be made, the glasses broken, the pails of liquor upset, and the most painful confusion prevailed. To such a degree was this carried, that wine and ice-creams could not be brought out to the ladies, and tubs of punch were taken from the lower story into the garden to lead off

the crowd from the rooms. . . . It was mortifying to see men, with boots heavy with mud, standing on the damask-satin-covered chairs and sofas."

"The President was visited at the palace by immense crowds of all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. I never saw such a mixture. The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant." *

Of course, the laxity should never have been allowed, and when it is considered it is abundant justification for the term, "Jacksonian vulgarity." But it must be borne in mind that Jackson himself—personally, that is—was not a vulgar man, as the misleading phrase seems to imply, and that he allowed reprehensible practices deliberately. It will be seen that Jackson was the President of the people, the plain, common people, in a sense in which no previous President had been, and that fact and that peculiar relationship in which he fancied he stood to the democracy—"the unwashed and unterrified"—seemed to him to require a suspension of the rules. A grave mistake, for the more the ordinary social barriers are levelled the more necessity for decorum.

I close this chapter with a reminiscence of Jackson for which Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston was authority: "The late Harriet Lane Johnston," said a New York woman who was an intimate friend of the former mistress of the White House, "having lived so long with her statesman uncle, James Buchanan, had many interesting reminiscences of him and his times. One of

* Scenes similar in character, if not so great in extent, have been enacted, not once but many times, in modern social functions in Washington and elsewhere, I have been credibly informed. And it is impossible to imagine anything more vulgar and disgraceful than the modern mobs attracted to churches by "fashionable" weddings, and even funerals!

them which she was fond of relating was an incident told to her by Mr. Buchanan of the social career of General Jackson while he was President. Mr. Buchanan was in the United States Senate at the time.

"As Mrs. Johnston related the incident, a famous Baltimore lady, one of the leaders in society of that day and related to an English family of title and distinction, had spent a long time in England during Jackson's administration, her family connections admitting her to the inner circles of aristocratic and royal society. George IV was then King, and a short time before this lady left England to return to America she was presented to him. He confided to her a message to President Jackson which he requested her to deliver in person.

"The reputation his political enemies had made for Jackson was such that the lady was most unfavorably impressed, never having met the rugged old soldier. In fact, the idea of 'Jacksonian vulgarity' was quite the popular one, and there were many stories of the general's offensive application of it in his social as well as business contact with visitors.

"Consequently this high-bred message-bearer from the King of England was very much disinclined to a personal interview with this President of boorish reputation, but, having undertaken to carry out the wishes of the King, she determined to undergo the trial, prepared to be greatly shocked at what she might see and hear. Being well acquainted with James Buchanan, she begged him to accompany her on her mission and introduce her to the President.

"'My uncle escorted the lady to the White House,' Mrs. Johnston related merrily, 'and leaving her in the reception-room he went to the President's room to arrange for the interview.

"'He found the President alone. His face was cov-

ered with a bristling beard of several days' growth. He was wearing a dressing-gown which was very much soiled and greatly the worse for past service. He was smoking an old clay pipe.

"'It was a disheartening moment for Mr. Buchanan, for to present the refined and elegant lady to the President of the United States in such attire seemed to him but little better than a national disgrace. He told the President about the distinguished woman who had come to seek an introduction to him, on an errand from the King of England, and made bold to say,—

"'"But, General, you ought not to see her without making an appropriate toilet."

"'The grim old soldier took his pipe out of his mouth, stretched himself to his full height, shot a fiery look at his audacious social prompter from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, and exclaimed with some forceful adjuncts of language that may as well not be repeated.

"'"Buchanan, I knew a man once who succeeded admirably in getting along simply by minding his own business!"

"'He told my uncle to go back and wait with the lady and he would see her presently. Mr. Buchanan returned to the reception-room and awaited the President's coming in a torture of suspense.

"'In a remarkably short time General Jackson entered the room. He was neatly shaven and in plain but correct attire. A more courtly and dignified appearance, my uncle said, could not well be imagined, and he was so astounded at the change in Jackson's appearance and manner that he almost forgot what he was there for.

"'He introduced the lady, however, and retired to await the termination of the interview, which, from what she said to him, he felt that she was eager to make as short as possible. He was, therefore, surprised when more than an hour had passed and she was still talking

with the man she had dreaded to meet as one but little better than a wildcat.

"'She appeared at last, escorted to the door by the President. Mr. Buchanan said she was positively radiant. He handed her into her carriage, and asked her what she thought of the grim and much-abused Jackson.

"'"I am captivated!" she replied. "I never so enjoyed an hour. I have been at all the courts of Europe, and I can truly say that at none of them have I ever seen a man who in elegance of manners could excel General Jackson. While intensely dignified, they were so kind that my dread disappeared in an instant, and before I knew it I was captivated. It will never do for anyone to charge General Jackson with vulgarity in my presence again!"

"'As long as my uncle lived,' Mrs. Johnston was wont to say, 'he delighted to relate, which he did always with great relish, and particularly if it gave him opportunity to rebuke any ill-natured reference to Jacksonian vulgarity, what befel him and his apprehensive companion from that interview with Andrew Jackson.'"

VIII

RELATIONS WITH HIS MOTHER AND WIFE

A FAIR deduction as to a man's private character may be made more easily, perhaps, by examining into his relations with women, and, incidentally, with children, than in any other way. So many men of great abilities, of brilliant talents amounting to genius, who have done the State some service in their time, and whose public careers are deservedly held in honored remembrance have failed to attain to a moral stature corresponding, on account of their relations with women. Genius is usually said to be over-sexed, and transcendent ability, unless it manifests itself in an asceticism the product of a rare constitutional coldness, indifference to women, or an enforced subjugation of natural desire by an imperious will, is usually associated with a deeply sensuous nature. Heat is a more efficient instrument than cold. The earth was molten before the Ice Age and will be again, perhaps. Your truly great are rarely adiaphorous to the opposite sex. Witnesses in history to the truth of this are abundant. Environment, customs of times, an understandable disposition to overlook the errors of greatness, and a certain tendency on the part of greatness to consider itself superior to laws of simpler lives have brought about such a state of affairs as is not pleasant to contemplate in the lives of many great men. Especially is this true in foreign countries where educational ideas differ from ours, where habits and customs sometimes abhorrent to us prevail, and where life is accordingly much more complex and infinitely less simple than in our own. Yet in our own country there are many cases in point.

Jackson, however, was the purest of men. From his youth up no woman's cheek ever burned with shame at the thought of him. Towards women and children, and in general towards those weaker than himself, he was gentleness, consideration, and kindness itself. He had a respect for women the depth of which can hardly be exaggerated. It was not a respect acquired by mental effort. It was not born of any bitter experience. It did not spring from any revulsion of feeling towards a bad woman. It was an ingrained part of his nature. It was developed, as such things always are developed, first by the example and teaching of a good mother, and next by long and intimate association with a good wife. The man who has experienced but one of these good things is but half a man.

Jackson was singularly blessed in both relationships, as a son and as a husband. His memory of his mother was as sweet as it was profound, as affectionate as it was abiding. Although she died when he was still a small boy, she had sufficiently impressed herself upon his consciousness for him never to forget her. Sense of family relationship was very deep in Jackson.

Jackson could never speak of his father without visible emotion. " Francis P. Blair used to relate that some years after he became President he tried to locate exactly his father's grave at Waxhaws, with the intention of placing there a suitable memento, but it could not be distinguished from other unmarked mounds in the old churchyard. ' I have heard him,' said Mr. Blair, ' remark that his father died like a hero in battle, fighting for his wife and babies, fighting an uphill battle against poverty and adversity such as no one in our time could comprehend. When asked if he had ever visited the scenes of his childhood,' pursued Mr. Blair, ' he would say, " No ! I couldn't bear to. It would suggest nothing but bereavement, grief, and suffering of those dearest

to me. I couldn't stand it. It would break me down!" ' "

His father died before he was born, yet what he felt for him was but faint compared to his regard for his mother.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, a daughter of Frank P. Blair, was often, as a girl, a guest at the Hermitage and at the White House. " Once," she writes, " when copying a letter for him I protested against his spelling *which* three different ways on one page and wanted him to alter it, but he would not, and said laughingly that he could make himself understood, and that as I was a copyist, I had better spell it as I found it; then he added more seriously that at the age when most people learn to spell he was working for his living and helping the best of mothers."

Well does Parton say: " He deeply loved his mother, and held her memory sacred to the end of his life. He used often to speak of the courage she had displayed when left without a protector in the wilderness, and would sometimes clinch a remark or an argument by saying, ' *That* I learned from my good old mother.' "

He once said, in speaking of his mother to General Eaton, " One of the last injunctions given me by her was never to institute a suit for assault or battery or for defamation; never to wound the feelings of others, nor suffer my own to be outraged; these were her words of admonition to me; I remember them well, and have never failed to respect them; my settled course through life has been to bear them in mind, and never to insult or wantonly to assail the feelings of anyone; and yet many conceive me to be a most ferocious animal, insensible to moral duty, and regardless of the laws both of God and man."

Nearly thirty-four years after his mother's death, while he was disbanding the army with which he had

won the battle of New Orleans, on the fifteenth of March, 1815, which happened to be his birthday, he was celebrating the anniversary in camp with three members of his staff, Majors Eaton and Lewis and Captain Butler. During the festivities his mind reverted to his mother, and of her he spoke to them as follows:

"Gentlemen, how I wish *she* could have lived to see this day. There never was a woman like her. She was as gentle as a dove and as brave as a lioness. Almost her last words to me when about to start for Charleston on the errand of mercy that cost her life were: 'Andrew, if I should not see you again, I wish you to remember and treasure up some things I have already said to you: In this world you will have to make your own way. To do that you must have friends. You can make friends by being honest, and you can keep them by being steadfast. You must keep in mind that friends worth having will in the long run expect as much from you as they give to you. To forget an obligation or be ungrateful for a kindness is a base crime—not merely a fault or a sin, but an actual crime. Men guilty of it sooner or later must suffer the penalty. In personal conduct be always polite, but never obsequious. No one will respect you more than you esteem yourself. Avoid quarrels as long as you can without yielding to imposition, but sustain your manhood always. Never bring a suit at law for assault or battery or for defamation. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feelings of a true man. Never wound the feelings of others. Never brook wanton outrage upon your own feelings. If ever you have to vindicate your feelings or defend your honor, do it calmly. If angry at first, wait till your wrath cools before you proceed.'

"Gentlemen, her last words have been the law of my life. When the tidings of her death reached me I at

first could not believe it. When I finally realized the truth I felt utterly alone. At that moment I had not a relation in the world of close kin by the name of Jackson. The Crawfords, in whose house I grew up, had been kind to me, but, after all, they were not my own and I was not their own. I was grateful to them beyond expression but did not love them. Besides, I was almost fifteen years old and felt that I could not reasonably burden them longer. Yes, I was alone. With that feeling I started to make my own way. The death of all my relations had made me heir to part of the estate of my deceased grandfather, Hugh Jackson, of Carrickfergus; but that was small, not over three hundred or four hundred pounds sterling, and it was tied up in Charleston in the hands of the administrator, Mr. Barton, at whose house my mother died. It did me little good, because I was not prudent with it when it came to me. As things turned out, I might about as well have been penniless, as I was already homeless and friendless. The memory of my mother and her teachings were, after all, the only capital I had to start in life with, and on that capital I have made my way."

"These few precepts in thy memory!" the general might have added if he had been familiar with the wise advice of old Polonius.

It was a fortunate thing for General Jackson that he had such a capital on which to make his way. And his love for his mother made him respect all women. So patent and open was his regard for women, merely because they were women, that all women who came in contact with him admitted the charm of the man. Fiske says "One of the most winsome features of Jackson's character was his sincere and chivalrous respect for women. He was also peculiarly susceptible to the feeling of keen sympathy for persons in distress," the last being the natural corollary of the knight-errantry of

the first. Indeed, Jackson reminds me in many ways of a knight-errant. Swift to take up anybody's quarrel, eager to redress anybody's wrongs, anxious to espouse anybody's cause that seemed to crave a defender,—and more often than not without due examination as to the merits of the question at issue,—all he needed was a sword and spear, and possibly a Rosinante!

That he had such a tendency to respect and serve all women is undoubtedly due to his mother's influence and training. She must have been a remarkable woman to have left so great an impress in so short a time. Perhaps had she lived she might have moderated and restrained him and have prevented some of the extravagant courses into which he was frequently led. After his mother the feminine influence to which this phase of his character is most due was that of his wife. Yet his marriage introduced him to more troubles than any other act in his impetuous life: troubles entirely due to his own lack of care, to his haste, to his invariable habit of doing what he liked without counting the cost or without considering the consequences. His desire to achieve a thing usually made him more or less indifferent to the method. More often than not the end justified the means, although I do not wish to be misunderstood as implying that he used that maxim in the popular sense. According to his lights, he was always the man of honor and the gentleman. But if he saw anything to be done, he went about it without regard to the ordinary course of procedure and did it—sometimes unconsciously doing more damage by the way than he hoped or intended to repair.

Rachel Donelson Robards Jackson was as pure and sweet a woman as ever lived, yet there was a cloud upon her marriage title, at least in the minds of her enemies—Jackson's enemies, rather—which was never removed, and the cruel and brutal attacks upon her in

the campaign which brought Jackson to the Presidency brought her to the grave. Most of the duels that Jackson fought—the serious ones, that is—were in defence of his wife's reputation. The one offence which he could neither condone, forget, nor forgive was an aspersion upon her character.

He had a fierce and bloody affray with Senator Benton in which he was severely wounded, yet the quarrel, which was a foolish one, was afterwards composed. The two became the warmest friends. Benton was the great defender of Jackson's policy in the Senate, and without him the thorny path of the overbearing President would have been a still more difficult one to tread. The services that Benton performed for Jackson can hardly be overestimated; still, Jackson would have died rather than have accepted any service from Benton or have taken his hand in friendship or bestowed the least notice upon him, had the Benton quarrel been like Dickinson's and some other quarrels, about the reputation of Mrs. Jackson. That was, to the fierce, stern soldier, who was at the same time a tender and ardent lover, the unpardonable sin against his affections.

When Jackson went to Nashville he boarded at the house of a widow named Donelson, who had been the wife of one of the famous pioneers of Kentucky. With Mrs. Donelson lived her daughter Rachel, "a black-eyed, black-haired brunette, as bold and handsome a lass, the best story-teller, the sprightliest company, the most dashing horse-woman, as lived in the western country." Rachel Donelson was married to Lewis Robards. Robards was away most of the time and was a man of intensely jealous disposition. He and his wife were very unhappy. Among other objects of suspicion Robards included Jackson, although there was not the slightest evidence that the conduct of Mrs. Robards and Jackson had been anything other than highly exemplary.

So insane was the husband's jealousy that he applied for and received from Virginia, which then had legal jurisdiction over what is now Tennessee, a decree of divorce. At that time divorces were granted only by the Legislature upon proof of adultery. That is, the act of the Legislature granting a divorce did not become operative until the conditions under which it was granted had been established—*i.e.*, until the crime had been proved; so that the mere passage of the act did not in itself constitute a divorce, and the divorce so decreed did not become operative until the crime had been proved before a court.

Jackson and Mrs. Robards seem to have been under some misapprehension as to the law, or else the information they received was not accurate, for they supposed, since the decree had been granted, that Robards had actually secured the divorce and that Mrs. Robards was legally free. It seems to have been so given out, and it is more than hinted that Robards himself, perhaps in despair of obtaining the required proof in any other way, spread the report broadcast. At any rate, after a brief courtship, Jackson and Mrs. Robards were married at Natchez, Mississippi, in November, 1791. No doubt Jackson, who was deeply in love, was very anxious to get married, and no doubt Mrs. Robards, who reciprocated his affections, was equally anxious. There is no doubt, either, that the marriage was a suitable one and advantageous for both young people. Yet it was criminally careless of Jackson to have gone through a marriage ceremony with the young woman without making himself absolutely certain that she had a right to enter into marriage with him. The blame of the false position in which Mrs. Robards found herself rests entirely upon Jackson's shoulders, and the ensuing trouble is due absolutely to him. Jackson was a lawyer, and it was his business to know the law; nor could

he have been unaware of that well-known principle that ignorance of the law is no excuse. Nevertheless, it is obvious that Jackson was at first fully persuaded of the legality of his marriage with Mrs. Robards and that her husband had actually secured a divorce instead of what only amounted to a permissive decree.

Robards had been extremely adroit in playing his game. So soon as his wife's marriage to Jackson was announced he found no difficulty in proving his main contention, which, by the way, would have been impossible before, and by the terms of the legislative enactment he at once got his divorce. Thereupon the whole unedifying story came out, of course. Jackson hastened to rectify his carelessness by at once remarrying Mrs. Robards, in January, 1794, so that thereafter she was legally—as it is not a stretch of the truth to say she had before been morally—his wife. Yet try as he might, he had always to fight against scandal, which was invariably busy with his wife's fair name. Naturally, although he did not admit it, he realized that he only was responsible for the situation, and he was ever ready to defend her at the pistol's point.

His quarrel with Sevier came to a head because Sevier said slightingly that he did not know anything Jackson had done to distinguish himself but run away with another man's wife. His famous duel with Dickinson, one of the most dramatic and thrilling encounters in early American history, which abounds with such affairs, was ostensibly due to other causes, a difference about a race-horse, political antagonism, and so on; really it arose from his resolve to punish Dickinson for certain slighting remarks he had made about his wife. Dickinson, young, able, and ambitious, saw in Jackson a political rival whose control of the situation in Tennessee barred him from preferment, and he wished to remove the man who stood in his way. These motives

were sufficiently patent in the politics of that day to foster Dickinson's determination to kill Jackson, and the old slander against Mrs. Jackson was invoked to provide a cause. But Dickinson's resolution was nothing to that of the man who faced him. Jackson was determined to kill Dickinson because Dickinson had slandered his wife. In discussing the arrangements for the coming duel with his second, General Overton, Jackson said he would sustain Dickinson's fire, as he knew that his antagonist was a quick shot and he could not cope with him in speed. "How," asked General Overton, "if he wounds you seriously, even mortally, will you return his fire?" "I will hit him," said Jackson with that fierce determination characteristic of him, "if he shoots me in the brain." This is not bravado or gasconade, it is simply an evidence of his intensity of purpose—and we can hardly escape the conclusion that he would have hit Dickinson even with a bullet in his brain!

Dickinson did fire first, struck Jackson in the breast, but such was the iron control of the man that he gave no sign of the dangerous wound he had received, for he deliberately raised his pistol and mortally wounded Dickinson. He then actually turned and walked away from the spot out of sight of the dying man, not until then disclosing the fact that he also was terribly wounded. He never got over that wound either. Years after, in Washington, Parton relates this incident:

"The hall lamp of the hotel having been extinguished, the general went stumbling upstairs to his apartment in the dark. Upon reaching the top, he supposed that he had yet to ascend one stair, and made an awkward step forward and nearly fell. The viscera which had been displaced by Dickinson's ball and falsely healed were again severed from the breastbone and the internal wound thus reopened. The general staggered to his room, and lay for more than a week quite disabled.

He had several attacks of bleeding at the lungs, and remained subject to such attacks during the rest of his life. Many times he was brought by them to the verge of the grave, and the affection was probably aggravated by his mode of treating it. When threatened with an attack, he would lay bare his arm, bandage it, take his penknife from his pocket, call his servant to hold the bowl, and bleed himself freely. Often, indeed, during his Presidency he performed this operation in the night without any assistance."

The wedded life of the Jacksons was, nevertheless, a very happy one, and the home they built after they had grown older was one of the most delightful in the State. "Mrs. Jackson was a famous housewife and delightful hostess. By this time she was past forty; short in stature, stout, matronly, rosy in complexion, and indescribably winning in manner and conversation. Never was the Hermitage without a guest, and most of the time it was crowded. Jackson and his wife carried the old-fashioned Southern hospitality to an extreme. They did not wish their guests to be simply visitors, but made them temporary members of the family." There was lots of merriment and fun of a homely sort, pleasant to recall, in the Hermitage, while the famous couple were still young, which would have made a real hermit hold up his hands in horror but which the inmates greatly enjoyed.

"It is pleasant, too, to know that Mrs. Jackson was fond of, and excelled in, the hearty diversions of the frontier, particularly in the vigorous, old-fashioned dances. She was a short and stout woman. The general was tall and slender. The spectacle is said to have been extremely curious when they danced a reel together, which they often did, a reel of the olden time that would shake to pieces the frequenters of modern ballrooms. The time came when she imbibed opinions

which placed a ban upon diversions which are both innocent and preservative of innocence. But in earlier years she was a gay, merry, natural, human being; happy herself, and a source of happiness to all around her."

Parton preserves this pleasing little anecdote of the democratic régime at the Hermitage: "Before the evening devotions began the wife of the general overseer entered the apartment. Mrs. Jackson rose and made room for her on the sofa upon which she had herself been sitting, and treated her with as much consideration as though she had been a lady of the first distinction. The wife of the doctor of divinity lifted her orthodox eyebrows at this proceeding and addressed to the lady who sat next to her an inquiring stare. 'Oh, yes,' whispered the lady thus interrogated, 'that is the way here: and if *she* had not done it, the general would.'"

With advancing years came a waning of Mrs. Jackson's charms. She grew short in stature, stout in form, and florid in complexion, in spite of her dark eyes. Her dark hair became threaded with gray. "The benignity of her expression," says Benton, "was indescribable; but it was no more than the radiation of her goodness. Providence had denied her offspring of her own, but she was a mother to all who knew her. She was, of all women ever created, the wife for the man who was her husband. My memory of her covers a period of twenty-five years, from my earliest visit to Nashville until her death. In her house I felt at home next to that of my own mother. She lived more for others and less for herself than anyone I have known.

"When she came to Robertson's Station, or 'French Salt Spring,' in 1780, at the age of thirteen, with her father, Colonel John Donelson, she was literally the pioneer girl of the Cumberland Valley. To her last

hour she was the pioneer woman. Her frankness, her sincerity, her benevolence, her charity, her patience, and, above all, her simple piety, survived all the storms of her husband's career, all the adulations that success showered upon him and her. She lived to see him elected President, but not to share with him the honors or the burdens of that great office. I have sometimes thought that General Jackson might have been a more equable tenant of the White House than he was had she been spared to share it with him. At all events, she was the only human being on earth who ever possessed the power to swerve his mighty will or soothe his fierce temper."

Yet, as Parton says: "It is remarkable that General Jackson, though himself an adept in drawing-room arts and at home in elegant society, was blind to the homely bearing and country manners of his wife. He put great honor upon her at New Orleans, in all companies, on all occasions, giving proof to the world that this bonnie brown wife of his was to him the dearest and the most revered of human beings. The ladies of the city soon gathered around her and made much of her. Among other marks of regard they presented her with that valuable but rather showy set of topaz jewelry which appears on her person in the portrait that hangs still in the parlor of the Hermitage. To the general, also, the ladies presented a valuable diamond pin. 'The world heaps many honors upon me,' he said to the ladies, 'but none is greater than this.'"

The general's devotion to Mrs. Jackson, proverbial as it was at home, had never been so constantly or so lavishly exhibited as in the stately affairs of polished New Orleans. Debonair as he had been in his association with the Creole belles, he never missed an opportunity to demonstrate that he considered the short, stout, beaming matron at his side the perfection of her

sex and far and away the most charming woman in the world. Even the cynical Nolte, who so far forgot the chivalry naturally to be expected of a brave soldier and a noted duellist as to indulge in some rather amusing comments upon "Lady Jackson's" appearance on the dancing-floor, was constrained to say that the "general's devotion to his simple-mannered and homely-gaited spouse showed in him a quality that his official bearing led few to suspect. It was much remarked that, whatever he might be on the battle-field, he must be a model husband at home."

Another contemporary preserves this account of her: "Side by side by him stands a coarse-looking, stout, little old woman, whom you might easily mistake for his washerwoman, were it not for the marked attention he pays her and the love and admiration she manifests for him. Her eyes are bright, and express great kindness of heart; her face is rather broad, her features plain; her complexion so dark as almost to suggest a mingling of races in that climate where such things sometime occur. But, withal, her face is so good-natured and motherly that you immediately feel at ease with her, however shy you may be of the stately person by her side. Her figure is rather full, but loosely and carelessly dressed, so that when she is seated she seems to settle into herself in a manner that is neither graceful nor elegant. I have seen such forms since then, and have thought I should like to experiment upon them with French corsets, to see what they would look like if they were gathered together into some permanent shape. This is Mrs. Jackson. I have heard my mother say that she could imagine that in her early youth, at the time the general yielded to her fascinations, she may have been a bright, sparkling brunette; perhaps, may have even passed for a beauty. But being without any culture, and out of the way of refining in-

fluences, she was, at the time we knew her, such as I have described.

"Their affection for each other was of the tenderest kind. The general always treated her as if she were his pride and glory, and words can faintly describe her devotion to him. The Nashville Inn was at the time filled with celebrities, nearly all warm supporters of the general. The Stokes family of North Carolina were there, particular friends of his, and many other families whose names have escaped my memory. I well recollect to what disadvantage Mrs. Jackson appeared, with her dowdyfied figure, her inelegant conversation, and her total want of refinement, in the midst of this highly cultivated group, and I recall very distinctly how the ladies of the Jackson party hovered near her at all times, apparently to save her from saying or doing anything which might do discredit to their idol. With all her disadvantages in externals, I know she was really beloved. She was a truly good woman, the very soul of benevolence and kindness, and one almost overlooked her deficiencies in the knowledge of her intrinsic worth and her real goodness of heart. With a different husband, and under different circumstances, she might have appeared to greater advantage; but there could not be a more striking contrast than in their case. And the strangest of it all was, that the general did not seem aware of it.

"My father visited them at the Hermitage more than once. It was customary for the army officers to do this as a mark of respect to the general, and they frequently remained in their hospitable mansion several days at a time. The latch-string was always out, and all who visited them were made welcome and felt themselves at home. I remember my father's telling an anecdote characteristic of Mrs. Jackson which impressed my young mind forcibly. After the evening meal at the Hermitage he and some other officers were

seated with the worthy couple at their ample fireplace. Mrs. Jackson, as was her custom, lighted her pipe, and having taken a whiff or two, handed it to my father, saying, 'Honey, won't you take a smoke?'"

The following letter from Mrs. Jackson, written from Washington, shows how far she changed her opinions with advancing years. She says:

"The present moment is the first I can call my own since my arrival in this great city. Our journey, indeed, was fatiguing. We were twenty-seven days on the road, but no accident happened to us. My dear husband is in better health than when we came. We are boarding in the same house with the nation's guest, Lafayette. I am delighted with him. All the attentions, all the parties he goes to, appear to have no effect on him. In fact, he is an extraordinary man. He has a happy talent of knowing those he has once seen. For instance, when we first came to this house the general said he would go and pay the marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire, and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. The emotion of Revolutionary feeling was aroused in them both. At Charleston General Jackson saw him on the field of battle *—the one a boy of twelve, the marquis twenty-three. He wears a wig, and is a little inclined to corpulency. He is very healthy, eats hearty, goes to every party, and that is every night.

"To tell you of this city I would not do justice to the subject. The extravagance is in dressing and running to parties; but I must say they regard the Sabbath, and attend preaching, for there are churches of every denomination and able ministers of the Gospel. We have been here two Sabbaths. The general and myself were both days at church. Mr. Baker is the pastor of the church we go to. He is a fine man, a plain, good preacher. We were waited on by two of Mr. Balche's elders, inviting us to take a pew in his church in Georgetown, but previous to that I had an invitation to another. General Cole, Mary, Emily, and Andrew went to the Episcopal Church.

"Oh my dear friend, how shall I get through this bustle. There are not less than fifty to one hundred persons calling

* Mrs. Jackson's recollection is certainly at fault in this statement.

in a day. My dear husband was unwell nearly the whole of our journey, but, thanks to our Heavenly Father, his health is improving. Still, his appetite is delicate, and company and business are oppressive, but I look unto the Lord, from whence comes all my comforts. I have the precious promise, and I know that my Redeemer liveth.

"Don't be afraid of my giving away to these vain things. The apostle says, I can do all things in Christ, who strengthens me. The play-actors sent me a letter, requesting my countenance to them. No. A ticket to balls and parties. No, not one. Two dinings; several times to drink tea. Indeed, Mr. Jackson encourages me in my course. He recommends it to me to be steadfast. I am going to-day to hear Mr. Summerfield. He preaches in the Methodist Church; a very highly spoken of minister. Glory to God for the privilege! Not a day or night but there is the church opened for prayer."

During Jackson's second campaign for the Presidency, a campaign which was marked by a bitterness of personal attack which has hardly been paralleled even in some of the modern Presidential campaigns which are within memory, Jackson's marriage to Mrs. Robards was made the target of an abuse as vile as it was untrue. For that matter even Jackson's mother was made the subject of slander.

"The peculiar circumstances of his marriage, long forgotten, were paraded with the grossest exaggerations, to the sore grief of good Mrs. Jackson and to the general's unspeakable wrath. The mother, too, of General Jackson was not permitted to rest quietly in her grave. Mrs. Jackson once found her husband in tears. Pointing to a paragraph reflecting on his mother, he said: 'Myself I can defend; you I can defend; but now they have assailed even the memory of my mother.'"

"One of the newspapers which took the lead in these infamous attacks upon the reputation of Mrs. Jackson was the *National Journal*, published in Washington, which was said to be the especial organ of President Adams himself. So well satisfied of this was General

Jackson, at least, that he refused to call on Mr. Adams (as it was thought in courtesy he should have done) when he reached Washington in February, 1829. He thought that a man who would permit a public journal which was under his control to assail the reputation of any respectable female, much less the wife of his rival and competitor for the first office in the world, was not entitled to the respect of any honorable man, and he would not, therefore, go near him. This was the reason why he did not call upon him, and not from a want of magnanimity or sense of what was due to the Chief Magistrate of the nation, as it was alleged by his enemies at the time." As to this opinion, whoever else may have been guilty, it is certain that no such despicable conduct can be charged against Adams, who was cold as an iceberg, but a gentleman of the most refined and delicate honor everywhere.

These attacks undoubtedly hastened Mrs. Jackson's death. Writes Parton: "The health of Mrs. Jackson continued to be precarious during the whole of this period. Her disease was an affection of the heart, which was liable to be aggravated by excitement. She never approved of the general's running for office, and if now she wished him to succeed, it was only because she knew he wished it. Unceasingly she strove to turn his thoughts to those subjects in which she alone found comfort, which alone she thought important. She warned him not to be dazzled nor deluded by his popularity, of which her good sense as a woman, no less than her opinions as a Presbyterian, taught her the emptiness. One Sunday morning, a communion Sunday, in 1826 or 1827, as they were walking towards the little Hermitage church, she besought him to dally no longer with his sense of duty, but, then and there, that very hour, in their own little church, to renounce the world and all its pomps and vanities and partake of communion with her. He

answered: 'My dear, if I were to do that now, it would be said all over the country that I had done it for the sake of political effect. My enemies would all say so. I cannot do it *now*, but I promise you that when once more I am clear of politics I will join the church."

The dastardly slanders did more than affect his wife's health. They embittered Jackson's politics to the last degree. They engendered a spirit of acrid partisanship, and I have no doubt were the cause of Jackson's determination to clear out of office every representative of the party in power whom he could properly or improperly remove, and that in large measure the introduction of the so-called "Spoils System" grew out of the hatred engendered by these savage and degrading personalities.

The death of Mrs. Jackson was on this wise. Jackson's friends in Nashville, having learned the exact results of the election to the Presidency on December 11, 1828, determined to give a gala entertainment, including a reception, banquet, and ball, on the twenty-third of the month. Preparations were being hastened when the news came that Mrs. Jackson was sorely stricken with heart disease. For sixty hours she suffered excruciating pain, during which the general never left her side, attending to her, ministering to her, striving to relieve her with sleepless devotion which attests the depth of his feeling for her.

She rallied from this seizure and insisted that the proposed entertainment in honor of her husband's victory should not be abandoned. On the evening of the twenty-second, however, she was stricken again by a more violent attack than the first, in which, after a period of suffering, mercifully brief, she passed away. Old Hannah, one of her faithful slaves, has left this account of her death; which the chronicler thereof has improved in language at the sacrifice of picturesqueness:

MRS. JACKSON

From the portrait by Colonel R. E. W. Earl, painted at
The Hermitage in 1825

"On Monday evening, the evening before the twenty-third, her disease appeared to take a decided turn for the better, and she then so earnestly entreated the general to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow by having a night of undisturbed sleep, that he consented, at last, to go into an adjoining room and lie down upon a sofa. The doctor was still in the house. Hannah and George were to sit up with their mistress.

"At nine o'clock the general bade her good-night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. He had been gone about five minutes; Mrs. Jackson was then, for the first time, removed from her bed, that it might be re-arranged for the night. While sitting in a chair, supported in the arms of Hannah, she uttered a long, inarticulate cry, which was immediately followed by a rattling noise in the throat. Her head fell forward upon Hannah's shoulder. She never spoke nor breathed again.

"There was a wild rush into the room of husband, doctor, relatives, friends, and servants. The general assisted to lay her upon the bed. 'Bleed her,' he cried. No blood flowed from her arm. 'Try the temple, Doctor.' Two drops stained her cap, but no more followed.

"It was long before he would believe her dead. He looked eagerly into her face, as if still expecting to see signs of returning life. Her hands and feet grew cold. There could be no doubt then, and they prepared a table for laying her out. With a choking voice the general said:

"'Spread four blankets upon it. If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table.'

"He sat all night long in the room by her side, with his face in his hands, 'grieving,' said Hannah, and occasionally looking into the face and feeling the heart and pulse of the form so dear to him. Major Lewis, who had been immediately sent for, arrived just before

daylight and found him still there, nearly speechless and wholly inconsolable. He sat in the room nearly all the next day, the picture of despair. It was only with great difficulty that he was persuaded to take a little coffee.

"'And this was the way,' concluded Hannah, 'that old mistus died; and we always say, that when we lost her, we lost a mistus and a mother too; and more a mother than a mistus. And we say the same of old master; for he was more a father to us than a master, and many's the time we've wished him back again, to help us out of our troubles.'"

For sixteen hours Jackson watched by the bier of his wife, "tearless, speechless, almost expressionless." Carroll, Coffee, Adair, and others of his old companions in arms, hastening to him, had to restrain him from her side and almost force him to eat and sleep. Those who had maligned her so cruelly were filled with remorse when too late.

According to Colonel Ben Truman: "As the friends of the dead gathered about to look for the last time upon her face, General Jackson lifted his cane as if appealing to Heaven, and by a look commanding silence, said slowly and painfully and with a voice full of bitter tears: 'In the presence of this dead saint I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy.'"

Jackson never lost that feeling. Sometime after the funeral, while kneeling down and arranging the branches of a rosebush planted near her grave, he clasped his hands and said in the presence of his adopted son and others: "She was murdered—murdered by slanderers that pierced her heart. May God Almighty forgive her murderers, as I know she forgave them. I never can!" Buell adds sapiently, "He never did."

THE HERMITAGE GARDEN

Friendly papers vied with each other in eulogies. The *Tennessee Republican* paid her this beautiful tribute: "Her pure and gentle heart, in which a selfish, guileful, or malicious thought never found entrance, was the throne of benevolence; and under its noble influence her faculties and time were constantly devoted to the exercise of hospitality and to acts of kindness. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, to supply the indigent, to raise the humble, to notice the friendless, and to comfort the unfortunate, were her favorite occupations; nor could the kindness of her soul be repressed by distress or prosperity; but like those fountains which, rising in deep and secluded valleys, flow on in the forest of winter and through summer's heat, it maintained a uniform and refreshing current. Thus she lived; and when death approached, her patience and resignation were equal to her goodness; not an impatient gesture, not a fretful accent, escaped her; but her last breath was charged with an expression of tenderness for the man who loved her more than her life, and whom she honored next to her God."

The remains of Mrs. Jackson were buried at the Hermitage, where years after her great husband was laid by her side. The tomb erected over them somewhat resembles an open summer-house. It is a small white dome supported by slender pillars of marble. The tablet which covers Mrs. Jackson bears this inscription, composed by the general himself:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair; her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand

with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

"General Jackson never recovered from the shock of his wife's death. He was never quite the same man afterwards. It subdued his spirit and corrected his speech. Except on occasions of extreme excitement, few and far between, he never again used what is commonly called 'profane language,' not even the familiar phrase, 'By the Eternal!' There were times, of course, when his fiery passions asserted themselves; when he uttered wrathful words; when he wished even to throw off the robes of office, as he once said, that he might call his enemies to a dear account. But these were rare occurrences. He mourned deeply and ceaselessly the loss of his truest friend, and was often guided, in his domestic affairs, by what he supposed would have been her will if she had been there to make it known."

Near the close of his second term as President the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, of New York, in conversation with Jackson remarked:

"I hear, General, that you were blessed with a Christian companion."

"Yes," said the President, "my wife was a pious Christian woman. She gave me the best advice, and I have not been unmindful of it. When the people in their sovereign pleasure elected me as President of the United States, she said to me, 'Don't let your opportunity turn your head away from the duty you owe to God. Before Him we are all alike sinners, and to Him we must all alike give account. All these things will pass away, and you and I, and all of us must stand before God.'" Tears were in his eyes, adds Dr. Van Pelt, as he said these words.

IX

THE AFFAIR OF MRS. EATON

Aside from his mother and his wife, the name of Mrs. Margaret Eaton is more frequently associated with that of Jackson than is that of any other woman—not, of course, in any improper sense, his relations to her being simply those of the ardent champion and the zealous defender of a greatly slandered and grossly abused woman, who was, moreover, the wife of one of his most intimate friends.

Women have not played a large part in American history so far, and as a rule—to which there are exceptions—only the bad ones have played any considerable part in the history of the world, save in those few instances where reigning monarchs have been women, as Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, Maria Teresa of Austria, and the late Queen Victoria. American morality was too stern for any woman to play a part behind a presidential chair like that which Madame de Pompadour, for instance, played behind a throne. But of all women who have influenced political affairs Mrs. Eaton stands first. Her influence was not due to force of character, or to consecration of life, or to devotion to ideals, as was the influence of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frances Willard, or Clara Barton, to state some modern instances, but to circumstances which brought her in contact with Jackson in a way which particularly appealed to his chivalrous nature. His regard and respect for the other sex have already been noted. No knight-errant was ever more prompt to succor and defend assailed femininity than he, and a petticoat in dis-

tress always awakened most enthusiastic devotion. He was never happier than when he was fighting for a woman, and rarely did he appear to better advantage either.

It seems that there lived in Washington for a long time prior to Jackson's election to the Presidency one William O'Neal, a man of humble extraction, indifferent manners, and no social position, but withal possessing a large, foreseeing ambition for his daughter. He kept a private hotel, or large boarding-house, much patronized by members of Congress and others who belonged to the more permanent residents of the capital, as distinguished from the casual and transient visitors to Washington. His daughter Margaret, familiarly known as Peg, or Peggy O'Neal, a bright, vivacious, well-educated young woman, pretty and petite in person and pleasing in manner, naturally was a great favorite among the guests at her father's hostelry, General and Mrs. Jackson among them. She was a fearless and imprudent young woman, careless always, but immoral never. The social circle in which her lines were cast was much beneath her merits. Her father had educated her out of it, but was unable to provide her with any other. It is probable that many of the men with whom she came in contact treated her with that degree of familiarity which a certain kind of men usually make use of in similar circumstances—did make use of in those days more frequently than they would do now. For instance, note the following:

Jackson writes to Lewis, after the Eaton affair had reached its most acute stage, giving details of an incident that had occurred four years before, in 1824, when Mrs. Timberlake, as she then was, asked his protection against a certain General Call; she, Call, Jackson, and Eaton being at the time all inmates of her father's hotel. "Call's plea in justification may be omitted," says Sum-

ner, but it can be imagined. "I," writes Jackson "gave him a *severe lecture* for taking up such ideas of *female virtue* unless on some positive evidence of his own, of which he had acknowledged he had none, only information—and I enforced my admonition by referring him *to the rebuff* he had met with, which I trusted for the future would guard him from the like improper conduct. . . . I then told you, and have since repeated, that I had never seen or heard aught against the chastity of Mrs. Timberlake that was calculated to raise even suspicion of her virtue in the mind of anyone who was not under the influence of *deep prejudice or prone to jealousy*—that I believed her a virtuous and much injured female."

Consequently there was a great deal of gossip about the pert, witty, audacious, and reckless Miss O'Neal—gossip, there is no doubt, for which any adequate foundation or real justification was lacking. Of course, she had no social position whatever; but that did not exempt her from the comments of her sex, however highly placed the individual members thereof were. And it must be admitted, in feminine justification, that the women of Washington society could only have heard about Peggy O'Neal from the men! In course of time the fascinating Miss Peggy married a purser (paymaster) in the navy named Timberlake, who was evidently not troubled by the damaging rumors current. By him she had several children. Timberlake was not much of a man,—her friends thought that the charming Peggy had greatly demeaned herself by marrying him,—and he finally committed suicide in despair over his inability to control his appetite for liquor. The end of his life came while on a cruise in European waters, during which he had been absent from home several years.

Jackson's friend and former comrade, Major Eaton, whose first wife had been a connection of Jackson's,

married the widow in January, 1829, after consulting Jackson as to the propriety of his action. "Jackson, having learned of the scandal but disbelieving it, said to Eaton, 'Your marrying her will disprove these charges, and restore Peg's good name.' The general treated with violent contempt the persons, some of them clergymen, 'whose morbid appetite,' he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Ely, 'delights in defamation and slander.' Burning with anger at those who dared in the recent canvass to malign his own wife, now dead, he defended with chivalrous resolution the lady whom his own wife, 'to the last moment of her life believed . . . to be an innocent and much-injured woman.' Even Mrs. Madison, he said, 'was assailed by those fiends in human shape.' When protests were made against Eaton's appointment to the Cabinet, Jackson savagely cried, 'I will sink or swim with him, by God!'"

It is probable that the gossip of which Mrs. O'Neal-Timberlake-Eaton had been once the subject would have died down had not Jackson appointed Major Eaton his Secretary of War, thus giving his wife a high position in the official society of the capital. The families of the Vice-President and of the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy and the Attorney-General promptly and positively refused to receive Mrs. Eaton.

It cannot be denied that Jackson had received ample warning as to the position official society would take with regard to Mrs. Eaton. His selections for the Cabinet were announced in the *Telegraph* several days before his inauguration. Lewis, who was an eye-witness to the episode, writes the following account of the receipt of the news which will illustrate the opinion prevalent in society, and in official and military circles.

"On the following evening [after the newspaper announcements] he received a call from Colonel Towson, a gallant and distinguished military officer, and at that

time the paymaster-general of the United States army. The parlor, as usual, was crowded, and the colonel finding there was no chance of speaking to the general privately, asked if there was any room in which he could have a private interview with him for a few minutes.

"'Certainly,' the general said, and invited him into his bedchamber.

"He opened the door and begged the colonel to walk in, but when he got to the door and saw me seated at a table, writing, he drew back.

"'Come in,' the general repeated, 'there is no one here but Major Lewis, and between him and me there are no secrets.'

"The colonel then came in, and he and the general seated themselves near the fireplace. I had no wish to listen to their conversation, but as the room was small, and they spoke in their usual tone of voice, I could not help hearing every word they said; and as the general did not propose I should leave the room, I continued to write on, as I knew he was anxious that the writing upon which I was engaged, should be finished in time for that night's mail. After being seated, the colonel remarked that he saw published in the *Telegraph* of that morning 'a list of names of the persons that you propose, general, it is said, to bring into your Cabinet.'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'those gentlemen will compose my Cabinet.'

"'There is no objection, I believe, personally, to any of them,' said the colonel, 'but there is one of them your friends think it would be advisable to substitute with the name of some other person.'

"'Which of the names do you refer to, Colonel?' he inquired.

"'I mean that of Mr. Eaton,' he said.

"'Mr. Eaton is an old personal friend of mine,' the

general remarked. 'He is a man of talents and experience, and one in whom his State, as well as myself, have every confidence. I cannot see, therefore,' he added, 'why there should be any objection to him.'

"'There is none, I believe, personally, to *him*,' the colonel said, 'but there are great objections made to his wife.'

"'And pray, Colonel, what will his wife have to do with the duties of the War Department?' asked the general.

"'Not much, perhaps,' said the colonel, 'but she is a person with whom the ladies of this city do not associate. She is not, and probably never will be, received into society here, and if Mr. Eaton shall be made a member of the Cabinet, it may become a source of annoyance to both you and him.'

"'That may possibly be so,' he said, 'but, Colonel, do you suppose that I have been sent here by the people to consult the ladies of Washington as to the proper persons to compose my Cabinet? In the selection of its members I shall consult my own judgment, looking to the great and paramount interests of the whole country, and not to the accommodation of society and drawing-rooms of this or any other city. Mr. Eaton will certainly be one of my constitutional advisers, unless he declines to become a member of my Cabinet.'"

The action of Colonel Towson was not singular, for from the same reasons that he put forth, great efforts were made to induce Jackson to change his mind and make another appointment. The women of Washington, for one thing, could not look with equanimity upon the entrance of a tavern-keeper's daughter into Washington society, even if there had been nothing alleged against her character.

After the appointment, when the storm that had been so long brewing broke, Jackson, with his usual per-

tinacity, ran down the different scandals until he finally localized them under two heads: one, that something like a year after Timberlake departed on his European voyage, Mrs. Eaton had undergone a premature accouchement; the other, that before her marriage to him she and Eaton, who was then a United States senator from Tennessee, had visited New York and other cities, registering at hotels as man and wife. There were all sorts of subsidiary charges, one, for instance, being to the effect that Mrs. Eaton told her children by Mr. Timberlake that their name was legitimately—or illegitimately!—Eaton; for Eaton was their real progenitor, while Timberlake was merely their putative father.

With unwearied zeal, Jackson, having thus reduced the gossip to something tangible, now traced these stories to their authority, the Reverend Doctor Campbell, a Presbyterian minister and pastor of the church which Jackson and his wife had been accustomed to attend. Doctor Campbell, who seems to have been a rather poor specimen of clergyman, had formally brought the question of Mrs. Eaton's alleged misconduct to the President through a friend of his, the Reverend Doctor Ely, of Philadelphia. Jackson had it out with Messrs. Ely and Campbell. He went at it with thoroughness, and amassed proofs of the falsity of the slander which were exhaustive and convincing to himself and, I may add, to posterity. He exploded positively the accusations and proved them to be lies beyond peradventure. The correspondence he conducted would fill a volume. The following excerpts from a letter he wrote to Doctor Ely are sufficiently indicative of his thoughts:

"WASHINGTON, March 23, 1829.

"DEAR SIR: Your confidential letter of the eighteenth instant has been received in the same spirit of kindness and friendship with which it was written.

"I must here be permitted to remark that I sincerely regret you did not personally name this subject to me before you left Washington, as I could in that event have apprised you of the great exertions made by Clay and his partisans, here and elsewhere, to destroy the character of Mrs. Eaton by the foulest and basest means, so that a deep and lasting wrong might be inflicted on her husband. I could have given you information that might at least have put you on your guard with respect to anonymous letters containing slanderous insinuations against female character. If such evidence as this is to be received, I ask, where is the guarantee for female character, however moral—however *virtuous?* . . . Would you, my worthy friend, desire me to add the weight and influence of my name, whatever it may be, to assist in crushing Mrs. Eaton, who, I do believe, and have a right to believe, is a much injured woman, and more virtuous than some of her enemies? . . . Mr. Eaton has been known to me for twenty years. His character heretofore, for honesty and morality, has been unblemished; and I am now, for the first time, to change my opinion of him because of the slanders of this city? . . .

"You were badly advised, my dear sir, when informed 'that Mrs. Jackson, while in Washington, did not fear to put the seal of reprobation on such a character as Mrs. Eaton.' Mrs. Jackson, to the last moment of her life, believed Mrs. Eaton to be an innocent and much injured woman, so far as relates to the tales about her and Mr. Eaton, and none other ever reached her or me. . . . In 1823 I again visited the city in the character of senator from Tennessee, and took lodging with Mr. Eaton at Major O'Neal's, when and where I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Timberlake. I was there when Mr. Timberlake left this country for the Mediterranean and was present when he took leave of his wife, children, and family. He parted with them in the most affectionate manner, as he did also with myself and Mr. Eaton. Between him and the latter gentleman there appeared to be nothing but friendship and confidence from the first time I saw them at Major O'Neal's, until the day of his departure. From the situation and proximity of the rooms we occupied there could not have been any illicit intercourse between Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake without my having some knowledge of it; and I assure you, sir, that I saw nothing, heard nothing, which was calculated to excite even the slightest suspicion. Shortly after Mr. Timberlake left Washington for the Mediterranean, I was told in great confidence that it was rumored in the city that Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Tim-

berlake were too intimate. I met it, as I meet all slanders, with a prompt denial, and inquired from what source this rumor came, and I found it originated with a female against whom there was as much said as is now said against Mrs. Eaton. This report came to the ear of Mrs. Jackson through the same channel, but to the day of her death she believed it to be a base slander, as I do at this day. . . .

"When Mrs. Eaton visits me (she has not done so since the fourth) I shall treat her with as much politeness as I have ever done, believing her virtuous, as least as much so as the female who first gave rise to the foul tale, and as are many of those who traduce her. As to the determination of the ladies in Washington, I have nothing, nor will I ever have anything, to do with it. I will not persuade or dissuade any of them from visiting Mrs. Eaton, leaving Mrs. Eaton and them to settle the matter in their own way; but I am told that many of the ladies here have waited on her. . . ."

The matter was finally carried into the Cabinet at a special meeting in which the Reverend Doctors Campbell and Ely were present. After an animated session all present save the two clergymen appeared to be convinced of Mrs. Eaton's innocence. For one thing, it was at last agreed by everybody that Eaton had not misconducted himself with Mrs. Timberlake, as was charged, but that seemed to make no difference in the situation of his wife.

Jackson did more than disprove the charges against his young friend. He endeavored, after having rehabilitated Mrs. Eaton in his own eyes, to force recalcitrant society to take her up. Here he failed. Although he was ably seconded by Postmaster-General Barry's family, by Secretary Van Buren, who was a widower, and by one or two of the foreign ministers who were not blessed with womankind in their families, he was unable to bring the recusants to terms. There was one power which Jackson could not coerce—that was the prejudice of woman. The more successfully Jackson proved the innocence of Mrs. Eaton, the more resolute

were the women of his official family not to recognize her—perhaps because he had proven them wrong! At any rate, in spite of everything that he could do, Mrs. Eaton continued to be slighted publicly.

Jackson even met with rebellion in his own household, for Mrs. Donelson, who had been installed as mistress of the White House, joined the opposition and was sent back to Nashville in disgrace, although she did return penitent some six months later and extended the olive-branch to the unfortunate lady, who had become *ad interim*, so far as Jackson could compass it, the hostess of the White House and "the first lady of the land."

So acute were the social difficulties that, on one occasion, the wife of the Dutch minister, Huyghens, positively refused to sit by Mrs. Eaton, actually withdrawing from a dinner in the most pointed manner rather than so demean herself. Jackson was so angry that he was with difficulty dissuaded from sending her husband home for the insult.

This affair created a coolness between Jackson and those members of his Cabinet whose wives and daughters had refused to bow to the Presidential will. The men themselves had no hesitation in extending courtesies to Mrs. Eaton, but they said, and the position is understandable, that they could not, or would not, coerce their wives; they declared, furthermore, that social and political affairs were not necessarily on the same basis, and there they rested.

Now, beginning with Parton, a great many people have come to the solemn conclusion that the Cabinet was subsequently—shall I say dissolved?—on account of this Eaton affair. Parton boldly affirms that "the political history of the United States for the last thirty years dates from the moment that Van Buren, to placate his chief, called upon Mrs. Eaton." Even Buell declares that the incident influenced the whole history

of Jackson's two administrations and its effects cropped out from 1826 to 1837. This is a sample of the way in which the romantic and dramatic episode is seized upon and given undue value. It is a sample of the tortuous methods by which historians, even the best of them, disdain the really open and natural explanation of a fact and search for something dark and mysterious to explain that which is so plain that he who runs ought to be able to read.

The best thing in Colonel Colyar's interesting book is his thorough demolition of this idea. Cabinet changes in previous administrations had not been infrequent, but they were slow, gradual, and easily explainable. Over a year after the Eaton embroglio Jackson's Cabinet, with the exception of Postmaster-General Barry, who had been recently elevated there and for whose retention there were especial reasons, suddenly resigned. Van Buren and Eaton led, Branch, Berrien, and Ingham followed. A new Cabinet was at once appointed. Van Buren exchanged places with the minister to England. After an interval Eaton was appointed governor of Florida and thence sent to Madrid as minister to Spain. Branch, Berrien, and Ingham were left unprovided for by the administration.

The opportunity to couple this dissolution of the Cabinet with the position the families of the several members had taken with regard to Mrs. Eaton was too good for the historical gossips to lose. There are people—I dare say the majority—who believe to this day that the one was the cause of the other. Now, I shall not go so far as to say that the Eaton affair may not have contributed in some degree to the retirement of Branch, Berrien, and Ingham, but that it was the cause of it I deny.

It is well known that Jackson, with his strong prejudice in favor of Mrs. Eaton, viewed with extreme disfavor the course of the families of the three Secretaries,

and that he visited this displeasure upon these three men, although his own experience with them in this very matter should have shown him how futile would have been the attempt on the part of the Secretaries to make their wives associate with the condemned one.

It is also known that no Cabinet meetings were held for a long time and that there was an entire lack of cordiality and coöperation between the President and his Cabinet. It may be surmised that Jackson, under the circumstances, would have been pleased to have had the resignations of these gentlemen tendered to him long before, but the very fact that they held office and did not tender their resignations goes to show that the situation was not so acute as has been pictured. Why, then, did the Cabinet officers resign. In the first place, it was suggested to them by Jackson himself, who managed the whole affair with delightful adroitness. Why was the suggestion made? For another cause entirely—his rupture with Calhoun, the Vice-President.

To explain that break we must hark back to Jackson's conduct in that Florida campaign in which he invaded Spanish territory and executed Arbuthnot and Ambrister. It will be recalled that Jackson's course was the subject of severe censure, and that he attempted to justify himself for his invasion by the statement that Monroe while President had authorized him to do so through a letter to one Rhea. Monroe denied this on his dying bed. Rhea and Jackson both asserted it. Neither Monroe nor Jackson would lie. This leaves the issue with Rhea. In justice to Rhea, Jackson claimed to have seen the letter. Nobody can explain this matter satisfactorily now.

At any rate, Monroe's Cabinet, with the exception of Adams, wished to disavow Jackson's action, and Calhoun even went so far as to propose the arrest of Jackson. In some way Jackson received the impression that Craw-

ford, of Georgia, was the man who had proposed his arrest and that Calhoun had been his defender in the Cabinet. Consequently Jackson hated Crawford and was grateful to Calhoun. Crawford, an old, broken man, defeated in his aspirations for the Presidency, enfeebled by a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered, filled with bitter enmity towards Calhoun for causes which do not enter into this discussion, about this time informed Jackson by letter that Calhoun, who was then Vice-President, had been that member of the Cabinet who had proposed Jackson's arrest. A correspondence between Jackson and Calhoun at once took place. The following quotation from Jackson's last letter to him sufficiently indicates the character of the dispute.

"Motives are to be inferred from actions, and judged by our God. It had been intimated to me many years ago that it was you, and not Mr. Crawford, who had been secretly endeavoring to destroy my reputation. These insinuations I indignantly repelled, upon the ground that you, in all your letters to me, professed to be my personal friend, and approved *entirely* my conduct in relation to the Seminole campaign. I had too exalted an opinion of your honor and frankness to believe for one moment that you could be capable of such deception. Under the influence of these friendly feelings (which I always entertained for you) when I was presented with a copy of Mr. Crawford's letter, with that frankness which ever has, and I hope ever will, characterize my conduct, I considered it due to you, and the friendly relations which had always existed between us, to lay it forthwith before you, and ask if the statements contained in that letter could be true. I repeat, I had a right to believe that you were my sincere friend, and, until now, never expected to have occasion to say of you, in the language of Cæsar, *Et tu, Brute?* The evidence which has brought me to this conclusion is abundantly contained in your letter now before me."

This affair broke all relations between the President and the Vice-President. Calhoun had looked upon

himself—and perhaps with justification—as the legitimate successor to the Presidency when Jackson retired, as it was believed he intended to do after one term of office. Calhoun was shrewd enough to perceive that if his ambitions were to be realized he must have the support of Jackson. Consequently he had cultivated amicable relations with the President. The Crawford letter was a bolt from the blue. Jackson never forgave an enemy. Rarely did he forget a friend, an enemy—never! To have won his friendship, to have posed as his supporter, all these years, when in the critical moment of his life he had been opposed to him tooth and nail—but secretly!—this absolutely swept away the last vestige of respect or friendship the President had entertained for the Vice-President and destroyed any possible future associations.

The Crawford letter was dishonorable in the extreme. It revealed a Cabinet secret which no one else had disclosed. Crawford, if he had been himself, probably would never have resorted to such an expedient to ruin his rival, although his hatred of Calhoun was virulent. Calhoun finally realized that it was impossible to fight against Jackson, backed as he was by such a popularity as no President ever had attained to. At one stroke the hopes of the great South Carolinian were blasted. He sank from a figure of national prominence to that of the leading representative of a single State, and a State discordant at that. After Jackson got through with him he was no longer a Presidential possibility. It is more than suspected that some of Calhoun's nullification spirit may have arisen from his recognition of that fact.

Calhoun, with a singular lack of dignity—he should have refused to discuss the situation opened in such a way—did his best to explain the circumstances, but his explanations did not avail with the uncompromising Jackson. He proceeded to put an effectual check on

Calhoun's aspirations. Lewis, who of all men knew the truth, wrote:

"It has been frequently stated that this quarrel had its origin in the Eaton affair. This is a mistake. That the latter was the occasion of much excitement, as well as great bitterness of feeling, there is no doubt, but of *itself* it would not have caused a separation between the general and Mr. Calhoun. It is also true that nearly all those who exerted themselves, *first* to prevent Mr. Eaton's appointment as a member of the Cabinet, and afterwards, having failed in that, to drive him out of it, were the friends of Mr. Calhoun."

Branch, Berrien, and Ingham were staunch friends and supporters of the Vice-President. Jackson could not endure the idea of having them in the Cabinet. Yet their friendship with Calhoun was not a sufficient excuse for him to dismiss them summarily. They must be induced to resign. Van Buren and Eaton were Jackson's friends. If they resigned from the Cabinet voluntarily Jackson would have an excuse for asking or at least suggesting the resignations of the others, in order completely to reorganize his Cabinet on harmonious and homogeneous lines. It is probable that at this time Van Buren was promised Jackson's influence in succession to him for the Presidency.

Eaton was anxious to get out of the Cabinet. Genial, hospitable, and kind-hearted, he was disgusted with the atrocious calumnies that had been heaped upon his unfortunate wife, and he bitterly resented the social ostracism to which she had been subjected. He was more than willing to resign—indeed, anxious to do so. Both these men were glad to smooth the way for Jackson. Van Buren and Eaton resigned, and their resignations were accepted in extremely flattering letters by the President. And they were both taken care of.

Almost immediately after, the three other members of

the Cabinet placed their resignations in the hands of the President. The way this was brought about may be understood by the correspondence between the President and the Secretary of the Navy, which I have selected as the shortest and most convincing of the various interchanges of letters:

"WASHINGTON, April 19, 1831.

"SIR: In the interview which I had the honor to hold with you this morning, I understood it to be your fixed purpose to reorganize your Cabinet, and that as to myself it was your wish that I should retire from the administration of the Navy Department.

"Under these circumstances I take pleasure in tendering to you the commission which, unsolicited on my part, you were pleased to confer on me.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, yours, etc.,

"JOHN BRANCH.

"*To the President of the United States.*"

"WASHINGTON, April 19, 1831.

"SIR: Your letter of this date, by your son, is just received —accompanying it is your commission. The sending of the latter was not necessary; it is your own private property, and by no means to be considered part of the archives of the government. Accordingly I return it.

"There is one expression in your letter to which I take leave to except. I did not, as to *yourself*, express a wish that you should retire. The Secretaries of State and of War having tendered their resignations, I remarked to you that I felt it to be indispensable to reorganize my Cabinet proper; that it had come in harmoniously, and as a unit; and as a part was about to leave me, which on to-morrow would be announced, a reorganization was necessary to guard against misapprehension. These were my remarks, made to you in candor and sincerity. Your letter gives a different import to my words.

"Your letter contains no remarks as to your performing the duties of the office until a successor can be selected. On this subject I should be glad to know your views. I am, very respectfully, yours,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"THE HON. JOHN BRANCH, Secretary of the Navy."

"WASHINGTON, April 19, 1831.

"SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of this date, in answer to mine of the same.

"In reply to your remark that there is one expression in my letter to which you must except, I would respectfully answer that I gave what I understood to be the substance of your conversation. I did not pretend to quote your language.

"I regret that I misunderstood you in the slightest degree; I, however, stand corrected, and cheerfully accept the interpretation which you have given to your own expression.

"I shall freely continue my best exertions to discharge the duties of the department, until you provide a successor.

"I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

"JOHN BRANCH.

"*To the President of the United States.*"

"WASHINGTON, April 20, 1831.

"SIR: Late last evening, I had the honor to receive your letter of that date, tendering your resignation of the office of Secretary of the Navy.

"When the resignations of the Secretary of State and Secretary of War were tendered, I considered fully the reasons offered, and all the circumstances connected with the subject. After mature deliberation, I concluded to accept these resignations. But when this conclusion was come to, it was accompanied with a conviction that I must certainly renew my Cabinet. Its members had been invited by me to the stations they occupied; it came together in great harmony, and as a unit. Under the circumstances in which I found myself, I could not but perceive the propriety of selecting a Cabinet composed of entirely new materials, as being calculated, in this respect at least, to command public confidence and satisfy public opinion. Neither could I be insensible to the fact that to permit two only to retire would be to afford room for unjust misconceptions and malignant representations concerning the influence of their particular presence upon the conduct of public affairs. Justice to the individuals whose public spirit had impelled them to tender their resignations also required, then, in my opinion, the decision which I have stated. However painful to my own feelings, it became necessary that I should frankly make known to you my view of the whole subject.

"In accepting your resignation, it is with great pleasure that

I bear testimony to the integrity and zeal with which you have managed the concerns of the navy. In your discharge of all the duties of your office over which I have any control, I have been fully satisfied; and in your retirement you carry with you my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness. It is expected that you will continue to discharge the duties of your office until a successor is appointed.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"JOHN BRANCH, Secretary of the Navy."

In this connection it may be pointed out that Jackson's hatred of Clay arose from Clay's course in the Senate when the resolutions of censure upon him for his conduct in this campaign—which resolutions Calhoun would have undoubtedly supported had he not been in the Cabinet—were under discussion. Colyar ably sums up the consequences of the action of Clay and Calhoun as follows:

"A recapitulation of the facts may help the student of history, to whom they are new, to realize their importance, and such recapitulation is more than justified, because they are the open door to what is known as the Jacksonian period. They are the foundation of the lifetime bitterness between Clay and Jackson, breaking up a friendship as sincere as common ties and a union of efforts in the War of 1812 could make it. They severed the relations between Mr. Calhoun and General Jackson, at the time when one was President and the other Vice-President, which had been more than friendly. They shook Washington social life as never before. They dissolved the President's Cabinet. They made a Jackson party and a Calhoun party. They arrayed the forces for the great fights on the United States Bank and on the expunging resolutions. They divided the then controlling Republican party into a Jackson Republican party and a National Republican party, with Jackson and

Clay the respective great leaders; and they finally led to the organization of the Whig party, that twice elected a President.

"The facts which I have here given that cannot be disputed are:

"1. That General Jackson, as a major-general in the United States army, was sent at the head of an army into the Spanish territory to do what was necessary to fight the Seminole Indians and end the war as speedily as possible.

"2. That in addition to this general authority Jackson had, before he went, outlined the policy which should be pursued in Spanish territory, and the government agreed to his theory of carrying on the war, and had Jackson notified that his plan was approved.

"3. That Jackson did what had been agreed upon and in the way agreed on.

"4. Then the Cabinet unanimously censured Jackson without considering the evidence on which he acted, and this was done after Jackson refused to agree to a suggestion to change the facts by amending his report so as to satisfy Spain."

In closing this chapter one or two other references to Mrs. Eaton may be permitted. In the summer of 1830 she accompanied the Jackson party to Nashville. Tennessee had no scruples about receiving her when vouched for by her hero and idol, and Jackson with evident satisfaction writes to Lewis concerning her welcome:

"The ladies of the place [Franklin] had received Mrs. Eaton in the most friendly manner, and had extended to her that polite attention due to her. This is as it should be, and is a severe comment on the combination at Nashville and will lead to its prostration. Until I got to Tyre Springs I had no conception of the combination & conspiracy to injure & prostrate Major Eaton—and injure me—I see the great Magicians hand in all this—and what mortifies me more is to find that this combination is holding up & making my family the tools to

injure me, disturb my administration, & if possible to betray my friend Major Eaton. This will recoil upon their own heads —but such a combination I am sure never was formed before, and that my Nephew & Nece should permit themselves to be held up as instruments & *tools*, of such wickedness, is truly mortifying to me—I was pleased to see the marked attention bestowed upon the Major & his family on their journey hither and the secrete plans engendered at the city & concluded here & practised upon by some of my connections have been prostrated by the independent & virtuous portion of this community. . . ."

Buell preserves this little anecdote, which throws a side-light on Jackson's admiration for the unfortunate lady: "A favorite boast of Jackson's was that his feet 'had never pressed foreign soil;' that, 'born and raised in the United States, he had never been out of the country.' It is recorded that he one day made this exultant observation in the presence of Mrs. Eaton, whose Irish wit prompted her to inquire, 'But how about Florida, General?'

"'That's so. I did go to Florida when it was a foreign country, but I had quite forgotten that fact when I made the remark.'

"'I expect, General, you forgot that Florida was foreign when you made the trip?'

"The general was put *hors de combat* for a moment, but soon rallied. 'Yes, yes, may be so. Some weak-kneed people in our own country seemed to think so.'

"'Oh, well, General, never mind. Florida didn't stay foreign long after you had been there!'

"This was one of his favorite anecdotes for the rest of his life. Whenever he related it, he would add: 'Smartest little woman in America, sir; by all odds, the smartest!'"

Mrs. Eaton survived her husband and all the parties to this affair, dying in Washington in 1879, in her eighty-third year. She had triumphed over the gossip

which had placed her in such trying positions and lived and died respected, if not honored. Buell, who knew her, says that she told him "that the real nature of the crusade against her was the fact that she was the daughter of parents who kept a boarding-house" and that "the assault upon her moral character was a pretext." She also added the interesting comment that "Jackson's defence of her was wholly unsolicited and he never took counsel with her at any stage of it." I can well believe that; he never needed appeal or urging to undertake a woman's cause. Poor Peggy O'Neal, more sinned against than sinning she certainly was.

X

RELATIONS WITH CHILDREN

It has been noted that Jackson was very fond of young girls and children. "On the bloody ground of Talluschatches was found a slain mother still embracing her living infant. The child was brought into camp with the other prisoners, and Jackson, anxious to save it, endeavored to induce some of the Indian women to give it nourishment. 'No,' said they, 'all his relations are dead, kill him too.' This reply appealed to the heart of the general. He caused the child to be taken to his own tent, where, among the few remaining stores, was found a little brown sugar. This, mingled with water, served to keep the child alive until it could be sent to Nashville, where it was nursed at Jackson's expense until the end of the campaign, and then taken to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson received it cordially; and the boy grew up in the family, treated by the general and his wife as a son and a favorite. Lincoyer was the name given him by his friend. He grew to be a finely formed and robust youth, and received the education usually given to the planters' sons in the neighborhood. At the proper age the general, wishing to complete his good work by giving him the means of independence, took him among the shops of Nashville and asked him to choose the trade he would learn. He chose the very business at which Jackson himself had tried his youthful hand—harness-making. The apprentice now spent the working days in the shop at Nashville, going to the Hermitage on Sunday evenings and returning Monday

morning, generally riding one of the general's horses. The work did not agree with him, and he came back sick to the Hermitage, to leave it no more. His disease proved to be consumption. He was nursed with care and solicitude by good Aunt Rachel, but he sank rapidly and died before he had reached his seventeenth year. The general sincerely mourned his loss and often spoke of Lincoyer as a parent speaks of a lost child."

Yet Boston held Jackson up before children as an ogre to frighten them into obedience. They used him to coerce recalcitrant infants evidently, as the following excerpt from a letter preserved by Fiske indicates: "It has been pleasant to revise many of my ideas and opinions; for my youthful memories go back to the days when Jackson was like a bogy to frighten naughty children! Boston was a place of *one idea* then."

Like Washington, Jackson was childless, but he made his own all of the numerous relations of his wife. One of her nephews, Andrew Jackson Donelson, he adopted and made his heir, and in general no man ever treated his wife's relations, old and young, better than Jackson did.

"Little Andrew was a pet at headquarters. The general could deny him nothing, and spent every leisure moment in playing with him, often holding him in his arms while he transacted business. One evening, a lady informs me, some companies of soldiers halted beneath the windows of headquarters, and the attending crowd began to cheer the general and call for his appearance—a common occurrence in those days. The little boy, who was asleep in an adjoining room, was awakened by the noise and began to cry. The general had risen from his chair, and was going to the window to present himself to the clamoring crowd, when he heard the cry of the child. He paused in the middle of the room, and seemed in doubt for a moment which call he should

first obey, the boy's or the citizens'. The doubt was soon resolved, however. He ran to the bedside of his son, caught him up in his arms, hushed his cries, and carried him (in his nightgown) to the window, where he bowed to the people, and at the same time amused the child with the scene in the streets."

"Besides the young gentlemen, there was always a young niece or two of Mrs. Jackson's living at the Hermitage. They could easily please the general with their music. Two songs especially delighted him—'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Scots Wha ha' wi' Wallace Bled.' When ladies asked him to write something in their albums he was as likely to write 'When I can read my title clear' as anything else."

To show the tender feelings felt by General Jackson for the young relatives of his wife, Parton transcribes part of a letter in which he communicates to a friend the sudden death of one of the Donelson youths. "The news," he says, "was a shock to my feelings. On these children I had built my hopes of happiness in my declining days. They have, somehow, always appeared as my own. How fleeting sublunary things, and how little ought they really to be estimated. He is gone—how I regret his suffering and want of medical aid. But if he is gone, he has left us this pleasing consolation, that he has not left a stain or blemish behind ever to bring a blush in the cheek of his surviving friends. They can reflect on him with pleasure, while they regret his untimely exit. Prepare the mind of his tender mother for the shock before you communicate it, and keep from her knowledge, for the present, that he wanted for anything in his illness."

The children of his great friend, Edward Livingston, were especial pets of his. "The general, calling one day upon Mrs. Livingston, during the New Orleans campaign, as was often his custom, found her in some con-

cern for the safety of her absent husband. Her little daughter, too, began to whimper:

"'When are you going to bring me back my father, General? The British will kill my father, and I shall never see my father any more,' said the child, sobbing.

"The mighty man of war stepped down, and, patting the little girl upon the head, consoled her thus:

"'Don't cry, my child. If the British touch so much as a hair of your father's head, *I'll hang Mitchell!*'" *

"Cora Livingston was the belle of Washington in President Jackson's day. It is pleasant to know that the grim and steadfast warrior, amid all the hurly-burly of the siege, found time to love and caress this little girl and win her heart. She sat in his lap and played around his high, splashed boots at headquarters while he was busied in the affairs of his great charge. All children loved this man, and liked to get very close to him and be noticed and fondled by him; but none loved him better than this fair child, who saw him first when he was in his fiercest mood, worn with war, disease, and care. Nothing could exceed his tenderness to her. For her sake, and for the sake of those who loved her, he allowed one poor nag to repose in his stable while every other serviceable quadruped was hard at work in the soft mire and cold mist of the Delta."

"The visitor," said one of his contemporaries, "then could often see the general seated in his rocking-chair, with a chubby boy wedged in on each side of him and a third, perhaps, in his lap, while he was trying to read the newspaper. This man, so irascible sometimes, and sometimes so savage, was never so much as *impatient* with children, wife, or servants. This was very remarkable. It used to astonish people who came for the first

* A captured British officer and one who had earned the friendship of the Livingston family.

time to the Hermitage to find that its master, of whose fierce ways and words they had heard so much, was, indeed, the gentlest and tenderest of men. They discovered, in fact, that there were two Jacksons: Jackson militant and Jackson triumphant; Jackson crossed and Jackson having his own way; Jackson, his mastership unquestioned, and Jackson with a rival near the throne.

"It was astonishing, too, to notice how instantaneously he could change from one Jackson to the other. He was riding along one day with his wife when some careless wagoners drove their lumbering vehicle against his carriage, giving the lady a somewhat violent jerk. Instantly Jackson broke forth in a volley of execrations so fierce and terrific that the wagoners, who were themselves the roughest of the rough, shrunk involuntarily under their wagon, amazed and speechless. They drove away without attempting to reply, feeling themselves hopelessly outdone in their own specialty."

He was one of those rare men who are liked equally by both sexes. He could get along with any body of men and win their hearts, but he was never happier than when with young girls. "One of the traits best known to those most intimate with him in life, and little suspected by those who knew his character only from the pages of history, was an exceeding fondness for young girls and an almost boyish delight in their society. 'They are the only friends I have,' he used to say, 'who never pester me with their ambitions or tire me with their advice!' All through his eight years in the White House there were coteries of bright schoolgirls; daughters of his personal friends or of members of his official household, whose visits he always anticipated with pleasure and enjoyed with youthful zest. Statesmen and diplomatists were many times left to survey the uninteresting walls of the old Executive waiting-room while

the President entertained or was entertained by a home bevy of misses in their teens downstairs."

Nor did he allow his enmity against a man to include his children. "My father," writes a Nashville woman, "once gave a dinner-party to the daughter of Henry Clay, a visitor then at Nashville. Just as dinner was about to be announced who should arrive but the general and Mrs. Jackson! My poor mother was in consternation, for the general's wrath against Mr. Clay was notorious. At length, seeing no other course, she went to General Jackson and frankly stated her dilemma.

"'Madam,' said the general in his grandest style, 'I shall be *delighted* to meet Mr. Clay's daughter.' *

"He entered the drawing-room and greeted the lady with peculiar warmth. He conducted her to the dining-room, sat beside her, and paid her the most marked attentions during the repast. The dinner passed off delightfully, every lady present adoring General Jackson, and we grateful to him beyond measure."

Benton in his "Thirty Years' View" has preserved the following delightful reminiscence: "He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this I can give an instance greatly to contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him in twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that! and though Jack-

* How Rooseveltian!

son had his passions and his violence, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, the weak and helpless, for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support."

Well does Sumner say, "This rough soldier, exposed all his life to those temptations which have conquered public men whom we still call good, could kiss little children with lips as pure as their own."

XI

PUGNACITY—PATRIOTISM

THE reader will hardly have progressed thus far without having a very good idea of the temperament and characteristics of Jackson. That he was fearless, prompt in action, aggressive, passionate, and intolerant of contradiction is apparent. He manifested these qualities early and they increased as he grew older.

"I could throw him three times out of four," an old schoolmate used to say, "but he would never *stay throwed*. He was dead game even then, and never would give up." In seventy-eight years of life this military and political Antæus never learned to "*stay throwed!*"

There is another story of his youth, of some boys secretly loading a gun to the muzzle and giving it to young Jackson to fire off, that they might have the pleasure of seeing it "kick" him over. They had that pleasure. Springing up from the ground, the boy, in a frenzy of passion, exclaimed, "By G—d, if one of you laughs, I'll kill him!"

Colonel Avery records this incident. One of the buildings in Jonesboro was on fire. There was no apparatus with which to combat the flames. The blaze had to be fought with the old-fashioned bucket line. Jackson, simply by virtue of his innate capacity, assumed charge of the battle with fire. In the midst of the fighting a drunken coppersmith named Boyd, who said that he had seen fires in Baltimore, began to give orders and annoy persons in the line.

"'Fall into line!' shouted the general.

"The man continued jabbering. Jackson seized a bucket by the handle, knocked him down, and walked along the line giving his orders as coolly as before. He saved the town!" What Boyd thought of the summary procedure is not recorded. Jackson probably dismissed the incident from his mind at once. His business, which he had assumed, was to put out the fire. Woe to anyone who interfered!

William Henderson wrote of him to Jefferson when Jackson was being mentioned as governor of Louisiana Territory: "I view him as a man of violent passions, arbitrary in his disposition, and frequently engaged in broils and disputes . . . He is a man of talents, and, were it not for those despotic principles, he might be a useful man."

Another story by a contemporary for whom Parton vouches relates that after dinner one day Jackson was haranguing a multitude from the porch of the tavern with fearful vehemence, being evidently a little the worse for drink at the time. One of the opposition, passing at the moment, took advantage of the opportunity to express his opinion of something that General Jackson said by shrugging his shoulders and exclaiming, "Pshaw!" Jackson paused in his speech and glanced over the crowd, seeking for the utterer of the contemptuous interjection, exclaiming, "Who *dares* to say pshaw to me? By ——, I'll knock any man's head off who says pshaw to me!" The offender discreetly walked on, and Jackson finished his after-dinner speech without further interruption.

In truth, the old fighter feared nothing. After the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, when the whole country was in a ferment and the Cabinet and both houses of Congress were talking of censure, Jackson was urged to do something or say something to mollify

the prevalent excitement, to explain or to gloss over some of his acts, to shelter himself behind specious arguments, or in some way to turn the gathering storm from him and prevent it breaking upon his head. The British Cabinet and the British King were behind the excitement, and to his timorous advisers Jackson made this doughty reply: "I am not afraid of monarchs; I have done no wrong; I will make no compromise with truth; I will tell it and prove it."

When he was dying and the cause of the Democracy in a certain section seemed hopeless, a friend sought his advice as to what was the best course to pursue, the question being whether the speaker should stand for office under practically impossible conditions or let the election go to the Republicans by default. "Stand," said the old no-compromise fighter lying on the bed from which he never arose; "if there are only two Democrats in the country, let one run for the Legislature and let the other one vote for him."

Jackson himself defined his position, as he fancied it to be, with regard to quarrels and differences between gentlemen—he never had any with women—in the following words: ". . . That I never wantonly sport with the feelings of innocence, nor am I awed into measures. If incautiously I inflict a wound, I always hasten to remove it; if offence is taken where none is offered or intended, it gives me no pain. If a tale is listened to many days after the discourse should have taken place, when all parties are under the same roof, I always leave the persons to judge of the motives that induced the information, and leave them to draw their own conclusions and act accordingly. There are certain traits that always accompany the gentleman and man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place, *when the base poltroon and*

cowardly tale-bearer will always act in the background. . . ."

And even Parton admits that there is another side to that popularly held concerning Jackson's pugnacity and choler, for he writes—and it is rather a remarkable admission for him: "He was a brave young man, without being in the slightest degree rash. If there ever lived a *prudent* man, Andrew Jackson was that individual. He dared much, but he never dared to attempt what the event showed he could not do. He was consummately prudent. We have heard a great deal about his irascibility, and he most assuredly *was* an irascible man. But he seldom *quite* gave up the rein of his anger. His wrath was a fiery nag, though; but people who stood close to him when he was foaming could see that there was a patent curb in his bridle which the rider had a quiet but firm hold of. It was a Scotch-Irish * anger, it was fierce, but never had any ill-effects upon his own purposes; on the contrary, he made it serve him sometimes by seeming to be much more angry than he was—a way with others of the same race. '*No man,*' wrote an intimate associate of his for forty years, '*knew better than Andrew Jackson when to get into a passion and when not.*' Yet for all that he was a most tender-like and touchy fellow."

And Mrs. James K. Polk goes very far in the other direction in the following testimony: "Of some men you will hear it said that they were either for or against something. General Jackson was always for something. Of course, in being for one thing he always must be against some other thing, its opposite or antithesis. But the 'being for' was what filled his soul. The being against was secondary or incidental—necessary and unavoidable, as a rule. But nothing ever delighted him

* Again!

so much as to find the thing he was for unopposed. Everybody will tell you that he liked to fight for fighting's sake. As one who knew him from childhood, one who when a mere child sat on his knee, in the days when most of his repute was that of a fighting man, I tell you he fought, not for fighting's sake, but for the sake of the cause or the woman he revered and loved."

Sumner rather aptly puts the extreme of the other side when he declares that "instead of making peace he exhausted all the chances of conflict which offered themselves. He was remarkably genial and gentle when things went on to suit him and when he was satisfied with his companions. He was very chivalrous about taking up the cause of any one who was unjustly treated and dependent. Yet he was combative, and pugnacious, and over-ready to adjust himself for a hostile collision whenever there was any real or fancied occasion."

When we read the chronicles of those border States and towns it is hard to see how a peaceable, orderly, law-abiding man could get along at all. The settled habits of older communities were yet in abeyance, the social amenities of the present did not then obtain, and a man had to fight for anything and everything he got, apparently; that is, if he amounted to anything. The "code" with its resulting duel was the principal check upon the lawless and the overbearing. Be it remembered that even in modern days the chief authority on the subject counsels the carrying of the "big stick," a national "big stick," which, of course, implies an individual "big stick." To be sure, the injunction is coupled with advice to tread softly, but it takes a very soft tread indeed to carry the "big stick" peacefully. And Jackson, from this point of view, had a very firm and vigorous footstep, not to say a resounding tread! Here are two stories which are characteristic.

"Now, sir," said the general on one occasion, talking to another friend, "if any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big stick of yours. You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you *do* hit him, you won't bring him down. No, sir" (taking the stick into his own hands), "you hold the stick *so* and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I'll tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man practising law in Tennessee there was a big, bullying fellow that wanted to quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence and gave him the point of it full in the stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet and I stamped on him. Soon he got up *savage* and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Says I, 'Gentlemen, stand back, give me room, that's all I ask, and *I'll* manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail pointed. He gave me *one* look and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villain assaults you, give him the *point* in his belly."

And the other good stick story is still told in Tennessee. A certain ferry across the Cumberland had been leased for the sum of one hundred dollars per annum. At a meeting of the trustees of the Academy General Daniel Smith, a member, remarked, "Why, that is enough to pay the ferriage of all the trustees over the river Styx."

"Sticks?" replied Jackson, not understanding the

classical allusion, undoubtedly, "I want but *one* stick to make *my* way."

Here are two other amusing anecdotes: "As General Jackson was riding along the lonely wilderness road between Nashville and Knoxville one day he was hailed by two burly wagoners, who ordered him to get out of his carriage and dance for them. Feigning simplicity, he said he could not dance without slippers, and his slippers were in a trunk strapped behind his carriage. They told him to get his slippers. He opened the trunk, took out a pair of pistols, and advancing before them with one in each hand, said, with that awful glare in his eyes before which few men could stand:

"'Now, you infernal villains, you shall dance for me. *Dance!* DANCE!'"

"He made them dance in the most lively manner, and finished the interview by giving them a moral lecture, couched in language that wagoners understood, and delivered with—energy."

"That curious tobacco-box story," writes Parton, "is still often told in Tennessee, and, probably founded on truth, if not wholly true, illustrates the same trait. The incident occurred at Clover Bottom on the great day of the races, when the ground was crowded with men and horses. It was customary for the landlord of the tavern there to prepare a table in the open air, two hundred feet long, for the accommodation of the multitude attending. On the day alluded to, several races having been run, there was a pause for dinner, which pause was duly improved. The long table was full of eager diners, General Jackson presiding at one end, a large number of men standing along the sides of the table waiting for a chance to sit down, and all the negroes of the neighborhood employed as waiters who could look at a plate without its breaking itself. A roaring tornado of horse-talk half drowned the mighty clatter of knives

and forks. After the dinner had proceeded awhile it was observed by General Jackson and those who sat near him that something was the matter near the other end of the table—a fight, probably. There was a rustling together of men and evident excitement. Now, 'difficulties' of this kind were so common at that day, whenever large numbers of men were gathered together, that the disturbance was little more than mentioned, if alluded to at all, at Jackson's end of the table, where sat the magnates of the race. At length some one in passing by was heard to say, in evident allusion to the difficulty,—

"'They'll finish Patten Anderson this time, I *do* expect.'

"The whole truth flashed upon Jackson, and he sprang up like a man galvanized. How to get to the instant rescue of his friend! To force a path through the crowd along the sides of the table would have taken time. A moment later and the tall general might have been seen striding towards the scene of danger *on the top of the table*, wading through the dishes, and causing hungry men to pause astounded with morsels suspended in air. As he neared the crowd, putting his hand behind him into his coat-pocket—an ominous movement in those days and susceptible of but one interpretation—he opened his tobacco-box and shut it with a click so loud that it was heard by one of the bystanders.

"'I'm coming, Patten!' roared the general.

"'Don't fire!' cried one of the spectators.

"The cry of *don't fire* caught the ears of the hostile crowd, who looked up and saw the mad general striding towards them with his right hand behind him and *slaughter* depicted in every lineament of his countenance. They scattered simultaneously, leaving Anderson alone and unharmed!"

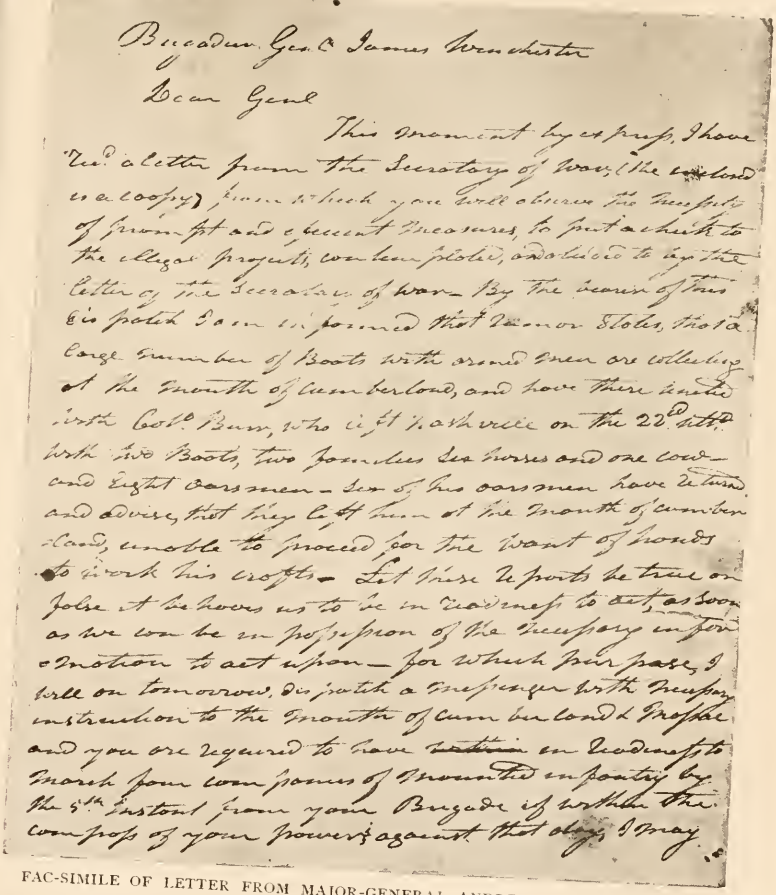
Some further incidents of Jackson's pugnacity may be found in the chapter upon his duels.

The characteristic above all others, however, that distinguished Jackson was his patriotism. I do not believe that any man ever born under the American flag had more love for his country than Jackson. As has been pointed out, he was the first real President of, or from, the people, and they idolized him with a devotion which has been accorded to no other man. The amusing story that for years after his death the backwoods districts continued to vote for him is typical of the adoration with which he was viewed. Yet there is no record that he ever overstepped the prerogatives of his office or that he ever took advantage of his popularity for his own ends. On the contrary. It is true that his was a personal government. His Cabinet in some degree resembled a military staff. The Secretaries were expected to carry out their chief's orders, and advice was not to be tendered unless demanded, and cautiously even then. But this did not arise from any Napoleonic dream of supreme authority,—any tending towards Cæsarism, to use a term which American political habit has made understandable,—but from a high sense of personal responsibility in the mind of Jackson, not to any body of statesmen, or to any self-constituted organization, but to the whole people, who had elected him with an enthusiasm and a unanimity with which they had voted for no other President before and have voted for few Presidents since. He felt himself personally responsible to the people, and from his point of view that responsibility could only be discharged by himself alone. Never in our history have the Cabinet officers cut so little of a figure as in Jackson's two administrations. If they were not ready to do absolutely what he wished, he removed them and appointed others who would, repeating the process if necessary; but no one has ever

suggested that he was actuated by any but the most patriotic motives.

When he was alarmed by the threat of the Burr expedition he wrote to Governor Claiborne these prophetic words: "I love my country and my government. I hate the Dons; I would delight to see Mexico reduced; but I will die in the last ditch before I will yield a foot to the Dons or see the Union disunited. This I write for your own eyes and for your own safety; profit by it, and the ides of March remember." It was undoubtedly his true patriotism that made him take the stand he took in the nullification troubles, discussed later.

And it is easy to see how and why Jackson loved his country. He suffered for it during the most impressionable part of his life. He fought for it while he was yet a boy. In a sense he was born into manhood with it. It takes trial, danger, struggle, to develop the highest patriotism. It should not be so. The patriotism of peace should be as great as that of war. The civic demand upon the virtues of the sons and daughters of the commonwealth should be as great and as compelling as the martial demand, but in times of peace men are apt to forget what the flag stands for, and it is not until it is actually assailed that men realize the measure of devotion to it. The insidious attacks upon our liberties involved in certain modern political methods evoke but a languid response, but let any one haul down the American flag and we are ready to "shoot him on the spot!" The men who have fought for their country love it best. The battle which closes many eyes and stills many hearts, yet opens the eyes and quickens the souls of those who survive. As man and boy Jackson had fought for his country. He had grown up with it. He had seen it develop from a handful of struggling, disunited, heterogeneous, antagonistic political organizations into a great, rapidly-growing state, a homeo-



Brigadier Gen.l James Winchester

Dear Genl

This moment by express, I have rec.d a letter from the Secretary of War, (the enclosed is a copy) from which you will observe the necessity of prompt and efficient measures, to put a check to the illegal projects, contemplated, and alluded to by the letter of the Secretary of War — By the bearer of this dispatch I am informed that Reuben Stoles, that a large number of Boats with armed men are collecting at the mouth of Cumberland, and have there united with Col.o Burr, who left Nashville on the 22.d ult.o with two Boats, two families six horses and one cow — and eight oarsmen — six of his oarsmen have returned and advise, that they left him at the mouth of Cumberland, unable to proceed for the want of hands to work his crafts — Let these reports be true or false it behoves us to be in readiness to act, as soon as we can be in possession of the necessary information to act upon — for which purpose, I will on tomorrow, dispatch a messenger with necessary instruction to the mouth of Cumberland & Massac and you are required to have ~~within~~ in readiness to march four companies of mounted infantry by the 5th instant from your Brigade if within the compass of your powers against that day, I may

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, U. S. A., TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES WINCHESTER, U. S. A., JANUARY 1, 1807, IN WHICH HE IS ORDERED TO BE IN READINESS TO PURSUE AND ARREST AARON BURR SHOULD IT BECOME NECESSARY

In the possession of Mr. D. McN. Stauffer, Yonkers, New York

I may be in possession of information that May determine me in the Tout and Movement, The Nature of the Service requires a confidential officer to command, and you are selected for this purpose, and ordered to be in readiness to move with the troops that may be ordered for this service on the receipt of my orders for this purpose — I have ordered four companies from Genl Johnstons Brigade, four companies from Genl Roberts Brigade to be furnished, and ready to Join you at whatever point, the information that may be rec^d will suggest — Should the force assembled at the Mouth be considerable — It will require a larger force, than is ordered to be in readiness for this service — and should their force be considerable and they have descend the Ohio & Mississippi it will become necessary, that we should pursue to a certain point where an ~~eff~~ effectual check can be put to the illegal project and enterprise of the adventurers with all the force in my power This has induced me to Issue you the inclosed order requiring you to have in readiness all the Volunteer corps within your Brigade, &c &c —

From the Tender of Services that I have made to the President of the United States and his acceptance thereof government will expect us to act with

promptness and effect, and your Patriotism is a sure pledge to me and to your country that nothing will be wanting on your part, to fulfill the object and wishes of the government, and your zeal— as soon as the Messenger returns you will be advised of the point of rendezvous— I will appoint a Muster Master, in due time, to Muster the troops, as soon as they are mustered, should you not be in possession of Marching orders, you will permit them to return to their respective homes, untill further ordered— them to be in readiness to March at a moments warning—

I am Dear Genl, with high consideration and respect yr Obt, Servt,

Andrew Jackson

Maj. Genl. 2d. Division Tennessee

Hermitage January 1st 1807. 11 oclock P.M.

geneous nation, with infinite possibilities before it. His ambition always was to serve it, to develop it. And Jackson cherished a healthy hatred of Great Britain as the natural enemy of the United States which begot a corresponding regard for what Great Britain had so persistently opposed and antagonized. Had Jackson been President when the question was up for final decision, the northwest boundary would never have been settled by the compromise which deprived us of what is now British Columbia, which was justly our own. The line would have been 54°40′ or there would have been a fight indeed.

When Lafayette visited the Hermitage General Jackson handed a certain pair of pistols to the Frenchman and asked him if he recognized them: "Lafayette, after examining them attentively for a few minutes, replied that he fully recollected them to be a pair he had presented in 1778 to his paternal friend, Washington, and that he experienced a real satisfaction in finding them in the hands of one so worthy of possessing them. At these words the face of 'Old Hickory' was covered with a modest blush, and his eyes sparkled as in a day of victory.

"'Yes, I believe myself to be worthy of them,' exclaimed he in pressing the pistols and Lafayette's hands to his breast, 'if not from what I have done, at least for what I wished to do for my country.'"

The venerable Mr. Niles in his famous *Register* had this to say regarding Jackson's patriotism: "General Jackson is a more extraordinary person than has ever appeared in our history. Nature has seldom gifted man with a mind so powerful and comprehensive, or a body better formed for activity or capable of enduring greater privations, fatigue, and hardships. She has been equally kind to him in the quality of his heart.

"General Jackson has no ambition but for the good of

his country; it occupies the whole of his views to the exclusion of all selfish or ignoble considerations. Cradled in the War of the Revolution, nurtured amid the conflicts that afterwards took place between the Cherokee Indians and the Tennesseans, being always among a people who regard the application of force not as the *ultima ratio regum*, but as the first resort of individuals, and who look upon courage as the greatest of human attributes, his character on this stormy ocean has acquired an extraordinary cast of vigor—a belief that anything within the power of man to accomplish we should never despair of effecting, and a conviction that courage, activity, and perseverance can overcome what to an ordinary mind would appear insuperable obstacles. In society he is kind, frank, unaffected, and hospitable, endowed with such natural grace and politeness, without the mechanical gentility and artificial, flimsy polish to be found in fashionable life."

This discussion cannot be better closed than by quoting the remarks of Daniel Webster to Thurlow Weed, who had asked him what was his general estimate of Jackson, his summary of his character as judged by his career. Mr. Weed, being in New York, chanced to meet Mr. Webster in the street, and there put the question to him.

"Mr. Webster replied: 'General Jackson is an honest and upright man. He does what he thinks is right, and does it with all his might. He has a violent temper, which leads him often to hasty conclusions. It also causes him to view as personal to himself the public acts of other men. For this reason there is a great difference between Jackson angry and Jackson in good-humor. When he is calm, his judgment is good; when angry, it is usually bad. I will illustrate, Mr. Weed, by quoting Jackson himself. On a certain occasion he advised a

young friend of his to 'take all the time for thinking that circumstances would permit, but when the time for action came to stop thinking!' Now, my observation of him leads me to believe that he 'stops thinking,' as a rule, a little too soon, and is apt to decide prematurely that 'the time for action' has come. These traits have led him into most of his errors in public life. His patriotism is no more to be questioned than that of Washington. He is the greatest general we have, and, except Washington, the greatest we ever had."

Daniel Webster, it must be remembered, was a lifetime political antagonist of Jackson's, although the enmity between them did not degenerate into the bitter personal hatred which was engendered between Jackson and Henry Clay.

XII

DUELS AND QUARRELS

JACKSON'S duels, quarrels, and personal encounters with different people were too numerous for all of them to be described in detail in a work of this kind. To select the most important and characteristic is sufficient. He began early. When but fifteen years of age, a bullying American officer named Galbraith threatened to thrash him for some fancied dereliction. Jackson coolly warned the officer not to attempt to carry out his purposes, for if a hand was laid upon him, he swore, he would shoot Galbraith dead!

The most famous of his early duels was that with Colonel Avery. By permission of Mr. F. A. Old, the author, and of *Harper's Weekly*, in which the article appeared, I quote here an original account of the affair:

"The writer has secured from ex-Associate Justice A. C. Avery, of Morganton, North Carolina, a document which is of very marked interest. It is a challenge to a duel sent by General Andrew Jackson to Colonel Waightstill Avery, the grandfather of ex-Judge Avery. Both Jackson and Avery were men of the highest degree of bravery, and, in fact, it has been said that neither knew what fear was. There are some errors in spelling in the challenge, and in the date, which is August 3, 1788. The challenge has a postscript, and, like the postscript of a woman's letter, it is short, but one of the most important parts of the document.

"In those days in North Carolina there were large gatherings at the courts, and the tilts between counsel were listened to with great eagerness. In this case there

ANDREW JACKSON

From the portrait by J. Vanderlyn in City Hall, New York City, painted in 1823

was a large audience, and Colonel Avery, who had figured in the War of the Revolution and in the troubles with the Indians on the western border, used language which Jackson took to be insulting. The challenge is in these words:

"'When a man's feelings & character are injured he ought to seek a speedy redress; you recd a few lines from me yesterday & undoubtedly you understand me. My character you have Injured; and further you have Insulted me in the presence of a court and a larg audience. I therefor call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without Equivocation and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he Injures a man to make a speedy reparation; therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day from yr Hbl. St.

"'Yrs.,

"'Andw. Jackson.

"'Col. Avery.

"'P. S.—This Evening after court has adjourned.'

"The facts relating to the trouble between Jackson and Avery were told to Colonel A. C. Avery by his father, Colonel Isaac T. Avery, who was the only son of Waightstill Avery. When the latter practised law in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, he and young Jackson were well acquainted. Avery was elected, in 1777, the first Attorney-General of North Carolina. He afterwards married a lady who lived near Newberne, in Jones County, and soon after this marriage resigned and settled in Jones, becoming colonel of that county's regiment of militia. . . . At the close of the Revolutionary War Andrew Jackson went to Burke County and applied to Waightstill Avery to take him as a boarder at his country home and instruct him as a law student. Colonel Avery told him he had just moved to the place and had built nothing but cabins, and could not grant his request. Jackson went to Salisbury, studied law

there, and settled at Jonesboro until the new county of Davidson (with Nashville as the county-seat) was established, Nashville becoming subsequently the capital of Tennessee.

"Just before the challenge to fight was sent by Jackson Avery appeared in some lawsuit at Jonesboro as opposing counsel to Jackson, and ridiculed the position taken by Jackson, who had preceded him in the argument. Jackson considered the argument insulting and sent him the challenge. Colonel Avery was raised a Puritan. He graduated at Princeton with the highest honors in 1766, and remained there a year as a tutor under the celebrated Jonathan Edwards and the famous Dr. Witherspoon, who signed the Declaration of Independence as a representative of New Jersey. Avery was a Presbyterian and was opposed on principle to duelling, but he so far yielded to the imperious custom of the time as to accept the challenge and go to the field, with Colonel, afterwards Governor, Adair, of Kentucky, as his second.

"After the usual preliminaries he allowed Jackson to shoot at him, but did not return the fire. Thereupon, having shown that he was not afraid to be shot at, Avery walked up to young Jackson and delivered a lecture to him, very much in the style a father would use in lecturing a son. Avery was very calm, and his talk to the brave young man who had fired at him was full of good sense, dispassionate, and high in tone, and was heard with great attention by the seconds of both parties, who agreed that the trouble must go no farther, but should end at this point, and so then and there a reconciliation was effected between these two brave spirits.

"Colonel Avery took the challenge home and filed it, as he was accustomed to file all his letters and papers, endorsing it, 'Challenge from Andrew Jackson.' This endorsement appears upon the back of the paper."

It must be noted that this Avery quarrel was not about Mrs. Jackson, and that Jackson and Avery were ever afterwards very good friends. Thus it may be seen that Jackson's enmities were not invariably inveterate, as has been alleged; that he was magnanimous when proved wrong, and that he did not bear malice, nursing a quarrel until it became festering hatred.

The embroglio with John Sevier was of a different character, although, fortunately, the results were equally bloodless. In 1796 Sevier was elected Governor of Tennessee. He had been major-general of the militia. Jackson suggested that he resign his military office, as the governor was ex-officio commander-in-chief, and allow him to be elected thereto. Even then the young attorney thought more of military glory than of forensic triumphs. Sevier refused. A quarrel developed, and Sevier declined Jackson's challenge on the ground of his poverty, his numerous family, and because he claimed that his reputation for courage was so well assured by his long and brilliant career that he did not have to fight to maintain it, which was true.

There was no reconciliation between the two men, and when, sometime afterwards, they met in Knoxville they at once engaged in an altercation in which Jackson happened to mention his services to the State. "Services!" thundered Sevier contemptuously. "I know of no great service you have rendered the country except taking a trip to Natchez with another man's wife!" "Great God!" cried Jackson, "do you dare mention *her* sacred name?" Both men immediately opened fire. Several shots were exchanged. One bystander was grazed but no one was severely hurt. The feud slumbered on and finally culminated in this farcical manner, according to Parton:

"The two doughty fighters met at Knoxville in 1803. A wild altercation ensued, in the course of which, it

is said, Sevier frequently defied Jackson to mortal combat. They separated at length, and Jackson sent the governor a challenge, which was accepted; but as they could not agree as to the time and place of meeting, the negotiation ended by Jackson suddenly posting Sevier as a coward—the absurd act of an angry man.

"In those mad, fighting times there was in vogue, besides the duel, a kind of informal combat, which was resorted to when the details of a duel could not be arranged. A man might refuse the 'satisfaction' of a duel, and yet hold himself bound to *meet* his antagonist at a certain time and place, either alone or accompanied, and 'have it out' with him in a rough-and-tumble fight. So on this occasion there was an 'understanding' that the belligerents were to meet at a designated point just beyond the borders of the State. Jackson was there at the appointed time, accompanied by one friend. The governor, accidentally detained, did not arrive in time. Jackson waited near the spot for two days; but no irate governor appearing above the horizon, he determined to return to Knoxville and compel Sevier to a hostile interview.

"He had not gone a mile towards the capital before he descried Governor Sevier approaching on horseback, accompanied by mounted men. Reining in his steed, he sent his friend forward to convey to Sevier a letter which he had prepared during the two days of waiting, in which he recounted their differences from the beginning, stating wherein he conceived himself to have been injured. Sevier declined to receive the letter. On learning this Jackson appeared to lose all patience, and resolved to end the matter then and there, cost what it might. He rode slowly towards the governor's party until he was within a hundred yards of them. Then, levelling his cane, as knights of old were wont to level their lances, he struck spurs into his horse and galloped

furiously at the governor. Sevier, astounded at this tremendous apparition, and intending, if he fought at all, to fight fairly and on *terra firma*, dismounted, but in so doing stepped upon the scabbard of his sword and fell prostrate under his horse. Jackson, seeing his enemy thus vanish from his sight, reined in his own fiery steed and gave time for the governor's friends to get between them and prevent a conflict. Through the efforts of some gentlemen in Sevier's party who were friends of both the belligerents the affair was patched up upon the spot, and the whole party rode towards Knoxville together in amity. Nor was there any renewal of the combat. The anger of the antagonists and their friends found vent in newspaper statements, and after a brief paper war exhausted itself."

Why Jackson permitted the affair to end it is difficult to understand, for he usually had no mercy towards any one who aspersed the name of his wife. Sevier was an old man at the time, however, and possibly the young fire-eater for once thought that he had done enough.

The most serious in its consequences of Jackson's duels was that with Charles Dickinson in 1806. Here again Jackson's enmity against Dickinson was aroused by his slurs upon Mrs. Jackson. Dickinson apologized for them, claiming that he was in his "cups" when he uttered them, but he nevertheless repeated them again in various insinuating ways. The ostensible cause of the quarrel was a difficulty about a horse-race complicated by political conditions, during which Jackson refused the challenge of a certain Thomas Swann, one of Dickinson's friends; but there is no doubt that at the bottom Dickinson's slanderous remarks about his wife had aroused Jackson's hatred and wrath. On the other side, Dickinson apparently was determined upon the quarrel because Jackson stood in the way of his ambitions for political preferment in Tennessee. Dick-

inson was a young man of excellent family and brilliant parts, who had been born in Maryland but had removed to Tennessee. The meeting took place on the banks of a small stream near the Red River, in a sequestered woodland glade, in Logan County, Kentucky, a day's ride south from Nashville. Perhaps the most dramatic and famous chapter in Parton's delightful biography is that devoted to this duel. I quote a large part of it, first inserting the memorandum of agreement between the two seconds regarding the affair.

"MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT.

"It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down perpendicularly.

"When they are *ready*, the single word *fire!* to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please. *Should either fire before the word is given we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly.* The choice of position shall be decided by lot on the field, as likewise the person to give the word.

"We mutually agree that the above regulations shall govern the affair of honor impending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esquire.

(Signed) "THOMAS OVERTON (for A. JACKSON),
"HANSON CATLETT (for C. DICKINSON)."

"A tavern kept by one David Miller, somewhat noted in the neighborhood, stood on the banks of the Red River, near the ground appointed for the duel. Late in the afternoon of Thursday, the twenty-ninth of May, the inmates of this tavern were surprised by the arrival of a party of seven or eight horsemen. Jacob Smith, then employed by Miller as an overseer, but now himself a planter in the vicinity, was standing before the house when this unexpected company rode up. One of these horsemen asked if they could be accommodated with lodgings for the night. They could. The party dismounted, gave their horses to the attendant negroes, and entered the tavern. No sooner had they done so than honest Jacob was perplexed by the arrival of a

second cavalcade—Dickinson and his friends, who also asked for lodgings. The manager told them the house was full, but that he never turned travellers away, and if they chose to remain he would do the best he could for them. Dickinson then asked where was the next house of entertainment. He was directed to a house two miles lower down the river kept by William Harrison. The house is still standing. The room in which Dickinson slept that night, and *slept* the night following, is the one now used by the occupants as a dining-room.

"Jackson ate heartily at supper that night, conversing in a lively, pleasant manner, and smoked his evening pipe as usual. Jacob Smith remembers being exceedingly pleased with his guest, and, on learning the cause of his visit, heartily wishing him a safe deliverance.

"Before breakfast on the next morning the whole party mounted and rode down the road, that wound close along the picturesque banks of the stream.

"About the same hour the overseer and his gang of negroes went to the fields to begin their daily toil, he longing to venture within sight of what he knew was about to take place.

"The horsemen rode about a mile along the river, then turned down towards the river to a point on the bank where they had expected to find a ferryman. No ferryman appearing, Jackson spurred his horse into the stream and dashed across, followed by all his party. They rode into the poplar forest, two hundred yards or less, to a spot near the centre of a level platform or river bottom, then covered with forest, now smiling with cultivated fields. The horsemen halted and dismounted just before reaching the appointed place. Jackson, Overton, and a surgeon who had come with them from home walked on together, and the rest led their horses a short distance in an opposite direction.

"How do you feel about it now, General?' asked one of the party as Jackson turned to go.

"Oh, all right,' replied Jackson gayly; 'I shall wing him, never fear.'

"Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and

Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined *how* he would give it if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off and the men placed. Both were perfectly collected. All the politenesses of such occasions were very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock-coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"'Are you ready?' said Overton.

"'I am ready,' replied Dickinson.

"'I am ready,' said Jackson.

"The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old-country pronunciation,—

"'*Fere!*'

"Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm, and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no, he does not fall. Erect and grim as Fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"'Great God!' he faltered, 'have I missed him?'

"'Back to the *mark*, sir!' shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

"Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

"General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger and discovered that it had stopped at half cock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed towards him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trowsers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the *opposite* hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

"Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoining his principal, he said, 'He won't want anything more of you, General,' and conducted him from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"'My God! General Jackson, are you hit?' he exclaimed, pointing to the blood.

"'Oh! I believe,' replied Jackson, 'that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it *there*,' pointing to the house.

"He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two and raked the breast-bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house he went up to one of the negro women, who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was just coming. He asked for some buttermilk. While she was getting it for him she observed him furtively open his coat and look within. She saw that his shirt was

soaked with blood, and she stood gazing in blank horror at the sight, dipper in hand. He caught her eye and hastily buttoned his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught, then went in, took off his coat, and had his wound carefully examined and dressed. That done, he dispatched one of his retinue to Dr. Catlett to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Doctor Catlett for the use of his patient.

"But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of General Jackson writes to me thus:

"'Although the general had been wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighborhood, and had therefore concealed it at first from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me, was, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, *he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him.*'

"Poor Dickinson bled to death. The flowing of blood was stanched, but could not be stopped. He was conveyed to the house in which he had passed the night and placed upon a mattress, which was soon drenched with blood. He suffered extreme agony, and uttered horrible cries all that long day. At nine o'clock in the evening he suddenly asked why they had put out the lights. The doctor knew then that the end was at hand; that the wife, who had been sent for in the morning, would not arrive in time to close her husband's eyes. He died five minutes after, cursing, it is said, with his last breath the ball that had entered his body. The poor wife hurried away on learning that her husband was 'dangerously wounded,' and met, as she rode towards the scene

of the duel, a procession of silent horsemen escorting a rough emigrant wagon that contained her husband's remains."

Buell disputes certain statements in Parton's account while in the main agreeing with it. He also quotes from General Overton's narrative and declines to admit Dickinson's famous remark, "Great God, have I missed him?" Nor does he think it probable that Jackson's pistol stopped at half cock and that the weapon had to be re-cocked before it was discharged at the waiting Dickinson. These are not matters of much moment. The facts of the duel stand substantially as they have been narrated. Parton says:

"To the day of his death, General Jackson preserved the duelling-pistols with one of which he had slain the hapless Dickinson. That very pistol was lying on the mantel-piece of his bedroom during those last years of his life. To a gentleman who chanced to take it up one day the general said, in the most ordinary tone of conversation, 'That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson.'"

Buell states that ex-President Andrew Johnson in conversation with him branded this story as a "damned lie," and that Johnson declared that when Jackson was asked about the pistols he would reply, "They are those used in the Dickinson affair." Johnson declared that he had heard Jackson say this many times. Buell also calls attention in a note to the following statement by Colonel W. H. H. Terrell in his "History of Noted Duels:"

"Dickinson lived through the day and until a few minutes to ten that night. Jackson's ounce ball had lacerated his intestines beyond hope of cure. In fact, his endurance of the wound fourteen hours was a marvel of physical strength and fortitude. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men would have died at once from the shock

and paralysis of such a wound. So far as the pain was concerned, he bore it without flinching, but bitterly cursed his ill-luck almost with his last breath. He remained conscious to the last, and the first intimation he gave of collapse was his question to the doctor, 'Why do you put out the candles?' thereby indicating that his vision had failed. His last moments, however, were soothed by a report, brought to him from Harrison's, that General Jackson had been shot through the breast and was sinking rapidly. He died fully believing that his antagonist must soon follow him to the tomb."

Possibly the most interesting of Jackson's many encounters was the affray—it can hardly be called a duel—with Thomas and Jesse Benton. Jesse Benton challenged Jackson's old friend and comrade in arms Carroll for some cause feminine with which we have nothing to do save to note that Carroll seemed to be in the wrong. Carroll asked Jackson to be his second. The general declared that he was done with duelling and did not desire to accept the office. However, as representing Carroll, he saw Jesse Benton and tried to compose the quarrel, going so far as to induce Carroll—who was the aggressor—to sign an apology which Jackson dictated. Although the apology was complete and ample and should have been satisfactory, Benton finally refused to accept it, persuaded thereto by one Ervin, a brother-in-law of Dickinson, who was mixed up in the affair as the friend—and evil genius—of Jesse Benton.

Jackson was doubly angered by the interjection of the Dickinson family and by Jesse Benton's refusal to accept the apology in the terms Jackson had presented. Benton, urged by the Dickinson faction, finally demanded that Carroll publicly acknowledge himself a liar. Jackson saw no way to prevent a meeting after that. Jesse Benton was wounded through his posterior region.

THOMAS H. BENTON ÆT. ABOUT 35

From a painting by Wilson Peale in the Missouri Historical Society.
From "The Life of Thomas Hart Benton," by William M. Meigs

The affair would have been settled had not the wits of the day made great fun of Benton.

The Dickinson faction seized the opportunity presented to try to get Jackson put out of the way. There was no man in Tennessee who stood a better chance in an encounter with Jackson than Thomas H. Benton. They busily and successfully fomented discord between the former friends. Benton at the time was absent in Washington—partly on Jackson's business, by the way! —and he hurried home full of rage and threats. Parton got the story of the whole affair from Colonel Coffee, who was a participant in the subsequent *mêlée*, and I here insert it.

"Back from Washington came Colonel Benton, bursting with wrath and defiance, yet resolved to preserve the peace, and neither to seek nor fly the threatened attack. One measure of precaution, however, he did adopt. There were then two taverns on the public square of Nashville, both situated near the same angle, their front doors being not more than a hundred yards apart. One was the old Nashville Inn (burnt three years ago) at which General Jackson was accustomed to put up for more than forty years. There, too, the Bentons, Colonel Coffee, and all of the general's peculiar friends were wont to take lodgings whenever they visited the town, and to hold pleasant converse over a glass of wine, and to play billiards together—a game pursued with fanatical devotion in the early days of Nashville. By the side of this old inn was a piece of open ground, where cocks were accustomed to display their prowess and tear one another to pieces for the entertainment of some of the citizens.

"The other tavern, the City Hotel, flourishes to this day. It is one of those curious, overgrown caravansaries of the olden time, nowhere to be seen now except in the ancient streets of London and the old towns of the Southern States—a huge tavern, with vast piazzas, and

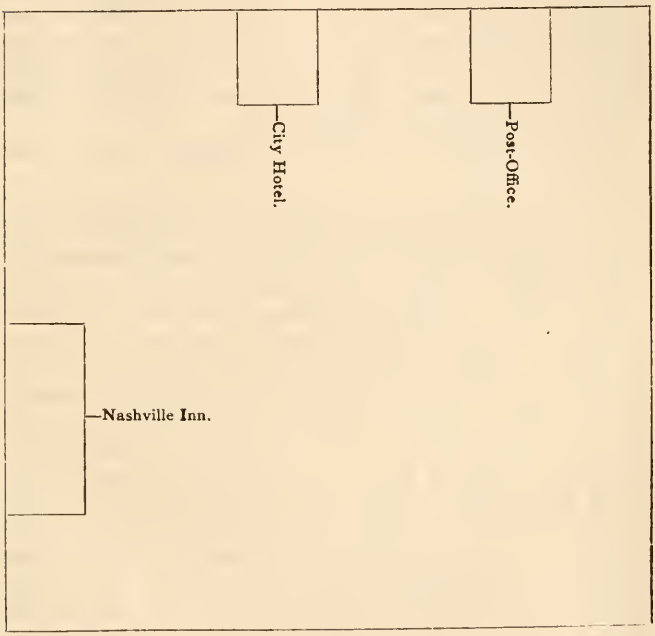
interior galleries running around three sides of a quadrangle, story above story, and quaint little rooms with large fireplaces and high mantels opening out upon them; with long, dark passages, and stairs at unexpected places; and carved wainscoting, and gray-haired servants, who have grown old with the old house, and can remember General Jackson as long as they can remember their own fathers.

"On reaching Nashville Colonel Benton and his brother Jesse did not go to their accustomed inn, but stopped at the City Hotel to avoid General Jackson, unless he chose to go out of his way to seek them. This was on the third of September. In the evening of the same day it *came to pass* that General Jackson and Colonel Coffee rode into the town and put up their horses, as usual, at the Nashville Inn. Whether the coming of these portentous gentlemen was in consequence of the general's having received a few hours before an intimation of the arrival of Colonel Benton is one of those questions which must be left to that already overburdened individual—the future historian. Perhaps it was true, as Colonel Coffee grinningly remarked, that they had come to get their letters from the post-office. They were *there*—that is the main point—and concluded to stop all night. Captain Carroll called in the course of the evening, and told the general that an affair of a most delicate and tender nature compelled him to leave Nashville at dawn of day.

"'Go, by all means,' said the general. 'I want no man to fight *my* battles.'

"The next morning, about nine, Colonel Coffee proposed to General Jackson that they should stroll over to the post-office. They started. The general carried with him, as he generally did, his riding-whip. He also wore a small sword, as all gentlemen once did, and as official persons were accustomed to do in Tennessee as late as the War of 1812. The post-office was then situated in the public square on the corner of a little alley, just beyond the City Hotel. There were, therefore, two ways of getting to it from the Nashville

Inn. One way was to go straight to it, across the angle of the square; the other, to keep the sidewalk and go around.



"Our two friends took the short cut, walking leisurely along. When they were about midway between their inn and the post-office Colonel Coffee, glancing towards the City Hotel, observed Colonel Benton standing in the doorway thereof, drawn up to his full height, and looking daggers at them.

"'Do you see the fellow?' said Coffee to Jackson in a low tone.

"'Oh, yes,' replied Jackson without turning his head, 'I have my eye on him.'

"They continued their walk to the post-office, got

their letters, and set out on their return. This time, however, they did not take the short way across the square, but kept down the sidewalk, which led past the front door at which Colonel Benton was posted. As they drew near they observed that Jesse Benton was standing before the hotel near his brother. On coming up to where Colonel Benton stood General Jackson suddenly turned towards him, with his whip in his right hand, and stepping up to him, said:

"'Now, you d—n rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself.'

"Benton put his hand into his breast pocket and seemed to be fumbling for his pistol. As quick as lightning, Jackson drew a pistol from the pocket behind him and presented it full at his antagonist, who recoiled a pace or two. Jackson advanced upon him. Benton continued to step slowly backward, Jackson close upon him, with a pistol at his heart, until they had reached the back door of the hotel and were in the act of turning down the back piazza. At that moment, just as Jackson was beginning to turn, Jesse Benton entered the passage, raised his pistol, and fired at Jackson. The pistol was loaded with two balls and a large slug. The slug took effect in Jackson's left shoulder, shattering it horribly. One of the balls struck the thick part of his left arm and buried itself near the bone. The other ball splintered the board partition at his side. The shock of the wounds was such that Jackson fell across the entry and remained prostrate, bleeding profusely.

"Coffee had remained just outside meanwhile. Hearing the report of the pistol, he sprang into the entry, and, seeing his chief prostrate at the feet of Colonel Benton, concluded that it was *his* ball that had laid him low. He rushed upon Benton, drew his pistol, fired, and missed. Then he 'clubbed' his pistol, and was about to strike when Colonel Benton, in stepping backward, came to some stairs of which he was not aware and fell headlong to the bottom. Coffee, thinking him *hors du combat*, hastened to the assistance of his wounded general.

" The report of Jesse Benton's pistol brought another actor on the bloody scene—Stokely Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson and a devoted friend to the general. He was standing near the Nashville Inn when he heard the pistol. He knew well what was going forward, and ran with all his speed to the spot. He, too, saw the general lying on the floor weltering in his blood. But, unlike Coffee, he perceived who it was that had fired the deadly charge. Hays was a man of giant's size and a giant's strength. He snatched from his sword-cane its long and glittering blade, and made a lunge at Jesse with such frantic force that it would have pinned him to the wall had it taken effect. Luckily the point struck a button and the slender weapon was broken to pieces. He then drew a dirk, threw himself in a paroxysm of fury upon Jesse, and got him down upon the floor. Holding him down with one hand, he raised the dirk to plunge it into his breast. The prostrate man seized the coat-cuff of the descending arm and diverted the blow, so that the weapon only pierced the fleshy part of his left arm. Hays strove madly to disengage his arm, and in doing so gave poor Jesse several flesh wounds. At length, with a mighty wrench, he tore his cuff from Jesse Benton's convulsive grasp, lifted the dirk high in the air, and was about to bury it in the heart of his antagonist when a bystander caught the uplifted hand and prevented the further shedding of blood. Other bystanders then interfered; the maddened Hays, the wrathful Coffee, the irate Benton, were held back from continuing the combat, and quiet was restored.

" Faint from loss of blood, Jackson was conveyed to a room in the Nashville Inn, his wound still bleeding fearfully. Before the bleeding could be stopped two mattresses, as Mrs. Jackson used to say, were soaked through, and the general was reduced almost to the last gasp. All the doctors in Nashville were soon in attendance, all but one of whom, and he a young man, recommended the amputation of the shattered arm. ' I'll keep my arm,' said the wounded man, and he kept it. No attempt was made to extract the ball, and it remained

in the arm for twenty years. The ghastly wounds in the shoulder were dressed, in the simple manner of the Indians and pioneers, with poultices of slippery elm, and other products of the woods. The patient was utterly prostrated with the loss of blood. It was two or three weeks before he could leave his bed.

"After the retirement of the general's friends the Bentons remained for an hour or more on the scene of the affray, denouncing Jackson as an assassin, and a defeated assassin. They defied him to come forth and renew the strife. Colonel Benton made a parade of breaking Jackson's small-sword, which had been dropped in the struggle and left on the floor of the hotel. He broke it in the public square, and accompanied the act with words defiant and contemptuous, uttered in the loudest tones of his thundering voice. The general's friends, all anxiously engaged around the couch of their bleeding chief, disregarded these demonstrations at the time, and the brothers retired, victorious and exultant.

"On the days following, however, Colonel Benton did not find the general's partisans so acquiescent. 'I am literally in hell here,' he wrote shortly after the fight; 'the meanest wretches under heaven to contend with—liars, affidavit-makers, and shameless cowards. All the puppies of Jackson are at work on me; but they will be astonished at what will happen, for it is not them, but their master, whom I will hold accountable. The scalping-knife of Tecumpsy is mercy compared with the affidavits of these villains. I am in the middle of hell, and see no alternative but to kill or be killed; for I will not crouch to Jackson; and the fact that I and my brother defeated him and his tribe, and broke his small-sword in the public square, will forever rankle in his bosom and make him thirst after vengeance. My life is in danger; nothing but a decisive duel can save me, or even give me a chance for my own existence; for it is a settled plan to turn out puppy after puppy to bully me, and when I have got into a scrape to have me killed somehow in the scuffle and afterwards the

affidavit-makers will prove it was honorably done. I shall never be forgiven having my opinion in favor of Wilkinson's authority last winter; and this is the root of the hell that is now turned loose against me.'

" Shortly after the affray Colonel Benton went to his home in Franklin, Tennessee, beyond reach of 'Jackson's puppies.' He was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the regular army, left Tennessee, resigned his commission at the close of the war, emigrated to Missouri, and never again met General Jackson till 1823, when both were members of the Senate of the United States. Jesse Benton, I may add, never forgave General Jackson, nor could he ever forgive his brother for forgiving the general. Publications against Jackson by the angry Jesse, dated as late as 1828, may be seen in old collections of political trash.

" Perhaps in fairness I should append to this narrative Colonel Benton's own statement of the affray as published in the Franklin newspaper a day or two after the colonel returned home. The version of the affair given in this chapter is General Coffee's. I received it from an old friend of all the parties, who heard General Coffee tell the story with great fulness and care, as though he were giving evidence before a court. Coffee, of course, would naturally place the conduct of General Jackson in the most favorable light. Benton, hot from the fray when he wrote his statement, could not be expected to know the whole or the exact truth. He seems, for example, to have left Nashville with the impression that Jackson was not hurt at all, but had feigned a wound in order to escape one. And, indeed, it may be remarked here, as well as anywhere, that *neither the eyes nor the memory of one of those fiery spirits can be trusted.* Long ago, in the early days of these inquiries, I ceased to believe anything that they may have uttered, when their pride or their passions were interested, unless their story was supported by other evidence or by strong probability. It is the nature of such men to forget what they wish had never occurred, to remember vividly the occurrences which flatter their ruling passion, and un-

consciously to magnify their own part in the events of the past. Telling the truth is supposed to be one of the easy virtues. What an error! It is an accomplishment that has to be toiled for as heroes toil for victory, as artists toil for excellence, as good men toil for the good of human kind. When Shakespeare said that to be an honest man is to be one man picked out of ten thousand, he uttered an arithmetical as well as a moral truth.

"But here is Colonel Benton's statement, which is, perhaps, as true as Coffee's, and is certainly as true as Colonel Benton could make it at the time of writing, six days after the fight:

"'FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE, September 10, 1813.

"'A difference which had for some months been brewing between General Jackson and myself produced on Saturday, the fourth inst., in the town of Nashville, the most outrageous affray ever witnessed in a civilized country. In communicating the affair to my friend and fellow-citizens I limit myself to the statement of a few leading facts the truth of which I am ready to establish by judicial proofs.

"'1. That myself and my brother, Jesse Benton, arriving in Nashville on the morning of the affray, and knowing of General Jackson's threats, went and took lodgings in a different house from the one in which he staid on purpose to avoid him.

"'2. That the general and some of his friends came to the house where we had put up, and commenced the attack by levelling a pistol at me, when I had no weapon drawn, and advancing upon me at a quick pace, without giving me time to draw one.

"'3. That seeing this, my brother fired upon General Jackson when he had got within eight or ten feet of me.

"'4. That four other pistols were fired in quick succession, one by General Jackson at me, two by me at the General, and one by Colonel Coffee at me. In the course of this firing General Jackson was brought to the ground, but received no hurt.

"'5. That daggers were then drawn. Colonel Coffee and Mr. Alexander Donaldson made at me, and gave me five slight wounds. Captain Hammond and Mr. Stokely Hays engaged my brother, who, still suffering from a severe wound he had lately received in a duel, was not able to resist two men. They got him down, and while Captain Hammond beat him on the

head to make him lie still, Mr. Hays attempted to stab him, and wounded him in both arms as he lay on his back, parrying the thrusts with his naked hands. From this situation a generous-hearted citizen of Nashville, Mr. Summer, relieved him. Before he came to the ground my brother clapped a pistol to the breast of Mr. Hays to blow him through, but it missed fire.

"'6. My own and my brother's pistols carried two balls each, for it was our intention, if driven to arms, to have no child's play. The pistols fired at me were so near that the blaze of the muzzle of one of them burnt the sleeve of my coat, and the other aimed at my head at a little more than arm's length from it.

"'7. Captain Carroll was to have taken part in the affray, but was absent by the permission of General Jackson, as he had proved by the general's certificate, a certificate which reflects I know not whether less honor upon the general or upon the captain.

"'8. That this attack was made upon me in the house where the judge of the district, Mr. Searcy, had his lodgings! Nor has the civil authority yet taken cognizance of this horrible outrage.

"'These facts are sufficient to fix the public opinion. For my own part, I think it scandalous that such things should take place at any time; but particularly so at the present moment, when the public service requires the aid of all its citizens. As for the name of *courage*, God forbid that I should ever attempt to gain it by becoming a bully. Those who know me, know full well that I would give a thousand times more for the reputation of Croghan in defending his post, than I would for the reputation of all the duellists and gladiators that ever appeared upon the face of the earth.

"'THOMAS HART BENTON.'"

Coffee is certainly mistaken in one particular. It was Thomas H. Benton's bullet that wounded Jackson, not that of his brother Jesse, and both Benton and Jackson were fully persuaded of the fact.

The consequences of the duel were serious enough, but they might have been much more so. A man of less indomitable will and courage than Jackson would never have been able to make the Creek campaigns while suffering from such a wound, and without the Creek

campaigns there would have been no New Orleans, and without New Orleans there would have been no eight years as President of the United States! Never through the period of active service could Jackson bear the weight of the heavy bullion epaulet of his rank on his wounded shoulder. We have seen that Jackson suffered from the wounds received from Dickinson and Benton practically all his life.

But Jackson and Benton were not destined to continue enemies. As Roosevelt says, "Benton was as forgiving as he was hot-tempered, and Jackson's ruder nature was at any rate free from any small meanness or malice." When Jackson came back to the United States Senate in 1822 he and Benton were soon reconciled. Benton's own words well describe the termination of the quarrel: "Well," wrote the Missourian in a contemporary letter, "how many changes in this life! General Jackson is now sitting in the chair next to me. There was a vacant one next to me, and he took it for the session. Several senators saw our situation and offered mediation. I declined it upon the ground that what had happened could neither be explained, recanted, nor denied. After this we were put on the same committee. Facing me one day, as we sat in our seats, he said to me, 'Colonel, we are on the same committee; I will give you notice when it is necessary to attend.' (He was chairman and had the right to summon us.) I answered, 'General, make the time suit yourself; it will be convenient for me to attend at any time.' In committee we did business together just as other persons. After that he asked me how my wife was, and I asked him how his was. Then he called and left his card at my lodgings—Andrew Jackson for Colonel Benton and lady; forthwith I called at his and left mine—Colonel Benton for General Jackson. Since then we have dined together at several places, and yesterday at the President's. I made

him the first bow, he held forth his hand, and we shook hands. I then introduced him to my wife, and thus civil relations are perfectly established between us. Jackson has gained since he has been here by his mild and conciliatory manner."

They would never have been reconciled had the cause of their difficulty been related to Mrs. Jackson. Years afterwards Benton said, in answer to a question from Dr. John S. Moore, of St. Louis: "Yes, I had a fight with Jackson. A fellow was hardly in the fashion then who hadn't. But mine was different from his other fights. It was not about Aunt Rachel. It could not have been, of course, because I never would have provoked him on that subject. As it was, *I ascertained that his skill with the pistol was overrated*, did not hurt him seriously, and on the whole made him like me better after the fight than he ever did before. But if it had been about Aunt Rachel he never would have forgiven me."

Jackson and Clay were bitter enemies. Colonel Butler once tried to effect a reconciliation between them, urging that as Jackson had forgiven Benton's bullet he might also pardon Clay's tongue. Says Buell: "General Jackson looked his beloved old aide-de-camp of New Orleans straight in the eye for a full minute. Then he said, slowly and gently: 'William, my dear old friend, you don't understand the difference. There wasn't any poison on Benton's bullet! It was honest lead!'"

I do not know what Jackson would have done without Benton, or how he would have accomplished the tremendous tasks to which he set himself without his brilliant assistance. In all his fights in the Senate of the United States Benton was his most devoted advocate, sometimes his only defender. The great enemy of privilege, the great apostle of hard money, whose public name was "Old Bullion," who was no unworthy antago-

nist to Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, was one of the principal factors in Jackson's successful Presidential careers. When the old hero lay a-dying at the Hermitage he pulled the head of Lewis down to him and almost with his last breath whispered, "Tell Colonel Benton that I am grateful in my dying moment."

Once in the Senate Henry Clay delivered himself thus with regard to Benton:

"There are some peculiar reasons why I should not go to that senator for my views of decorum in regard to my bearing towards the chief magistrate, and why he is not a fit instructor. I never had any personal encounter with the President of the United States, I never complained of any outrages on my person committed by him. I never published any bulletins respecting his private brawls. The gentleman will understand my allusions. I never complained that while a brother of mine was down on the ground, senseless or dead, he received another blow. I have never made any declarations like these relative to the individual who is President. There is also a singular prophecy as to the consequences of the election of this individual which far surpasses in evil foreboding whatever I may have ever said in regard to his election. I never made any prediction so sinister, nor made any declaration so harsh, as that which is contained in the prediction to which I allude. I never declared my apprehension and belief that if he were elected we should be obliged to legislate with pistols and dirks by our side."

And to him Benton made the following dignified reply:

"It is true, sir, that I had an affray with General Jackson, and that I did complain of his conduct. We fought, sir, and we fought, I hope, like men. When the explosion was over there remained no ill-will on either side. No vituperation or system of petty persecution

HENRY CLAY IN MIDDLE LIFE
From the painting by Dubourjal

was kept up between us. Yes, sir, it is true, that I had the personal difficulty which the senator from Kentucky has had the delicacy to bring before the Senate. But let me tell the senator from Kentucky there is no 'adjourned question of veracity' between me and General Jackson. All difficulty between us ended with the conflict, and a few months after it I believe that either party would cheerfully have relieved the other from any peril, and now we shake hands and are friendly when we meet."

Jackson had told Carroll that he was done with duelling, but he had not then come in contact with Henry Clay. If ever Jackson hated a man, he hated Henry Clay.

"During his Presidency, when a particularly bitter phrase of Clay's in the Senate was reported to him, he exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had off these robes of office!' He said no more. 'I am perfectly sure,' concluded Colonel Butler, 'that Jackson never for a moment was sorry that he killed Charles Dickinson. And I am equally certain that he died sorry because he never got a chance to kill Henry Clay.'"

Clay advocated the resolution of censure for Jackson's removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank in a great speech, and, says Parton: "It was after reading this speech that General Jackson exclaimed: 'Oh, if I live to get these robes of office off me, I will bring the rascal to a dear account.'"

When he was urging Jackson unavailingly to forgive Clay General Butler said that he never saw exactly such an expression on a human face as Jackson exhibited when he made that famous remark about Benton's "honest lead." "It demonstrated to him that the only manner in which the general wished to meet Mr. Clay face to face was at ten paces, and that he never to his dying day would consent to meet him otherwise. Gen-

eral Butler further observed that Clay was peculiarly constituted in that respect. He was quick enough to take personal offence at the words of others, but he could not see why his own, uttered in what he considered purely and legitimately political debate, should be mortally resented, as Jackson resented them."

It has been seen that Jackson was not only an absolutely fearless man, but he was a man of iron nerve as well. He once said in answer to an inquiry: ". . . that he never had a tremor in his hands in his life; that his nerves were like steel bars."

The only way to stop him was to kill him. In one of the Indian affairs in which he engaged he nearly lost his life in an adventurous feat. He made this characteristic and contemptuous remark to one of the bystanders who congratulated him upon his narrow escape and expressed the hope that his life might not be jeoparded again: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how near a man can graze danger."

On this subject reference may be made to two other episodes in Jackson's career. Parton describes the cowardly assault upon the President on May 6, 1833, committed by a naval officer who had been cashiered for cause:

"At Alexandria, where the steamer touched, there came on board a Mr. Randolph, late a lieutenant in the navy, who had been recently dismissed the service. Randolph made his way to the cabin, where he found the President sitting behind a table reading a newspaper. He approached the table, as if to salute the President.

"'Excuse my rising, sir,' said the general, who was not acquainted with Randolph. 'I have a pain in my side which makes it distressing for me to rise.'

"Randolph made no reply to this courteous apology, but appeared to be taking off his glove.

" ' Never mind your glove, sir,' said the general, holding out his hand.

" At this moment Randolph thrust his hand violently into the President's face, intending, as it appeared, to pull his nose. The captain of the boat, who was standing by, instantly seized Randolph and drew him back. A violent scuffle ensued, during which the table was broken. The friends of Randolph clutched him, and hurried him ashore before many of the passengers knew what had occurred, and thus he effected his escape. The passengers soon crowded into the cabin to learn if the general was hurt.

" ' Had I known,' said he, ' that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villain,' said he, ' has ever escaped me before, and he would not had it not been for my confined situation.'

" Some blood was seen on his face, and he was asked whether he had been much injured?

" ' No,' said he, ' I am not much hurt; but in endeavoring to rise I have wounded my side, which now pains me more than it did.'

" One of the citizens of Alexandria, who had heard of the outrage, addressed the general and said, ' Sir, if you will pardon me, in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you in fifteen minutes!'

" ' No, sir,' said the President, ' I cannot do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, and none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again.' "

I cannot discover that anything was ever done to this ex-officer to punish him for his disgraceful and offensive conduct.

On the thirtieth of January, 1835, a futile attempt was made to assassinate Jackson. Parton thus relates the incident:

"On that day the President, the Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, and a concourse of citizens assembled in the hall of the House of Representatives to take part in the funeral ceremonies in honor of a deceased member of the House from South Carolina. After the usual solemnities a procession was formed to escort the body to the grave. The President, near the head of the procession, accompanied by Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Dickinson, had crossed the great rotunda of the Capitol, and was about to step out upon the portico, when a man emerged from the crowd and, placing himself before the President at a distance of eight feet from him, levelled a pistol at his breast and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded with a loud report without discharging the pistol. The man dropped the pistol upon the pavement and raised a second, which he had held in his left hand under his cloak. That also missed fire. The President, the instant he comprehended the purpose of the man, rushed furiously at him with uplifted cane. Before he reached him Lieutenant Gedney, of the navy, had knocked the assassin down, and he was immediately secured and taken to jail. The President, boiling with rage, was hurried into a carriage by his friends and conveyed to the White House. For some days his belief remained unshaken that the man had been set on to attempt his destruction by a clique of his political enemies.

"The prisoner was proved to be a maniac. His name was Lawrence. He was an English house painter, who had been long out of employment. Hearing on all sides that the country had been ruined by the measures of General Jackson, the project of assassinating him had fastened itself in his crazy brain."

Miss Harriet Martineau, then travelling in the United

States, reports an interesting interview she had with the general upon this subject in these terms: "When I did go to the White House, I took the briefest possible notice to the President of the 'insane attempt' of Lawrence, but the word roused his ire. He protested, in the presence of many strangers, that there was no insanity in the case. I was silent, of course. He protested that there was a plot, and that the man was a tool, and at length quoted the Attorney-General as his authority. It was painful to hear a chief ruler publicly trying to persuade a foreigner that any of his constituents hated him to the death, and I took the liberty of changing the subject as soon as I could. The next morning I was at the Attorney-General's and I asked him how he could let himself be quoted as saying that Lawrence was not mad. He excused himself by saying that he meant general insanity. He believed Lawrence insane in one direction; that it was a sort of Ravaillac case. I besought him to impress the President with this view of the case as soon as might be."

This attempt at assassination naturally evoked the greatest demonstration of loyalty and affection on the part of the people of the United States for their hero and their idol.

XIII

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

No man in Jackson's time could hold office without being a speechmaker. Some of the most persistent and successful office-holders of the present have never made a speech,—and it may be that for this mainly have they continued to hold office!—but in Jackson's day it was different. The stump speech was the recognized means whereby men acquired power and office among their friends. Communities were smaller, it was easy for a man who sought the suffrages of his fellow-citizens to know all his constituents personally, and it was necessary for the office-seeker to be ready to discuss everything with everybody at any time.

The stump speech is not the highest form of oratory, to be sure, and the people to whom it is addressed are not usually of such a character as to call forth anything extraordinary. But upon the facility developed by the practice there was built a capacity for public speaking in the higher walks of life, and for the enjoyment thereof in all stations, which has largely passed away. Congress was the great debating society of the nation. Oratory was at a premium. Now it is at a discount, its place being taken by the fine art of manipulation; persuasion by word of mouth has given place to subtle management and other things which go under darker names; but until the period of the Civil War oratory was supreme. That there were giants in those days is no idle statement. Great were the speakers and statesmen of the Jacksonian period—and, by the way, that term, which is now universally employed, serves better

perhaps than any other evidence to indicate the dominance of Jackson's personality in political affairs while he lived, for among many great men who have honored the Presidential chair he is the only one who has given his name to an epoch, although I should not be surprised if future historians write of the "Roosevelt period."

One reason why the name of Jackson was given to a period by practically unanimous agreement was because he effected in one sense a partial revolution in that he abolished the senatorial caucus and gave a new meaning to the words "popular government," a meaning which had never before been apparent. The aristocracy of the country was, during his administration and by virtue of his influence, displaced from that position of authority which it had held since Washington's day. The people, the whole people, in which, of course, the plain, the humble, the inconsidered, predominated, for the first time administered the government through their idol, their apotheosis, if I may use the word. The truth is that the said idol administered it himself, but both he and the people were firmly convinced that it was administered by and for the people as never before. Such an extraordinary change, the introduction of what may be called a new phase into the practice of government, naturally created a new epoch.

The leading figures of this period, and I give them in the order of their ability as I see it, were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Thomas H. Benton, John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and Martin Van Buren. And there were many others of scarcely less prominence, as Paul Hamilton Hayne, William H. Crawford, John Randolph, and Nicholas Biddle, besides a host of lesser lights, including several future Presidents of the United States, in Congress and out of it. Everyone of these men was an orator; one of them, at least, ranks among the greatest speakers that the world has ever listened

to. None of them had ever been a soldier. The name of no one is identified with any great military exploit, yet the fame of each is exceedingly high. They will be remembered so long as the government endures for their qualities, their acts, and their sayings.

Practically all of these men were Jackson's superiors in education, in culture, and in abilities of various kinds, but as a personality, a compound of qualities directed by a single mind, subservient to a single will, devoted to a single idea—love of country—Jackson was above them all. It is no idle compliment, no makeshift phrase, to call that period in which they lived and labored, struggled and fought, the Jacksonian Epoch. He dominated it.

Everyone of them was a better speaker than Jackson, but his abilities as a talker are neither to be disdained nor despised. He had had abundant exercise in addressing his fellow-citizens in his early practice before the Tennessee courts. More, perhaps, depended upon an ability to speak convincingly and persuasively with sound, good common-sense than upon knowledge of law in the practice of those days. Jackson was not only a fearless, resolute prosecutor, but he was a successful attorney in his own private practice. He had more cases committed to his charge than any other member of the bar, a sure indication of successful pleading. As a judge he was obliged to speak often, and did it always to the point. One of the chief duties of a militia officer was to talk to the soldiers, and although his proclamations to the army are somewhat bombastic,—sometimes quite in the Napoleonic vein!—there is a ring back of them that shows the manner of man he was and which profoundly appealed to his constituents. In campaigning for various political offices he held he naturally talked much. Blair, who heard him often, has this to say of his forensic methods:

"He was not then or ever afterwards what is com-

monly termed an orator. But he was a fluent, forceful, and convincing speaker. When he addressed a body of men, whether jury, convention, or political mass-meeting, he talked to them. He did not orate. He had none of the arts of oratory, so called. His voice, though strong and penetrating, was untrained. He had no idea of modulation, but let his inflections follow feelings, naturally, as he went along. About the only gestures he knew were the raising of both hands to indicate reverence or veneration, the spreading of both arms wide out to indicate deprecation, and the fierce pointing of his long, gaunt forefinger straight forward, like a pistol, to indicate decision, dogmatism, or defiance. And," pursued the venerable Mr. Blair, " candor compels me to say that he used that forefinger more than any other limb or member in his gesticulation.

" His vocabulary was copious, and he never stood at loss for a word to express his sense. When perfectly calm or not roused by anything that appealed to his feelings rather than to his judgment, he spoke slowly, carefully, and in well-selected phrase. But when excited or angry, he would pour forth a torrent of rugged sentences more remarkable for their intent to beat down opposition than for their strict attention to the rules of rhetoric—or even syntax.

" But in all situations and mental conditions his diction was clear and his purpose unmistakable. No one ever listened to a speech or a talk from Andrew Jackson who, when he was done, had the least doubt as to what he was driving at."

Schouler says: " In conversation he interested, whether he convinced or not, being clear, earnest, and straight to the point both in thought and expression; and while no question admitted of two sides to his mind, his own was fearlessly grasped. As his speech was sagacious and incisive in spite of slips in grammar or

mispronunciation, so he could write with powerful effect, though no scholar in the true sense, and in personal controversy he was one to be feared. His state papers engaged able minds in and out of his Cabinet, yet the direction of thought, the statement of policy, the temper of the document, were his own. Others might elaborate the argument for him or polish and arrange the composition, but, after all, his was the central thought, and he would flourish over the paper with a rapid pen, and a huge one, until sheet after sheet lay before him glistening with ink and glowing with expression, as though it were written in his heart's blood. That there were misspelt words to be corrected, or awkward sentences to be trussed up afterwards by his secretary, is not to be denied. In short, Andrew Jackson fed little upon books and much upon experience with unconventional life and human nature; but he had what is essential to eminence in either case, a vigorous intellect and a strong will."

In this connection the following story, for which Parton vouches, is very characteristic and amusing:

"General Jackson, as his associates remember, had certain peculiarities of pronunciation to which he always adhered. For example, he *would* pronounce the word *development* as though it were written devil-*ope*-ment, with a strong accent upon the *ope*. One day during his Presidency he so pronounced it when in conversation with a foreign minister, who, though not English, had been educated in England and plumed himself upon his knowledge and nice pronunciation of the English language. 'Devil-*ope*-ment,' said the general with emphasis. The ambassador lifted his eyebrows slightly, and in the course of a sentence or two took occasion to pronounce the word correctly. The President, seeming not to remark his excellency's benevolent intention, again said 'devil-*ope*-ment;' whereupon the fastidious minister ventured once more to give the word its proper

accent. No notice was taken of the impolite correction.

"'I repeat it, Mr. ——,' continued the President; 'this measure is essential to the devil-*ope*-ment of our resources.'

"'Really, sir,' replied the ambassador, 'I consider the de-*vel*-opment of your country——' with a marked accent upon the *vel.*

"Upon this the general exclaimed, 'Excuse me, Mr. ——. You may call it de-*vel*-opment if you please; but *I* say devil-*ope*-ment and *will* say devil-*ope*-ment as long as I revere the memory of good old Doctor Waddell!'" Doctor Waddell, upon whom this interesting pronunciation is fathered, was a famous preacher to whom Jackson often listened when a young man.

Jackson was subpœnaed to Richmond as a witness in the trial of Aaron Burr in June, 1807. While in Richmond news was received of the outrageous attack of the British 50-gun ship "Leopard" on the American frigate "Chesapeake," 36. The whole nation was terribly humiliated by this affair, and Jackson, as a bitter hater of the British, felt it more keenly than anyone. He expected a declaration of war, and after waiting for some time, finding that nothing would be done by Jefferson, whom he despised as a dilettante, a doctrinaire, and a temporizer, he determined upon a rather unusual course.

He published an announcement in a Richmond paper to the effect that "General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, would address the people from the steps of the State-House after adjournment of the court." Jackson had not done anything particularly striking or brilliant which would have caused him to be regarded with any great amount of interest by the people, or that would render his pronouncements important enough for them to be looked for with eager curiosity. The great

achievements of his career were still before him, yet the famous duel with Dickinson had brought him into some notoriety, to which his connection with Burr had added, and his peculiar personality as exhibited during his three weeks' stay in Richmond had rendered him rather a notable figure.

Therefore when the appointed time arrived a large part of the population of the town was present to hear what he had to say. It is safe to say that none of them left after he began his extraordinary harangue. He spoke extemporaneously for over an hour, his subject being the supineness of Mr. Jefferson and the outrage upon our national flag, but he soon got off on other issues, the principal one being Jefferson himself.

Unfortunately, no report of this speech was made, but some notes were taken by a journalist present, one Thomas Ritchie. When these were afterwards published when Jackson was running for the Presidency he said that they were fair as far as they went, although they didn't go far enough. Some idea of the character of this speech can be gathered from these notes:

"Mr. Jefferson has plenty of courage to seize peaceable Americans by military force and persecute them for political purposes. But he is too cowardly to resent foreign outrage upon the Republic. Here an English man-of-war fires upon an American ship of inferior force, so near his capital that he can almost hear the guns, and what does he do? Nothing more than that his friends say he will recommend to Congress a bill laying an embargo and shutting our commerce off from the seas. If a man kicks you downstairs you get revenge by standing out in the middle of the street and making faces at him! . . .

"This persecution was hatched in Kentucky. The chicken died and they are trying to bring it to life again. Some think the object of the person that hatched it in

Kentucky was malice. I prefer to think it was overzeal of a weak tool in the hands of a cowardly master. The man in Kentucky had his orders from the man in Washington, just as the men here have their orders from the same source. Mr. Jefferson can torture Aaron Burr while England tortures our sailors. This grand State [Virginia] is full of good Republicans [Democrats], and many of them may not like to hear such sentiments about their own great man. Whatever he does or fails to do is right in their eyes, no matter how cruel to Americans, or how dastardly towards the English. But the East is different from the West. Out there the political air is pure. Here in the East I sometimes think the Federalists have made the political air we breathe stink so that weak-stomached Republicans find it necessary to turn skunks to save their own nostrils.

"A year ago or more I gave at a dinner to Aaron Burr in Nashville the toast 'Millions for defence; not a cent for tribute.' They change that tune on this side of the mountains. Here, it seems to me, 'Millions to persecute an American; not a cent to resist England!' Shame on such a leader! Contempt for a public opinion rotten enough to follow him!"

Mr. Ritchie thus comments upon the scene:

"He spared none. His style of speaking was rude but strong. It was not the polished oratory Eastern audiences were accustomed to hear, but the sturdy blows of some pioneer's axe felling a giant in the forest. 'He can talk as well as he can shoot,' said a bystander in my hearing, evidently in reference to the duel with Dickinson. 'Yes,' said the bystander's companion, 'and he talks as if he was ready to shoot now!'

"He sowed the seeds of duel broadcast. He gave at least three men ample grounds for demanding satisfaction. Two of them were there and heard him. One of them, Jo Daviess, was known to be a duellist. The

other, Mr. Wirt, was thought to be a man of spirit and courage. The third man he attacked, General Wilkinson, was not present, though in the city, and he soon knew every word Jackson had said about him; such expressions as 'double-traitor;' or 'a man who betrays his country first and then perjures himself about it afterwards;' 'a pretended soldier who dishonors his flag and an officer who disgraces his commission;' and 'let us pity the sword that dangles from his felon's belt, for *it* is doubtless of honest steel.' Wilkinson was a noted duellist. Many thought it certain that he, and perhaps Jo Daviess also, would call Jackson to account. But no one molested him. Probably none emulated the fate of Charles Dickinson. He concluded his speech in these words:

"'There is an old saying that a workman is known by his tools. This is as true as Holy Writ. If you want to know what kind of a workman Thomas Jefferson is, look at James Wilkinson, Jo Daviess, and William Wirt! Like master, like man. But at least two of these men differ from their master in one thing: Wilkinson, base and treacherous as he is, and Daviess, weak and irresponsible as he may be, have both shown courage in the presence of danger. Jefferson has never had that occasion, because he has always been cunning enough to keep out of harm's way!'"

Thirty years afterwards Jackson told Governor Allen, of Ohio, that in making this speech he had in view two well-defined purposes: one to let the East know what the West thought of Jefferson's timid, tortuous, pusillanimous policy in general, the other to sound the keynote of the new movement which might give other States a chance for the Presidency besides Virginia and Massachusetts.

Jackson disliked and despised Jefferson. "Officially," he said, "Jefferson was all that could be wished, but in

personal intercourse he always left upon you the impression of want of candor, sincerity, and fidelity." He could not conceal his contempt for the man. "I really believe," said Jackson, "that he seriously cherishes the foolish hope that he might sometime be elected President without opposition, as Washington had been." Now these remarks are very interesting. In the first place, Jackson was entirely confident that he was competent to —and did in fact then and there—express the opinion of the entire West concerning Jefferson. In the second place, there seems to be a gleam of purpose regarding the Presidency, which would be more evident were there not abundant testimony to the fact that in later years Jackson declared that he neither desired nor hoped for that office.

Since Jackson believed Jefferson to be insincere, vacillating, and timid, he naturally despised him, for he was the very antithesis of these qualities. There never was a more sincerely honest, resolutely determined, absolutely fearless man, than Jackson.

The speech referred to made some stir, but it seems to be considered by most of his biographers simply as a dramatic incident in his life. I regard it differently. I think the foundation of the present Democratic party practically dates from that Richmond address of Andrew Jackson. Jefferson and Jackson are the two Democrats by which the party of to-day swears. Political parties find no difficulty in swearing by antitheses at times! However that may be, Jackson is the undoubted exponent of the Democracy of to-day. The difference between Jackson and Jefferson is the difference between theory and practice largely. As Congressman William Randolph Hearst aptly puts it:

"Had the Hamiltonian scheme prevailed, this Republic would have become a monarchy in all but name within the lifetime of the men who had signed the Declaration

of Independence. But the democracy of the country asserted itself, a peaceful political revolution occurred, and Jefferson was selected by the people to represent the people as President of the United States. He gave Democratic battle to the undemocratic confederated wealth and prejudice of his time. He redeclared the equality of men, preached an eternally true doctrine that in our Republic the people, whatever their shortcomings, are the safest depository of power, the best guardian of their own interests. The people reëlected Jefferson to the Presidency by a majority so overwhelming that the Federalists—educated, able, and brilliant in leadership as they were—perished as a party. That historic landslide made it known forever that the people, and not mere property, have the right to rule in this Republic. But it is a right that to be preserved must be constantly reasserted and fought for.

"By 1828 the elements which in every age appropriate privileges had encroached again. It seemed as if the able and acquisite few were once more intrenched beyond serious danger of overthrow. Under the Presidency of John Quincy Adams, paternalism—the aristocratic theory that good government is a boon bestowed by those above upon those below—was in the ascendant, but the people rose again, and in a second political revolution reëstablished pure democracy and selected Andrew Jackson to administer it."

Yet the position of the people in Jefferson's time differed radically from that they assumed in Jackson's period, just because Jefferson shrank from the extreme application of his theories and Jackson did not.

We have seen some of Jackson's addresses and speeches to his soldiers during his campaigns. Before the beginning of the Creek War he published the following address:

"We are about to furnish these savages a lesson of

admonition; we are about to teach them that our long forbearance has not proceeded from an insensibility to wrongs or an inability to redress them. They stand in need of such warning. In proportion as we have borne their insults and submitted to their outrages, they have multiplied in number and increased in atrocity. But the measure of their offences is at length filled. The blood of our women and children recently spilled at Fort Mimms calls for our vengeance; it must not call in vain. Our borders must be no longer disturbed by the warwhoop of these savages and the cries of their suffering victims. The torch that has been lighted up must be made to blaze in the heart of their own country. It is time they should be made to feel the weight of a power which, because it was merciful, they believed to be impotent. But how shall a war so long forborne and so loudly called for by retributive justice be waged? Shall we imitate the examples of our enemies in the disorder of our movement and the savageness of our disposition? Is it worthy the character of American soldiers, who take up arms to redress the wrongs of an injured country, to assume no better models than those furnished them by barbarians? No, fellow-soldiers; great as are the grievances that have called us from our home, we must not permit disorderly passions to tarnish the reputations we shall carry along with us. We must and will be victorious; but we must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance, and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity.

"We will commence the campaign by an inviolable attention to discipline and subordination. Without a strict observance of these, victory must ever be uncertain and ought hardly be exulted in, even when gained. To what but the entire disregard of order and subordination are we to ascribe the disasters which have attended our arms in the North during the present war? How

glorious will it be to remove the blots which have tarnished the fair character bequeathed us by the fathers of our Revolution? The bosom of your general is full of hope. He knows the ardor which animates you, and already exults in the triumph which your strict observance of discipline and good order will render certain."

And just before the final march on Horseshoe Bend he issued this brief and ringing address:

"You have, fellow-citizens, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that embosoms the bones of their forefathers without furnishing you an opportunity of signalizing your valor. Wise men do not expect; brave men do not desire it. It was not to travel unmolested through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations; it was to avenge the cruelties committed upon your defenceless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies; you shall not be disappointed. If the enemy flees before you, we will overtake and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen."

After the battle of New Orleans at a great service, a Te Deum in the Cathedral in that city, he made the following response to the address of the Abbé Dubourg. Just prior to his entrance he had been presented with a laurel crown:

"Reverend sir," began the general with an imperial bow, "I receive with gratitude and pleasure the symbolical crown which piety has prepared; I receive it in the name of the brave men who have so effectually seconded my exertions for the preservation of their country—they well deserve the laurels which their country will bestow.

"For myself, to have been instrumental in the de-

liverance of such a country is the greatest blessing that Heaven could confer. That it has been effected with so little loss—that so few tears should cloud the smiles of our triumph, and not a cypress leaf be interwoven in the wreath which you present—is a source of the most humble enjoyment.

"I thank you, reverend sir, most sincerely for the prayers which you offer up for my happiness. May those your patriotism dictates for our beloved country be first heard. And may mine for your individual prosperity, as well as that of the congregation committed to your care, be favorably received. The prosperity, the wealth, the happiness of this city will then be commensurate with the courage and other qualities of its inhabitants."

Upon his return to Nashville he was there received and addressed by the citizens, Mr. Felix Grundy being their mouthpiece, and the students of Cumberland College. To Mr. Felix Grundy he said:

"Sir, I am at a loss to express my feelings. The approbation of my fellow-citizens is to me the richest reward. Through you, sir, I beg leave to assure them that I am *this day* amply compensated for every toil and labor.

"In a war forced upon us by the multiplied wrongs of a nation who envied our increasing prosperity, important and difficult duties were assigned me. I have labored to discharge them faithfully, having a single eye to the honor of my country.

"The bare consciousness of having performed my duty would have been a source of great happiness, but the assurance that what I have done meets your approbation enhances that happiness greatly.

"I beg you to believe, my friends and neighbors, that while I rejoice with you in the return of peace, and unite my prayers with yours for its long continuance,

it will ever be my highest pride to render you my best services when nations, mistaking our peaceful disposition for pusillanimity, shall insult and outrage those feelings and rights which belong to us as an independent nation."

To the students of the college he thus replied:

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN: With lively feelings of pride and joy I receive your address. To find that even the youth of my country, although engaged in literary pursuits and exempt from military duty, are willing, when the voice of patriotism calls, to abandon for a time the seat of the muses for the privations of a camp, excites in my heart the warmest interest. The country which has the good fortune to be defended by soldiers animated by such feelings as those young gentlemen who were once members of the same literary institution you now are, and whom I had the honor to command, will never be in danger from internal or external foes. Their good conduct on many trying occasions will never be forgotten by their general.

"It is a source of particular satisfaction to me that you duly appreciate the merits of those worthy and highly distinguished generals—Carroll and Coffee. Their example is worthy imitation; and from the noble sentiments which you on this occasion express, I entertain no doubt that if circumstances require, you will emulate their deeds of valor. It is to such officers and their brave associates in arms that Tennessee, in military achievements, can vie with the most renowned of her sister States.

"That your academic labors may be crowned with the fullest success, by fulfilling the high expectations of your relatives and friends, is the ardent and sincere wish of my heart.

"Receive, my young friends, my prayers for your future health and prosperity."

After he reached the Hermitage a number of his friends and neighbors assembled informally and congratulated him, and to them he made this brief address:

"The warm testimonials of your friendship and regard I receive, gentlemen, with the liveliest sensibility. The assurance of the approbation of my countrymen, and particularly of my acquaintances and neighbors, is the most grateful offering that can be made me. It is a rich compensation for many sacrifices and many labors. I rejoice with you, gentlemen, on the able manner in which the sons of America, during a most eventful and perilous conflict, have proved themselves worthy of the precious inheritance bequeathed to them by their fathers. They have given a new proof how impossible it is to conquer freemen fighting in defence of all that is dear to them. Henceforward we shall be respected by nations who, mistaking our character, had treated us with the utmost contumely and outrage. Years will continue to develop our inherent qualities, until, from being the youngest and the weakest, we shall become the most powerful nation in the universe.

"Such is the high destiny which I persuade myself Heaven has reserved for the sons of freedom.

"I rejoice also with you, gentlemen, at the return of peace under circumstances so fortunate for our fame and our interest. In this happy state of things the inexhaustible resources of our country will be unfolded, and the greatness for which she is designed be hastened to maturity. Amongst the private blessings thence to be expected I anticipate, with the highest satisfaction, the cultivation of that friendly intercourse with my neighbors and friends which has heretofore constituted so great a portion of my happiness."

After the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister in the Florida campaign, while in Baltimore, a banquet was tendered him by some of his friends and admirers who

resented the various attacks that were being made upon him. The toast of the evening was as follows: "ANDREW JACKSON—who, like the Carthaginian warrior, passed the prohibitive bounds of an enemy to close with him at home; and, like Hannibal, victorious on the field, destined to be assailed in the Senate."

Amid enthusiastic cheering Jackson rose and in a faltering voice gave forth the following: "What I have done," said he, "was for my country. Conscious that the first object of my heart has ever been to advance our prosperity and happiness, to receive the approbation of my fellow-citizens is to me a source of the highest gratification. It is the proudest reward of a soldier. Not only my public acts, but my private character has been assailed. I have been charged with personal, mercenary views in occupying Florida. I scorn to answer so degrading an accusation; it is as base as it is absurd, and could only originate in bosoms destitute of every manly virtue. I have no fear but my country will do me justice."

During the same period New York presented him with the freedom of the city, and Jackson made this graceful reply to Mayor Colden:

"Sir, the distinguished honor which the Common Council of the city of New York has conferred by my admission as a freeman of their city is to me a source of the highest gratification, and will ever be recollected with feelings of the warmest sensibility. To be associated with those who have been distinguished for their patriotism and zealous attachment to the republican principles of our government is the most exalted station of an American citizen. The approbation you have been pleased to express of my humble efforts in the field commands my grateful acknowledgments; for those sentiments I am indebted to the bravery of the troops I had the honor to command.

"In what I have done for my country, had I erred in the discharge of my official duty, that error would have originated in the warmth of my devotion to her interest and a misapplication of the means best calculated to promote her happiness and prosperity. But to find that my conduct has been sanctioned by my government, and approved by my fellow-citizens, is a source of happiness unequalled in the occurrences of my life; for the proudest honor that can grace the soldier, and the richest reward which he can receive for the fatigue, perils, and privations of his profession, is the approbation of a grateful country."

Yet Jefferson says that he never finished a speech that he began. He would get so choked with passion and rage as to be compelled to sit down! Jefferson must have been dreaming, and it is evident that he had no more love for the practical applicator of his theories than the said applicator had for the timid theorist. Jackson was not only a speaker, but a writer as well. His state papers contain some of the most brilliant and able productions in American records. One at least rises to a magnificent height. They will be considered in due course.

In conversation, as has been noted, Jackson was shrewd, humorous, and racy. He was nearly as good a story-teller as President Lincoln, according to the testimony of those who knew him intimately. His wide experience of men and manners provided him with a rich fund of anecdote. Most of those stories have been unavoidably lost. Means for preserving such things in Jackson's time were limited, and men in general seemed not to be awake to the value of small details in enabling a true estimate of character to be arrived at. Great biographers sometimes disdain detailed information anyway. I have read many biographies of different Americans, sometimes in search of a description

of their personal appearance only to find them put down as "handsome," "imposing," "dignified," or what not, without the slightest information as to the color of an eye, the shape of a head, or the length of a nose.

Some few instances of the general's repartee have been gathered by Buell and Parton. To one who expressed the opinion that in the dispute between Adams and Jackson there was a misunderstanding or a misapprehension, since neither of the contending parties would misrepresent a fact, and who said to him, "Mr. Adams is a man of infinite method; he is generally accurate, and in this instance it appears that he is sustained by his diary," Jackson replied: "His diary! Don't tell me anything more about his diary! Sir, that diary comes up on all occasions—one would think that its pages were as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians! Sir, that diary will be the death of me!"

In 1845 Polk selected James Buchanan for Secretary of State. To this selection Jackson vigorously objected. Polk justified himself by pointing out that Jackson had himself appointed Buchanan minister to Russia during his first term. Polk confidently thought that this statement constituted an unanswerable argument, but the general audaciously turned the tables on him by rejoining:

"Yes, I did. It was as far as I could send him out of my sight, and where he could do the least harm! I would have sent him to the North Pole if we had kept a minister there!"

Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, she who had been Miss Patterson, once said to him while he was President, "General, there must be a sensation of exalted pride in feeling that you hold the place once held by Washington."

"Yes, Madam," he replied in his most distinguished manner, with courtly bow and winning smile, "it is a sensation not unlike that which a gentleman must feel when he is honored by the society of Napoleon Bonaparte's sister-in-law."

In this case I fear Jackson was guilty of one of the duplicities of courtesy, for he was never a particular admirer of Napoleon Bonaparte. When Miss Vaughan, the niece of the British minister, said to him:

"Mr. President, you and General Washington enjoy a unique fame. No one else has ever defeated my countrymen."

"That, my dear lady, is because we are descended from your countrywomen," he replied, quick as a flash and suave as a knight of the Round Table.

In June, 1833, he visited Boston, where he was given a great reception. "The crowning glory of the day was his trip to Cambridge. There the general surveyed with rapt interest the site of the camp where Washington's army assembled in 1775. Standing on the spot where the old headquarters flagstaff stood, he took off his hat, raised his right hand, and said: 'Let us be reverent here. This is the spot where our people first gathered in full force under a great commander to defend their rights. Let us in silence raise our right hands to the memory of Washington and his patriot army, with the single thought that our right hands shall ever keep the liberty theirs gained!'"

"Few eyes were dry," said John Quincy Adams, commenting afterwards on this scene.

On this occasion Harvard College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Buell thus describes the scene:

"Francis Bowen, leader of the Class of 1833, on behalf of the college boys, pronounced the salutatory in Latin. In the exordium he said: 'Harvard welcomes

Jackson as President. She embraces Jackson the Patriot.' Wild applause greeted this phrase—cheers from the people, college yells from 'the boys.' The general turned to Levi Woodbury and asked him to translate it. 'You're a college man, Woodbury,' he said, 'my Latin is a little rusty. All I can make out is something about patriots.'

"Mr. Woodbury, who was a graduate of Dartmouth and a thorough classical scholar, gave an accurate translation of Bowen's phrase. 'A splendid compliment, sir, a splendid compliment,' said Jackson. 'But why talk about as live a thing as patriotism in a dead language?'

"After the ceremony the undergraduates were all introduced to the President. As each one took the distinguished guest's hand he addressed him by his new title, 'Doctor Jackson,' to the infinite edification and amusement of the grizzly old warrior. He then made a brief address of thanks and farewell. 'I shall have to speak in English, not being able to return your compliment in what appears to be the language of Harvard. All the Latin I know is *E. Pluribus Unum!*' 'At which,' says Mr. Woodbury, 'there was even louder and longer applause than that which greeted Mr. Bowen's happy phrase; but this was probably because the people could understand General Jackson's Latin better than they could Mr. Bowen's."

From Josiah Quincy's "Figures of the Past" I excerpt another account:

"The exercises in the chapel were for the most part in Latin. My father [Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard University.—C. T. B.] addressed the President [Jackson] in that language, repeating a composition upon which he somewhat prided himself, for Doctor Beck, after making two verbal corrections in his manuscript, held it to be as good Latin as a man need write. Then we had some more Latin from young Mr. Francis

Bowen, of the senior class, a gentleman whose name has since been associated with so much fine and weighty English. There were also a few modest words presumably in the vernacular, though scarcely audible, from the recipient of the doctorate.

"But it has already been intimated that there were two Jacksons who were at that time making the tour of New England. One was the person whom I have endeavored to describe, the other may be called the Jackson of comic myth, whose adventures were minutely set forth by Mr. Jack Downing and his brother humorists. [Jack Downing was a New York merchant, Charles A. Davis, who wrote a series of letters to the papers purporting to give an account of the journey, as if he were a correspondent with the Jackson party. There was, of course, not a word of truth in the ridiculous but witty nonsense that he perpetrated, although it mightily amused the readers thereof, and much of it is funny now.—C. T. B.] The Harvard degree, as bestowed upon this latter personage, offered a situation which the chroniclers of the grotesque could in no wise resist.

"A hint of Downing was seized upon and expanded as it flew from mouth to mouth, until at last it has actually been met skulking near the back door of history in a form something like this: General Jackson, upon being harangued in Latin, found himself in a position of immense perplexity. It was simply decent for him to reply in the learned language in which he was addressed, but, alas! the Shakespearian modicum of 'small Latin' was all that Old Hickory possessed, and what he must do was clearly to rise to the situation and make the most of it. There were those college fellows chuckling over his supposed humiliation, but they were to meet a man who was not to be caught in the classical trap they had set for him. Rising to his feet just at the

proper moment, the new Doctor of Laws astounded the assembly with a Latin address in which Dr. Beck himself was unable to discover a single error. A brief quotation from this eloquent production will be sufficient to exhibit its character: '*Caveat emptor; corpus delicti; ex post facto; dies iræ; e pluribus unum; usque ad nauseam; Ursa Major; sic semper tyrannis; quid pro quo; requiescat in pace.*' Now this foolery was immensely taking in the day of it, and mimics were accustomed to throw social assemblies into paroxysms of delight by imitating Jackson in the delivery of his Latin speech. The story was, on the whole, so good as showing how the man of the people could triumph over the crafts and subtleties of classical pundits that all Philistia wanted to believe it. And so it came to pass, as time went on, part of Philistia did believe it, for I have heard it mentioned as an actual occurrence by persons who may not shrink from a competitive examination in history whenever government offices are to be entered through that portal."

Adams characterized the conferring of this degree as "a sycophantic compliment," and spitefully and most unjustly wrote in his diary, "As myself, an affectionate child of our Alma Mater, I would not be present to witness her disgrace in conferring her highest literary honors upon a barbarian who could not write a sentence of grammar and hardly could spell his own name."

Neither spelling nor grammar were Jackson's points, but, nevertheless, Adams's venemous charge is grossly exaggerated.

"They are welcome, sir," said Jackson himself on one occasion, referring to a fear lest someone should get access to his private papers through a servant whom he insisted in retaining, "to anything they can get out of my papers. They will find there, among other things,

false grammar and bad spelling; but they are welcome to it all, grammar and spelling included. Let them make the most of it. Our government, sir, is founded upon the intelligence of the people; it has no other basis; upon their capacity to arrive at right conclusions in regard to measures and in regard to men; and I am not afraid of their failing to do so from any use that can be made of anything that can be got out of my papers."

Before this visit to Boston he had been honored with a parade in New York. He refused to be driven in a carriage, saying that he wanted a horse that it took a man to ride. He was a daring and splendid horseman, but in this instance he got a fierce, unruly animal, which, as he was not properly bitted and as his rider had no spurs, Jackson had great difficulty in controlling. The violent efforts he made brought on another of those hemorrhages which he had so often experienced from the result of his old duel wound.

After leaving Boston the Presidential party went on to New Hampshire. With them went Senator Isaac Hill, who has left some interesting reminiscences of the journey. Jackson was received by a committee at the State capital and to them he made the following remarks:

"It gives me great pleasure to visit the State and greet the fellow-citizens of John and Molly Stark." Then he told them that he had the pleasure of being with President Monroe at the White House when he signed the special act of Congress granting a pension of sixty dollars a month to General Stark. "I was major-general commanding the southern division then," he said, "and called on the President to talk over the Indian troubles, which led to what some people call my unauthorized invasion of Florida the next year." (Prolonged applause.) "While we were talking, Mr.

Gouverneur (Monroe's private secretary) brought in some enrolled bills, and the one to pension General Stark was the first in the packet. The President looked at it, handed it to me, and asked, with a twinkle in his eye: 'Do you recommend the approval of this bill, General? I mean not in your present capacity as major-general, but as a Revolutionary soldier and comrade of General Stark?' I assured him I did—in both capacities—and he at once signed the bill." (Tremendous applause.)

Hill had arranged at Concord for a number of Revolutionary veterans to meet Jackson. Among them was one Jonathan Wells, of Amoskeag, eighty-nine years old, the patriarch of the party. He had served with Paul Jones when he captured the "Drake" and the "Serapis" in the "Ranger" and the "Richard." After a careful inspection of the President the aged man spoke to him as follows:

"'Gin'ral, you remind me a good deal of old Commodore (meaning, of course, Jones) except you're some bigger'n he was; and from what I've heard and read about you, you're a good deal like him too—in particular about the English! And I want to tell you, Gin'ral, that you and him gave them English the two d—dest lickings they ever got!'

"The General's eyes were full of tears. 'Gentlemen,' he said, as soon as he could find voice, 'that is the most flattering compliment ever paid me, and I've enjoyed a good many!' He then declared that he could not sufficiently control his feelings to make a speech to them. But he had each of them run his finger along a furrow on the left side of his head, concealed by his thick hair. 'That is my certificate of service in the Revolution,' he said; 'that scar is proof that I refused to black a British officer's boots when I was a prisoner of war!'"

Apropos of the present revival of interest in Jones this statement, which Jackson made to Blair, and which Buell has preserved, is of abiding interest:

"The whole corporation of admirals in naval history, sir, were not equal to Paul Jones! They surrendered when their ships began to sink. But he just began to fight, sir, at that moment! I have read Colonel Sherburne's book about him, with his own letters. [Published in 1825.] The English called him a pirate. I venture to say that they held opinions of me at times not much different. He was the Washington of our navy; Father of his Country on the sea!"

I close this chapter by inserting the interesting and amusing correspondence between Jackson and Commodore Elliott anent the sarcophagus of Severus, which seems to have escaped the notice it merits from its unconscious humor at the hands of most of his historians. I quote it from a curious volume published in 1846, entitled "Monument to the Memory of Andrew Jackson, containing Twenty-five Eulogies and Sermons Delivered on the Occasion of his Death." If Elliott had possessed the sense of humor that most sailors enjoy he would never have made so preposterous an offer, especially to a man like Jackson. The reply of the old hero closes, it will be noticed, with a touching tribute to his wife and a moving affirmation of his Christian faith. And the whole correspondence took place but a few months before his death.

"WASHINGTON CITY, March 18, 1845.

"MY DEAR GENERAL: Last night I made something of a speech at the National Institute, and have offered for their acceptance the sarcophagus which I obtained at Palestine, brought home in the 'Constitution,' and believed to contain the remains of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, with the suggestion that it might be tendered you for your final resting-place. I pray, you, General, to live on in the fear of the Lord;

dying the death of a Roman soldier, an emperor's coffin awaits you.

"I am truly your old friend,

"JESSE D. ELLIOTT.

"To GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON."

"HERMITAGE, March 27, 1845.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of the eighteenth inst., together with the copy of the proceedings of the National Institute, furnished me by their corresponding secretary, on the presentation by you of the sarcophagus for their acceptance, on condition it shall be preserved, and in honor of my memory, have been received, and are now before me.

"Although laboring under great debility and affliction, from a severe attack from which I may not recover, I raise my pen and endeavor to reply. The steadiness of my nerves may perhaps lead you to conclude my prostration of strength is not so great as here expressed. Strange as it may appear, my nerves are as steady as they were forty years gone by, whilst, from debility and affliction, I am gasping for breath.

"I have read the whole proceedings of the presentation by you of the sarcophagus and the resolutions passed by the board of directors, so honorable to my fame, with sensations and feelings more easily to be conjectured than by me expressed. The whole proceedings call for my most grateful thanks, which are hereby tendered to you, and through you to the president and directors of the National Institute. But with the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or king. My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions and the plainness of our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious Union, and whose virtue it is to perpetuate it. True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions; it can only dwell with the people—the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy.

"For these reasons I cannot accept the honor you and the president and directors of the National Institute intended to

FRONT VIEW OF ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME, THE HERMITAGE

bestow. I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an emperor or king. I again repeat, please accept for yourself, and convey to the president and directors of the National Institute, my most profound respects for the honor you and they intended to bestow. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid, for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality.

"I am, with great respect,

"Your friend and fellow-citizen,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"To COM. J. D. ELLIOTT, United States Navy."

"NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1845.

"GENTLEMEN: The interest which the National Institute has been pleased to take in the eventual bestowment of the remains of the honored Andrew Jackson in the sarcophagus which I brought from abroad and deposited in your institute makes it my business now to communicate to you a copy of his letter of the twenty-seventh ultimo, lately received, on that subject.

"With sentiments so congenial to his strict republicanism—and in accordance, indeed, with the republican feelings common to ourselves—he takes the ground of repugnance to connecting his name and fame in any way with imperial associations.

"We cannot but honor the sentiments which have ruled his judgment in the case, for they are such as must add to the lustre of his character. We subscribe to them ourselves; and while we yield to their force, we may still be permitted to continue our regard to the enduring marble, as to an ancient and classic relic—a curiosity in itself, and particularly in this country, as the first of its kind seen in our Western Hemisphere.

"From it we would deduce the moral, that, while we should disclaim the pride, pomp, and circumstance of imperial pageantry, as unfitting our institutions and professions, we would sedulously cherish the simpler republican principle of reposing our fame and honors in the hearts and affections of our countrymen.

"I have now, in conclusion, to say that, as the sarcophagus was originally presented with the suggestion of using it as above-mentioned, I now commit it wholly to the institute as their own and sole property, exempt from any condition.

"I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

"JESSE DUNCAN ELLIOTT.

"*To the President and Directors of the National Institute at Washington.*"

XIV

POLITICIAN AND PRESIDENT

Of all the temptations that have come to me in the literary field, that which would fain move me to write a history of Jackson's administration is the hardest to be resisted. Indeed, in preparing this book the hard thing has been to determine, not so much what, as what not, to write.

No other man who ever occupied the Presidential chair had so strenuous a time of it as Jackson. No man ever fought harder for what he believed to be right during his tenure of office than he. To no man except Lincoln were such grave questions submitted for adjudication. In one instance—Nullification—Jackson was enabled to render the greatest public service of any President prior to 1861. On the other hand, during his régime, and with him actively participating, was established a most pernicious practice—the Spoils System—which debauched the administration of public affairs for nearly three-quarters of a century, and from which enlightened public opinion has but slowly been able to disentangle them.

Midway between this great service and its balancing disservice, the most conspicuous achievement in his whole career, save the New Orleans campaign and his Nullification position, was his war on the Second Bank of the United States. I think it is now generally admitted that the elimination of that bank and the doing away with the financial system associated with it has been beneficial on the whole. In books people—authors, historians!—still rise up full of sound and fury and

denounce Jackson's course as iniquitous, notwithstanding their somewhat reluctant but still undoubted approval of the end at which he aimed. Outside of books, however, the matter is settled. No one can predicate the future, but it seems certain that the system which depended upon the establishment and maintenance of such a bank will probably never again prevail in the United States. Efforts to charter a similar institution have been made several times—not in recent years, however—but always unavailingly. Were the bank in existence now in this age of graft (I sometimes wonder if it is such an age of graft as the hue and cry would fain persuade us) it is appalling to think what a source of corruption such a colossal monetary monopoly in alliance with the government, and to a certain extent under its legislative and executive control, would be. Yet other countries maintain similar financial institutions and manage to exist with them with probably as much honesty in their administration of affairs as there is in ours.

Aside from Nullification, the Spoils System, and the War on the Bank, there were minor occurrences in Jackson's administration for which he should, and does, receive great credit. Through him was enforced the payment of the spoliation claims by France, although his methods were shockingly undiplomatic, and by a message to Congress in which he threatened to use force unless payment was made at once he affronted the whole French nation and seriously jeoparded the settlement he meant to further! France had delayed payment unduly and "it seemed to Jackson that this state of things called for spirited action. Moreover, Livingston wrote a very important despatch from Paris, in which he said that there was a disposition in France to wait and see what the (President's) message would be; also that the moderate tone of the United States up to this time

had had a bad effect. 'From all this you may imagine the anxiety I shall feel for the arrival of the President's message. On its tone will depend, very much, not only the payment of our claims, but our national reputation for energy.'" The national reputation for energy did not suffer in Jackson's hands! The message was sufficiently peppery in its tone to exceed Livingston's fondest expectations—and no doubt greatly dismayed him.

It was only by accepting the mediation of England and thus giving the French people time to see that such a paper as Jackson's did not absolve them from the payment of their just and formally acknowledged debts that the matter was amicably settled at last. And Jackson was not any too happy in the thought that he owed anything at all to England, either. As usual, in this matter he had a right end in mind, to bring about which he went at it in the wrong way. However, the great fact in the popular mind was that he did things. In common but expressive phrase, Jackson "got there." The American people love the ability to do things, "to get there," more than almost any other quality in man—or woman, for that matter!

Jackson ascribed his success to his "perseverance in the demands of justice, and took occasion to admonish other powers, if any, inclined to evade those demands that they would never be abandoned."

Again, the question of trade between the United States and the British West Indies had been a source of irritation and dissatisfaction ever since the establishment of the nation. Jackson brought this question to a happy issue and established proper trade relations which have subsisted until this day.

The setting apart of the Indian Territory and the translation of the southern Indians thereto also took place under Jackson's auspices.

It is not pretended that the Indians were treated with

absolute fairness. So far as I can learn, after much study of our Indian affairs, absolute justice has rarely characterized the course of the United States, but this was perhaps the best—certainly the most feasible—method of dealing with the question, which was at one time so acute that the State of Georgia defied the Supreme Court, which had decided against it in a case involving the rights of the Creek nation. The *imperium in imperio* maintained by the Creeks within the sovereign state of Georgia presented an intolerable state of affairs.

The enforcement of the decision of the court rested, properly enough, with the Executive. Jackson, who liked neither Marshall, the Chief-Justice, nor the court's view of the matter, did nothing. "John Marshall has pronounced his judgment," he chuckled, "now let him enforce it, if he can!" Quite a different position did the President take when another State defied *him*, as representing the United States.

Jackson's course in checking the disposition of Congress to appropriate money to make indefinite and expensive internal improvements at the public expense undoubtedly stopped an infinite number of jobs and set a mark for succeeding administrations. On the tariff Jackson was a limited protectionist, tending towards lower duties, a tariff for revenue only, and ultimately to free trade.

"'The tariff might,' Jackson declared, 'be constitutionally used for protective purposes; but the deliberate policy of his party was now plainly intimated. In his first message he 'regretted that the complicated restrictions which now embarrass the intercourse of nations could not by common consent be abolished.' In another message he wrote that 'as long as the encouragement of domestic manufactures' was 'directed to national ends . . . it should receive from him a temperate but

steady support.' But this must be taken in connection with another statement in the same paper to the effect that the people had a right to demand 'the reduction of every tax to as low a point as the wise observance of the necessity to protect that portion of our manufactures and labor, whose prosperity is essential to our national safety and independence, will allow.'"

While in the Senate during his second term he had written:

"It is well known that I am in favor . . . of encouraging by a fair competition the manufacture of the national means of defence within ourselves, and not to depend in time of war to procure those means from the precarious source of commerce, which must always be interrupted by war, and, as in the last war, could not be obtained, and when obtained it was at a war price, to the great injury of the treasury. I am for pursuing a plan that will insure our national defence and national independence, encourage our agricultural portion of the community, and with it manufactures and commerce as handmaids of agriculture, and look to the tariff—after these objects are obtained—with an eye to revenue, to meet and extinguish our national debt. This is my course; my conscience tells me it is right, and I will pursue it."

In the case of Texas, Jackson brought about its recognition, and ardently favored its incorporation in the Union, for which he was in large measure responsible; and he cannot be held guiltless of participation in the outrageous bullying to which Mexico was subjected by the United States.* "I determined," he wrote to Lewis, "to use my influence, after the battle of San Jacinto, to have the independence of Texas acknowl-

* For a comprehensive description of this national iniquity see my book, THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH WEST.

edged and to receive her into the Union. But that arch enemy, J. Q. Adams, rallied all his forces to prevent its annexation to the U. States. We must regain Texas: *peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.* . . . I repeat that the safety as well as the perpetuation of our glorious Union depends upon the retrocession of the whole of that country, as far as the *ancient limits* of Louisiana, to the U. States."

This brief *résumé* fairly enough presents the more important acts of Jackson's administration and will suffice to make intelligible the attempt to show forth his personal feelings and methods in the conduct of greater affairs. Nullification and the War on the Bank form the subjects of succeeding chapters.

Jackson's experience in political life was not nearly so great as that of any of the preceding Presidents of the United States. In 1796–7 he had spent one year as member of Congress. In 1797–8 he was for six months United States senator from Tennessee. In 1822–3–4–5 he was again a senator from that State. Altogether, his legislative experience extended over a little more than three years. Nor did he render any conspicuous service, or take any great part in public affairs, or do or say anything which calls for further discussion here. He became a candidate for the Presidency in 1824, and although he received a plurality over Adams, Crawford, and Clay, his other competitors, he did not obtain the constitutional majority of votes. The election went to the House of Representatives and Adams was elected. Jackson was nominated again in 1828 and overwhelmingly elected over Adams, his only other competitor. He was reëlected in 1832 by a greatly increased majority. Such was his hold upon the people that he literally designated his own successor, Martin Van Buren. I insert here a table giving the electoral votes received by Jackson in his three campaigns:

ELECTORAL VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

	States.	1824.				1828.		1832.				
		Andrew Jackson.	John Q. Adams.	W. H. Crawford.	Henry Clay.	Andrew Jackson.	John Q. Adams.	Andrew Jackson.	Henry Clay.	John Floyd.	William Wirt.	Vacancies.
1	Alabama	5	...	...	...	5	...	7	...	...	...	...
2	Connecticut	...	8	...	...	....	...	....	8	...	...	...
3	Delaware	...	1	2	...	....	8	....	3	...	...	...
4	Georgia	...	...	9	...	9	3	11	...	...	...	...
5	Illinois	2	1	...	...	3	...	5	...	...	...	...
6	Indiana	5	...	...	...	5	...	9	...	...	...	...
7	Kentucky	...	...	...	14	14	...	....	15	...	...	...
8	Louisiana	3	2	...	...	5	...	5	...	...	...	...
9	Maine	...	9	...	...	1	8	10	...	...	...	...
10	Maryland	7	3	1	...	5	6	3	5	...	...	2
11	Massachusetts	...	15	...	...	....	15	....	14	...	...	...
12	Mississippi	3	...	...	...	3	...	4	...	...	...	...
13	Missouri	...	...	...	...	3	...	4	...	...	...	...
14	New Hampshire	...	8	...	3	....	8	7	...	...	...	...
15	New Jersey	8	...	...	...	....	8	8	...	...	...	...
16	New York	1	26	5	4	20	16	42	...	...	...	...
17	North Carolina	15	...	...	...	15	...	15	...	...	...	...
18	Ohio	...	...	...	16	16	...	21	...	...	...	...
19	Pennsylvania	28	...	...	...	28	...	30	...	...	...	...
20	Rhode Island	...	4	...	...	....	4	....	4	...	...	...
21	South Carolina	11	...	...	...	11	...	....	...	11	...	...
22	Tennessee	11	...	...	...	11	...	15	...	...	...	...
23	Vermont	...	7	...	...	....	7	....	...	...	7	...
24	Virginia	...	...	24	...	24	...	23	...	...	...	...
	Total	99	84	41	37	178	83	219	49	11	7	2

In 1824, exclusive of Delaware, Georgia, Louisiana, New York, South Carolina, and Vermont, in which the electors were chosen by the Legislature, the popular votes were, in round numbers, Jackson, 156,000; Adams, 105,000; Crawford, 44,000, and Clay, 47,000. In 1828,

excluding Delaware, South Carolina, Maine, New York, Maryland, and Tennessee, where the votes were cast by the Legislatures or by districts, the popular vote was 648,273 for Jackson to 508,064 for Adams. Jackson got only one vote from New England, from a Maine district where the vote was, Jackson, 4223; Adams, 4028. In Tennessee Jackson received 44,000 to 2000 for Adams. In Pennsylvania, 100,000 to 50,000 for Adams. Apropos of the Keystone State, Adams sneeringly referred to Pennsylvanians as people "whose fanatical passion for Andrew Jackson can be compared to nothing but that of Titania, Queen of the Fairies, for Bottom after his assification."

In 1828, with South Carolina alone voting by Legislature, Jackson received 707,000 votes; Clay, 329,000; Wirt, 255,000. In deep disgust Wirt declared his belief that Jackson could have been reëlected for life if he had wished. On the other hand, Sumner writes: "There was some talk of a third term for Jackson, but it never grew strong. The precedents were cited against it. Jackson's bad health and Van Buren's aspirations were perhaps stronger objections. Adams says that Jackson had 'wearied out the sordid subserviency of his superiors.' That is not at all improbable." As to that last fling, Jackson was more strongly entrenched than ever before in the popular favor on the day he left the Presidency; and, what is more, ever since his death he has been growing stronger in both the critical and the popular estimation.

Parton maintains that in these contests "nearly all the talent, nearly all the learning, nearly all the ancient wealth, nearly all the business activity, nearly all the book-nourished intelligence, nearly all the silver-forked civilization of the country, united in opposition to General Jackson, who represented the country's untutored instincts." This is another one of those general state-

ments which are so hard to combat, although they are by no means true.

What did Jackson himself think of the Presidency? Naturally, a man could not be as prominent as Jackson, nor do the things which Jackson had done, nor be attacked as Jackson was attacked, nor defend himself as Jackson had defended himself, without being considered for President; and, notwithstanding much vociferous testimony to the contrary, in some respects Jackson was an ideal candidate. Lloyd Bryce in the *American Commonwealth* says, "Firmness, common-sense, and, most of all, honesty, and honesty above all suspicion of personal interest, are the qualities which the country chiefly needs in the first magistrate." This is almost a description of Jackson so far as it goes. And then he was a military hero, the greatest and most conspicuous in the country, and Americans have ever loved the successful soldier. Scott, among those who have aspired to it, is the only successful soldier who has failed of attaining the Presidency, unless it be Hancock, who is hardly great enough to come under the designation.

Beside all this, Jackson "was in accord with his generation. He had a clear perception that the toiling millions are not a class in the community, but *are* the community. He knew and felt that government should exist only for the benefit of the governed; that the strong are strong only that they may aid the weak; that the rich are rightfully rich that they may so combine and direct the labors of the poor as to make labor more profitable to the laborer. He did not comprehend these truths as they are demonstrated by Jefferson and Spencer, but he had an intuitive and instinctive perception of them. And in his most autocratic moments he really thought that he was fighting the battle of the people and doing their will while baffling the purposes of their representatives." The people finally came to

think so too, and they think it more and more as time dims the rancor of party hatreds and enables the human mind, so prone to prejudice, to see clearly and accurately and to decide without bias.

But Jackson neither sought nor desired the Presidency at first. Modesty was not the general's strong point, and yet he was quite decided that his talents did not run in that direction. Judge Breckinridge, Jackson's secretary in Florida, thus refers to Jackson's own opinion of himself: "I shall never forget the evening (in Pensacola, 1821) when, in the presence of Mr. Henry Wilson and some other gentlemen, he took up a New York newspaper in which he was mentioned as a probable candidate for the office of President of the United States. After reading it he threw it down in anger. 'Do they think,' said he, 'that I am such a d—d fool as to think myself fit for President of the United States? No, sir; I know what I am fit for. I can command a body of men in a rough way, but I am not fit to be President.' We were silent, but all gave him credit, as I afterwards found, for this proof of good sense. He had resolved to retire from public life and pass the remainder of his days in peace and quiet on his farm."

William B. Lewis, who knew Jackson better than any of his friends and contemporaries, said: "When Jackson was fighting the battles of his country, and acquiring for himself and it imperishable glory, he never once thought, as I verily believe, of reaching the Presidency. He did not dream of such a thing—the idea never entered his imagination. All he aimed at or desired at the time was military renown, acquired by patriotic services. This he prized far above all civil fame, and does even now, if I know anything of the feelings of his heart. He was naturally and essentially a military man."

A member of the Tennessee Legislature wrote Jack-

son a letter proposing his nomination, closing with this sentence, "All we want is the belief that you will permit your name to be used." To which the general replied: "I have earnestly to request my friends, and beg of you, not to press me on an acceptance of the appointment. If appointed, I could not decline, and yet, in accepting it, I should do great violence to my wishes and my feelings. The length of time I have passed in public service authorizes me to make this request, which with my friends, I trust, will be considered reasonable and proper."

His friends were not to be denied, however, and through their efforts he was placed actively in nomination. Concerning his part in the course of events thereafter he wrote thus to Captain Donelson: "In this contest I take no part. I have long since prepared my heart to say with heart-felt submission, 'May the Lord's will be done.' If it is intended by Providence that I should fill the Presidential chair, I will submit to it with all humility, and endeavor to labor four years with an eye single to the public good, imploring the guidance of Providence in all things. But be assured, it will be an event that I have never wished nor expected. My only ambition was to spend the remainder of my days in domestic retirement with my little family. It has turned out otherwise, to my great annoyance."

His position, apparently, was not desirous, but receptive. I do not mean this in the ordinary sneering sense in which a public man is now said to be in a receptive condition. I explain it in his own words to Colonel Wilson: "That General Jackson's course requires neither falsehood nor intrigue to support it. He has been brought before the nation by the people without his knowledge, wishes, or consent. His support is the people. And so long as they choose to support him, as to himself he will not interfere. He will neither

resign his pretensions, intrigue, nor combine with any man nor set of men, nor has he ever combined or intrigued."

In February, 1824, he wrote as follows to Major Lewis:

"The Presidential question begins to agitate the minds of the people much. The attempt of a small minority of the members of Congress to get up a caucus and force public opinion to take up a particular candidate will still agitate it more, and I trust will eventuate in prostrating the caucus system altogether. Should the people suffer themselves to be dictated to by designing demagogues who carry on everything by intrigue and management, they cannot expect to see their present happy government perpetuated. It must sink under the scenes of corruption that will be practised under such a system; and, in time, open bribery may, and I have no doubt will, be resorted to to obtain a seat in a Presidential chair if the people do not assume their rights of choosing a President for themselves."

And again he writes later to the same: "I have no doubt if I was to travel to Boston where I have been invited that it would ensure my election. But this I cannot do. I would feel degraded for the balance of my life. If I ever fill that office it must be the free choice of the people. I can then say I am the President of the nation, and my acts shall comport with that character."

After the election and the choice of Adams by the House of Representatives he emphatically re-stated his position to Samuel Swartwout in the following words: "I did not solicit the office of President; it was the frank and flattering call of the freemen of this country, not mine, which placed my name before the nation. When they failed in their colleges to make a choice, no one beheld me seeking, through art or management, to

entice any representative in Congress from a conscientious responsibility to his own, or the wishes of his constituents. No midnight taper burnt by me; no secret conclaves were held; nor cabals entered into to persuade any one to a violation of pledges given or of instructions received. By me no plans were concerted to impair the pure principles of our republican institutions, nor to prostrate that fundamental maxim, which maintains the supremacy of the people's will. On the contrary, having never in any manner, either before the people or Congress, interfered in the slightest degree with the question, *my* conscience stands void of offence, and will go quietly with me, regardless of the insinuations of those who, through management, may seek an influence not sanctioned by integrity and merit."

In his own opinion of his unfitness for the Presidency —which he got bravely over before very long!—Jackson was sustained by the opinions of a great many public men. Indeed, the unanimity with which they regarded him as an impossible occupant of the executive chair, and the publicity they gave to their feelings, was perhaps one of the reasons why he changed his mind as to his own unfitness. Clay was the principal antagonist of Jackson and the chief advocate of Adams's election by the House. He had before expressed his opinion of Jackson and did not hesitate to do so unreservedly at this period:

"As a friend of liberty, and to the permanence of our institutions," he wrote to Francis Brooks, "I cannot consent, in this early stage of their existence, by contributing to the election of a military chieftain, to give the strongest guaranty that the republic will march in the fatal road which has conducted every other republic to ruin." So again he wrote to Blair: "Mr. Adams, you know well, I should never have selected, if at liberty to draw from the whole mass of our citi-

zens, for a President. But there is no danger in his elevation now or in time to come. Not so of his competitor, of whom I cannot believe that killing two thousand five hundred Englishmen at New Orleans qualifies for the various difficult and complicated duties of the chief magistracy." These were his honest opinions. How could he vote to make Jackson President?

As to the charge that Jackson was a military chieftain, the general closes his letter to Swartwout with this famous defence: "I became a soldier for the good of my country. Difficulties met me at every step, but I thank God it was my good fortune to surmount them. The war over, and peace restored, I retired to my farm to private life, where, but for the call I received to the Senate of the Union, I should have contentedly remained. I have never sought office or power, nor have I ever been willing to hold any post longer than I could be useful to my country, not myself; and I trust I never shall. If these things make me one, I am a 'military chieftain.'"

Gallatin thus contributed his meed of dispraise. "Andrew Jackson was an honest man, and the idol of the worshippers of military glory, but from incapacity, military habits, and habitual disregard of laws and constitutional provisions, entirely unfit for the office of President."

Senator Mills wrote of him that "he was considered extremely rash and inconsiderate; tyrannical and despotic in his principles. A personal acquaintance with him has convinced many who had these opinions that they were unfounded. He is very mild and amiable in his disposition, of great benevolence, and his manners, although formed in the wilds of the West, exceedingly polished and polite. Everybody that knows him loves him, and he is exactly the man with whom *you* (his wife) would be delighted. . . . He has all the ardor

and enthusiasm of youth and is as free from guile as an infant. . . . A personal acquaintance with him has dissipated all my prejudices. . . . But with all General Jackson's good and great qualities, I should be very sorry to see him President of the United States. His early education was very deficient, and his mode of thinking and habits of life partake too much of war and military glory."

And Jefferson did not hesitate to contribute to the chorus of detraction: "I feel very much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for the place. He has had very little respect for laws or constitutions, and is, in fact, an able military chief. His passions are terrible. He has been much tried since I knew him, but he is a dangerous man." On the other hand, Jackson's courtly bearing won for him all the ladies. Webster wrote: "General Jackson's manners are more Presidential than those of any of the candidates. He is grave, mild, and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly." Adams, the Gadfly statesman, referred to him as "a barbarian and savage who could scarcely spell his name."

The enmity between Jackson and Clay arose from Clay's attempt to have Jackson censured in Congress for that famous Florida campaign. Clay, in his speech, tried to avoid any suspicion of personal animosity. "I must cheerfully and entirely," he said, "acquit General Jackson of any intention to violate the laws of the country or the obligations of humanity. I am persuaded from all I have heard that he considered himself as equally respecting and observing both." And again: "I hope not to be misunderstood; I am far from intimating that General Jackson cherished any designs inimical to the liberty of the country. I believe his intentions to be pure and patriotic." Yet his peroration was

as intense as though Jackson had been engaged in conspiracy and treason.

Jackson, however, was not mollified or placated by these expressions. The attack was ill-advised. It proved the most calamitous and far-reaching of Clay's political mistakes. "The rage and disgust of the general," says Parton, "when he read the speech were extreme. The long feud between General Jackson and Mr. Clay dated from the delivery of this speech. Jackson never hated any man so bitterly and so long as he hated Henry Clay."

Thereafter he and Clay were the most inveterate enemies. That Clay failed to realize his lifelong ambition to the Presidency was entirely due to Jackson. Clay added fuel to the fire of hatred engendered between them by bringing about the election of Adams by the House of Representatives. By the Constitution only the three candidates receiving the highest number of votes could be voted for by the House. Clay's vote was exceeded by those of Jackson, Adams, and Crawford. Naturally, Clay threw his influence and vote to Adams and secured his election. Adams appointed Clay his Secretary of State, and so far as he could approved of him as his successor when he should retire.

Jackson became so convinced that the election of Adams and the appointment of Clay was the result of a corrupt bargain between Adams and Clay that he repeated the charge everywhere and believed it to the day of his death, although it was thoroughly disproved eventually. Clay's preference for Adams was natural and understandable. Clay was shrewd enough to see that, for one thing, Adams would never be such a rival as Jackson would be. As Clay was a good fighter, so he was a good hater. He was a natural, human man, and he had no more love for Jackson than Jackson had for him. Why should he have voted for Jackson?

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
From a photograph

Adams publicly delivered himself thus concerning the charge of corrupt bargaining: "Prejudice and passion have charged Mr. Clay with obtaining office by bargain and corruption. Before you, my fellow-citizens, in the presence of your country and Heaven, I pronounce that charge totally unfounded. This tribute of justice is due from me to him, and I seize with pleasure the opportunity afforded me of discharging the obligation."

Jackson's tendency, it must be admitted, was to believe ill of those whom he hated. It is not statesmanlike, but it is human, although deplorable. He was not convinced by the repeated denials and disclaimers. With Clay it was a case of "Give the devil a bad name," for "it was, moreover, a fixed idea in the general's mind that the secret originator of the calumnies against Mrs. Jackson was no other than Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay solemnly denied and completely disproved the charge, but he could never remove that fixed idea from the soul of General Jackson."

Jackson's administration might be characterized as a long, bitter fight with Clay, in which "Harry of the West" came out second best. If Andrew Jackson had not been on the scene, I think there is little doubt that Clay would have become President of the United States. Clay's famous statement that "I would rather be right than be President" may be taken with a grain of salt. At any rate, he never was President and he was frequently wrong, although I do not for a moment believe that Jackson's opinion of him was justified.

Jackson's hatred of Clay was so intense that when he became President he could not wait a second to relieve him from office. Carl Schurz calls attention to the following: "On March 4, just before he went to the Capitol to take the oath of office, he put into the hands of Colonel James A. Hamilton, of New York, his trusted adherent, a letter running thus:

"'SIR: You are appointed to take charge of the Department of State, and to perform the duties of that office until Governor Van Buren arrives in this city.

"'Your obedient servant,

"'ANDREW JACKSON.'

A strange proceeding! Colonel Hamilton's account of what then took place is characteristic: 'He (General Jackson) said, "Colonel, you don't care to see me inaugurated?" "Yes, General, I do; I came here for that purpose." "No; go to the State House, and as soon as you hear the gun fired, I am President and you are Secretary. Go and take charge of the department."' Colonel Hamilton did as directed, and the moment the gun was fired the danger that Clay might still exercise any influence in the State Department was averted from the country."

Four years after he had retired from the Presidency he wrote thus of Clay to the Nashville *Union:*

"SIR: Being informed that the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, in his public speech at Nashville yesterday alleged that I had appointed the Hon. Edward Livingston Secretary of State when he was a defaulter, and knowing him to be one, I feel that I am justified in declaring the charge to be false. It is known to all the country that the nominations made by the President to the Senate are referred to appropriate committees of that body, whose duty it is to inquire into the character of the nominees, and that if there is any evidence of default, or any disqualifying circumstances existing against them, a rejection of the nomination follows. Mr. Livingston was a member of the Senate from the State of Louisiana when he was nominated by me. Can Mr. Clay say he opposed the confirmation of his nomination because he was a defaulter? If so, the journals of the Senate will answer. But his confirmation by the Senate is conclusive proof that no such objection, if made, was sustained, and I am satisfied that such a charge against him could not have been substantiated.

"I am also informed that Mr. Clay charged me with appointing Samuel Swartwout collector of the port of New York, knowing that he had been an associate of Aaron Burr. To this

charge it is proper to say that I knew of Mr. Swartwout's connection with Aaron Burr, precisely as I did that of Mr. Clay *himself*, who, if the history of the times do not do him great injustice, was far from avoiding an association with Burr when he was at the town of Lexington in Kentucky. Yet Mr. Clay was appointed Secretary of State, and I may say, confidently, with recommendations for character and fitness not more favorable than those produced to me by the citizens of New York in behalf of Mr. Swartwout. Mr. Clay, too, at the time of his appointment to that high office, it will be recollected, was directly charged throughout the Union with having bargained for it, and by none was this charge more earnestly made than by his present associates in Tennessee, Messrs. Bell and Foster.

"Under such circumstances how contemptible does this demagogue appear when he descends from his high place in the Senate and roams over the country retailing slanders against the living and the dead."

To this communication Clay made an immediate reply, giving a correct outline of his speech, and asserting that he had spoken of General Jackson and his measures only in proper and becoming terms. "With regard," he concluded, "to the insinuations and gross epithets contained in General Jackson's note, alike impotent, malevolent, and derogatory from the dignity of a man who has filled the highest office in the universe, respect for the public and for myself allow me only to say that, like other similar missiles, they have fallen harmless at my feet, exciting no other sensation than that of scorn and contempt.

"The only line of policy clearly foreshadowed when Jackson took the oath of office was 'to reward his friends and punish his enemies,' and this he relentlessly pursued, whether the victim was treated with anger or courtesy."

The second campaign of Jackson for the Presidency has been noted as one conducted with peculiar virulence. Bitter personalities of a character which have more

than once disgraced our Presidential campaigns since then, but which it is fondly hoped are now eliminated forever, were indulged in. We have seen how Jackson's wife was attacked. It must be admitted that some of the Jackson papers were not slow to make rejoinders in kind.

Jackson himself was subjected to every kind of personal abuse. His duels were recalled to public attention. Even in those times large and influential numbers of our citizens sternly reprobated resorting to the code, but it was the practice, nevertheless, of a great majority of gentlemen, especially in the South, and most people thought then, and think now, none the less of Jackson because he did defend his wife's honor at the pistol point. Yet he was openly called a murderer for this and for his military executions. As an evidence of the ability with which Jackson's campaign was carried on I note the following rejoinder to that charge:

"But there was a paragraph of two or three lines, which was set afloat in the Jackson newspapers in the course of the summer, that probably did as much as all their publications to remove the impression made on the average voter by the case of the six militiamen and the executions in Florida. This was the paragraph:

"'COOL AND DELIBERATE MURDER.

"'Jackson coolly and deliberately put to death upward of fifteen hundred British troops on the eighth of January, 1815, on the plains below New Orleans for no other offence than that they wished to sup in the city that night.'

"This was a crushing and blinding argument. For those who could not read it, there was another, which was legible to the most benighted intellect. In every village, as well as upon the corners of many city streets, was erected a hickory pole. Many of these poles were

standing as late as 1845, rotting mementoes of the delirium of 1828."

Now in the systematic effort which has been made to belittle Jackson, it is stated that he was by no means the choice of the people; that there was nothing whatever spontaneous about his nomination and election; that the people were manipulated by a band of expert politicians, who for selfish ends desired to see Jackson President; that the general himself was a mere child, a puppet, in the hands of those managers; that the apparent popularity of Jackson was not real; and, lastly, that if left to themselves the people would have left Jackson to himself. Such a charge is not uncommon. I recall modern instances where Presidents have been elected by overwhelming majorities, in which the same claim has been made. Such a statement is an insult to the intelligence of the American people and argues an exiguous mind in the maker of it.

Now it is quite true, perhaps, that the four-pronged silver forkers were in the main against the general, and that those who used steel with two tines and sometimes exploited the knife-blade as a shovel were for Jackson. Yet you cannot write an indictment of fatuous folly, expressed in an utter inability to know what they want, against seven hundred thousand people. I have no doubt that Jackson's campaigns were ably managed. So were those of Cleveland, McKinley, or Roosevelt, but I question very much whether management in political campaigns has a great deal to do with elections, after all. I am sometimes of the opinion that in most of the Presidental elections the winning candidates would have been elected by substantially the same votes they received if the election had been held on the day after nomination. What a relief—financial, mental, journalistic—it would be if some such course could be brought about, by the way. Of course there are cases

where the elections happen to be closely contested, where little things, as Dr. Burchard, may turn the scale, but, generally speaking, this is not so.

Parton, who is frequently right in his conclusions or deductions and is almost invariably so in his facts or premises, wisely says: "Respecting the character of Andrew Jackson and his influence, there will still be differences of opinion. One fact, however, has been established: during the last thirty years of his life he was the idol of the American people. His faults, whatever they were, were such as a majority of the American citizens of the last generation could easily forgive. His virtues, whatever they were, were such as a majority of the American citizens of the last generation could warmly admire. It is this fact which renders him historically interesting. Columbus had sailed; Raleigh and the Puritans had planted; Franklin had lived, Washington fought, Jefferson written; fifty years of democratic government had passed; free schools, a free press, a voluntary church, had done what they could to instruct the people; the population of the country had been quadrupled and its resources increased tenfold; and the result of all was, that the people of the United States had arrived at the capacity of honoring Andrew Jackson before all other living men. People may hold what opinions they will respecting the merits or demerits of this man; but no one can deny that his invincible popularity is worthy of consideration; for what we lovingly admire, that, in some degree, we are."

Exactly! If Jackson was a knave or a fool, then pretty much all Americans were to be included in the same categories.

As Colyar puts it: "The most real issue in the Presidential contest of 1828 was one which was not stated at the time nor generally perceived. The question was whether 'universal suffrage,' so called, was to have any

ANDREW JACKSON

From the engraving made in 1852 by Thomas B. Welch of the portrait by Thomas Sully, then in the possession of Francis Preston Blair

practical effect in the United States. Down to that period in the history of the republic the educated few had kept themselves uppermost. Cabinets, Congressmen, Legislatures, governors, mayors, had usually been chosen from the same class of society as that from which governing men of Europe are chosen. Public life was supposed to require an apprenticeship as much as any private profession. In short, the ruling class in the United States, as in all other countries, was chiefly composed of men who had graduated at colleges and had passed the greater part of their lives on carpets. . . . The sceptre was about to be wrested from the hands of those who had not shown themselves worthy to hold it. When they felt it going, however, they made a vigorous clutch, and lost it only after a desperate struggle."

Jackson's election, therefore, was in a certain sense a rebellion, the result of a struggle on the part of the plain people, then, as always, in the great majority, to exercise their functions of citizenship as they had never been exercised before. The Democratic party was the creation of a revolution. It had to come sooner or later, and it was fortunate for the United States that it came when it did and that it had Andrew Jackson for its protagonist.

"The old Federal party was the rich man's party; the new Democratic party was the poor man's party; and of all the various differences between them, this was the most real and essential one." "The Democratic party speedily split in two wings under the leadership respectively of the great Tennessean and his great rival of Kentucky," says Schouler, "and never did popular parties opposed to one another respond to personal guidance so heartily as those which now grew up under the leadership of those fierce combatants, always at variance with each other, Clay and Jackson—the one

combining popular elements too intelligent and opinionated not to show signs of jealous dissension, the other having a blind democracy for a nucleus so dense, so devoted, and withal so carefully disciplined that rivalry was kept low and political mutiny punishable, as though by martial law." Outside of the Jackson and Clay Democrats there was for a time little else considered in the way of political parties. The Federalists were dead at last, and beyond resuscitation apparently.

Yet Jackson was the very man who had dispatched to President Monroe the following sapient peace-instilling proposition about party feeling. I am afraid the general was slightly inconsistent at times: ". . . in every section party and party feeling should be avoided. Now is the time to exterminate the monster called party spirit. By selecting characters most conspicuous for their probity, virtue, capacity, and firmness, without any regard to party, you will go far to, if not entirely, eradicate those feelings which, on former occasions, threw so many obstacles in the way of government, and perhaps have the pleasure and honor of uniting a people heretofore politically divided. The chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation should never indulge in party feelings. His conduct should be liberal and disinterested, always bearing in mind that he acts for the whole and not a part of the community. By this course you will exalt the national character and acquire for yourself a name imperishable as monumental marble. Consult no party in your choice; pursue the dictates of that unerring judgment which has so long and so often benefited our country and rendered conspicuous our rulers. These are the sentiments of a friend. They are the feelings—if I know my own heart—of an undissembled patriot."

Jackson was so overwhelmingly elected in 1828 and again in 1832 that it is idle to ascribe his election to

anything but himself. The years between his rejection by the House of Representatives and his election by the people materially changed his views. "Could I but withdraw from the scenes that surround me to the private walks of the Hermitage, how soon would I be found in the solitary shades of my garden, at the tomb of my dear wife, there to spend my days in silent sorrow, and in peace from the toils and strife of this life, with which I have been long since satisfied. But this is denied me. I cannot retire with propriety. When my friends dragged me before the public, contrary to my wishes and that of my dear wife, I foresaw all this evil, but I was obliged to bend to the wishes of my friends, as it was believed it was necessary to perpetuate the blessings of liberty to our country and to put down misrule. My political creed compelled me to yield to the call, and I consoled myself with the idea of having the counsel and society of my dear wife; and one term would soon run around, when we would retire to the Hermitage and spend our days in the service of our God."

During that first term, however, he became as anxious for the office as any one, although, having been vindicated by his first election, he had originally contemplated but one term. When he resigned from the Senate he referred with approbation to a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States limiting the power of the President in the selection of members of Congress for government position in the following terms: "I would impose a provision rendering any member of Congress ineligible to office under the general government during the term for which he was elected and for two years thereafter, except in cases of judicial office." Yet he appointed more members of Congress than any of his predecessors and fought tooth and nail for a second term, or would have had it been necessary.

Truly an office looks differently as it is viewed from out or in, and many a man is changed radically and finds his opinions must be completely reversed, to say nothing of his plans, after some honor has been thrust upon him. Finding himself involved in controversies, with unsettled affairs hanging over him, he was compelled to stand for reëlection.

As to the charge that after his election Jackson was a puppet in the hands of astute politicians, his so-called "Kitchen Cabinet" of unofficial but paramount advisers, it seems to be too absurd to require refutation, for if there ever was a man who was an autocrat in the Presidential chair, who did what he pleased, whether his friends or advisers liked it or not, it was Jackson. Schouler has discriminatingly pointed out this difference between Jackson and Jefferson. "No President ever ruled these United States in times of peace with a personal supremacy so absolute as the two great chieftains of our democracy, Jackson and Jefferson, though in methods and character they were so little alike. The one was a born manager of men, the other a stern dictator; the one philanthropic to the socially oppressed, the other a hater rather of the social oppressor; each, however, influenced by love of country, which was a ruling passion, by constitutional restraints somewhat independently interpreted, and, in later life at least, by an unconscious bias to the side of the South whenever slavery was threatened with violence by Northern agitators. This last in Jefferson weakened his practical efforts in the anti-slavery cause, though he was anti-slavery in sentiment to the end; in Jackson, who thought himself no worse for being a master, if a kind one, it stimulated the determination to make his section strong enough to hold out against the abolitionists, for abolitionists and nullifiers were all hell-hounds of disunion. Jefferson had gently manipulated Congress; Jackson ruled in de-

fiance of it, and by arraying the people, or rather a party majority, on his side against it, until the tone of his message, if not really insolent, was that of conscious infallibility."

He goes on to say that "Jackson's attitude towards Congress was a singular one, such as no other President ever maintained. He did not flatter the legislature and at the same time lead it gently in the direction desired; still less did he wait patiently for its free will to be manifested. As its course pleased or displeased him, he would show anger, defiance, delight, but passive he could not be. Yet he gained great influence over it; and this was by always holding before Congress and himself the idea that he stood with the people behind him, determined to fulfil the people's wishes, and to punish in their name whoever dared oppose their will."

During his famous dispute with the Senate over its censure of his removal of the government deposits from the Bank of the United States he was asked to transmit to the Senate a paper he had read before his Cabinet explaining his action. Jackson kept his paper and transmitted this haughty reply instead:

"The Executive is a coördinate and independent branch of the government equally with the Senate, and I have yet to learn under what constitutional authority that branch of the legislature has a right to require of me an account of any communication, either verbally or in writing, made to the heads of departments acting as a Cabinet Council."

While not a conceited man in the unpleasant sense of the term Jackson was profoundly sure, not only that he was right, but that he would succeed in making everybody else believe so. During his first term of office he went on an excursion on a steamer down the Chesapeake. "The boat was a crazy old tub, and the waves were running high. An aged gentleman on

board exhibited a good deal of alarm. 'You are uneasy,' said the general to him; 'you never sailed with *me* before, you see.'" Once "in allusion to his early history, he quoted Shakespeare's sentiment, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' 'That's true, sir,' said he with emphasis, 'I've proved it during my whole life.'"

As Parton says, "Jackson had that kind of assurance of safety and success which Cæsar had in his fortunes and Napoleon in his star."

Concerning the charge that he was a pawn moved at pleasure by the astute members of his "Kitchen Cabinet," Lewis, Hill, Kendall, Duff Green, Blair, and so on,—men who held no offices or who were in subordinate positions but who were Jackson's chief friends and counsellors,—Schouler says:

"Jackson ruled by his indomitable force of will, his tenacity of purpose, courage, and energy. He did not investigate or lean upon advice, but made up his mind by whatever strange and crooked channels came his information, and then took the responsibility. Experience made him rapid rather than rash, though he was always impulsive; and he would dispatch the business which engaged his thoughts, and that most thoroughly. Though stretched on the bed of sickness, he held the thread of his purpose where none could take it from him; his will rallied and beat under the body. He decided affairs quickly, and upon impulse more than reflection; but his intuitions were keen, often profound, in politics as well as war. His vigor as an Executive at his time of life was truly wonderful. He left nothing in affairs for others to finish, betrayed no sign of fear or timidity, shrank from no burden however momentous, but marched to the muzzle of his purpose, and, like an old soldier, gained half the advantage in a fight by his bold despatch and vigor. The

night march and surprise were points he had learned in Indian warfare; and were it war or politics, he carried out what he had fixed upon with constant intrepidity. This intrepidity went with a conscious sense of duty; for, though a Cromwell in spirit, Jackson's ambition was honestly to serve his country. Loyalty to the Union, sympathy with the American common people, were the chief impulses of his being, for all he loved power; and hence a majority was almost sure to sustain him. Courage and directness the people admire in any man, and a sordid or usurping nature they are apt to discover. Jackson had the Midas touch, which could transmute whatever he handled, if not into solid gold, at least into a substance of popularity. And yet no servant of the ballot-box felt less the need of courting popularity or of waiting for public opinion to bear his plans forward. Lesser statesmen might be exponents, but he led on, leaving the public to comment as it might."

So thoroughly his own was his policy that, according to Sumner, he considered his reëlection in 1832 "a triumphant vindication of him in all the points in which he had been engaged in controversy with anybody, and a kind of charter to him as representative, or rather tribune, of the people to go and govern on his own judgment over and against everybody, including Congress. His action about the Cherokee Indians, his attitude towards the Supreme Court, his construction of his duties under the Constitution, his vetoes of internal improvements and the bank, his defence of Mrs. Eaton, his relations with Calhoun and Clay, his discontent with the Senate—all things, great and small, in which he had been active and interested were held to be covered and passed upon by the voice of the people in his reëlection." Well, not quite; for, as Sumner continues: "We may test this theory in regard to one point, the

bank. The Legislature of Pennsylvania on the second of February, 1832, within eight months of the election of Jackson, at which Jackson got three-fifths of the vote of Pennsylvania, instructed the senators and representatives in Congress from that State, by a unanimous vote in the Senate and by 77 to 7 in the House, to secure the recharter of the bank."

Some of the reasons for Jackson's popularity have been given and others are apparent. He was integrity personified. In his own words, he entered upon his duties determined "to ask nothing that is not clearly right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong." From the conclusions at which he arrived, oftentimes by a wide jump, he was never to be driven by popular antagonisms: "I care nothing about clamors, sir, mark me!" he declared. "I do precisely what I think just and right."

"With the same freedom as though he were deciding what fields of his farm should be ploughed, he simply applied his common-sense, so far as he could with his acute personal prejudices, to the various subjects that arose or were forced upon him. No one thought him venal, and few thought he had moral obliquity. Hence, however violent and vindictive he might be, a large majority of the people believed him honest and well meaning, and his dreadful independence, directness, and force prompted them equally to believe that he fully understood what he was about and was sufficiently right in his course."

A German visitor to America in a curious book, "Aristokratie in America," reports a conversation between two senators who were attempting to explain Jackson's popularity. They said he acted upon two maxims, "Give up no friend to win an enemy," and "Be strong with your friends and then you can defy your enemies." Jackson was certainly loyal to his

friends and equally a good hater of his enemies, but that he acted entirely on these principles cannot be maintained. It would rob him of the credit of any disinterested action for his country's good. Did he crush the United States Bank because Biddle was his enemy? Did he take his stand on nullification because Calhoun was his enemy? If Calhoun had been his friend, would he have allowed the nullifiers to run their course unchecked? If Clay had been his friend, would he have allied himself with the United States Bank? Benton was once his bitter enemy and nearly killed him. Did he allow that enmity to shape his course forever? While in the army he quarrelled bitterly with General Scott over military questions. So much so that a duel was thought inevitable. When he went to Washington on his second senatorial term the following peaceful correspondence took place between the two doughty warriors.

"Sir," wrote Scott, "one portion of the American community has long attributed to you the most distinguished magnanimity, and the other portion the greatest desperation in your resentments—am I to conclude that both are equally in error? I allude to circumstances which have transpired between us, and which need not here be recapitulated, and to the fact that I have now been six days in your immediate vicinity without having attracted your notice. As this is the first time in my life that I have been within a hundred miles of you, and as it is barely possible that you may be ignorant of my presence, I beg leave to state that I shall not leave the District before the morning of the fourteenth instant."

"Sir," replied Jackson, "your letter of to-day has been received. Whether the world are correct or in error as regards my 'magnanimity' is for the world to decide. I am satisfied of one fact, that when you

shall know me better, you will not be disposed to harbor the opinion that anything like 'desperation in resentment' attaches to me. Your letter is ambiguous; but, concluding from occurrences heretofore that it was written with friendly views, I take the liberty of saying to you that whenever you shall feel disposed to meet me on friendly terms, that disposition will not be met by any other than a corresponding feeling on my part."

I can hardly understand that mental state which persistently seeks for hidden motive—generally in the hope of finding a low one—for every action, although the apparent cause is so easily discerned that it is almost impossible to overlook it, and so adequate that it requires a deal of argument to get around it. Suspicion is a mental state which is not uncommon, it would seem. I cannot see why great men and their actions should not be estimated, whenever it is possible, by what appears on the surface. For instance, Schouler, who tried hard to be impartial, says that Jackson's mind "was incapable of that mature and impartial investigation which alone enables one to reach just conclusions, and impulse controlled his decision. But Jackson's intuitions were keen; a glance of his searching eye told him more of a man than volumes of testimony; and yet intuition will lead astray. His want of political information was compensated by native sagacity; and the great secret of his success consisted in keeping the common people, the majority, constantly by his side."

Now Schouler admits that Jackson was possessed of keen intuitions and great native sagacity. The inference is that his intuitions often led him to a just conclusion and that his native sagacity usually controlled his decision. If he reached just conclusions, why say that they were the result of intuition and native sagacity and deny that Jackson was capable of mature and impartial investigation?

Parton cuts loose from facts with this bold assertion: "It was the habit of General Jackson's mind to attribute the conduct of his opponents to the lowest motives from which that conduct could be imagined to proceed." If that were true and Jackson were alive now, he could say that his biographers had learned to estimate him in the same way. Sumner continues the attack as follows: "Jackson's modes of action in his second term were those of personal government. He proceeded avowedly, on his own initiative and responsibility, to experiment, as Napoleon did, with great public institutions and interests. It came in his way to do some good, to check some bad tendencies, and to strengthen some good ones; but the moment the historian tries to analyze these acts, and to bring them, for the purposes of generalization, into relations with the standpoint or doctrine by which Jackson acted, that moment he perceives that Jackson acted from spite, pique, instinct, prejudice, or emotion, and the influence exerted sinks to the nature of an incident or an accident."

Oh, hardly; and that statement depends on the mind of the "historian," does it not? Let us examine that charge a little. According to Sumner, Jackson was the meanest and most contemptible of men. Was there no feeling of honor, patriotism, or the public good in Jackson's mind? What a reflection on the intelligence of the American people! If for eight years they idolized a man who acted merely from "spite, pique, instinct, hatred, prejudice, or emotion" in the greatest crises which have faced the American people between the Revolution and the Civil War, the overruling power of Providence—if Sumner be correct—was never more signally exhibited, since Jackson, although it is alleged he acted from those unworthy motives, generally acted right!

Says Fiske with clearer view: "Now in the case of Andrew Jackson, while he was not versed in the history and philosophy of government, it is far from correct to say that there was nothing of the statesman about him. *On the contrary, it may be maintained that in nearly all of his most important acts, except those that dealt with the civil service, Jackson was right.**

Of course, Jackson made mistakes. What President has not? Frequently the methods he used were not in consonance with the uprightness of the end at which he aimed, as has been seen. But the sweeping statement that he acted invariably from unworthy motives is an evidence of the extreme into which prejudice can lead historians. Schouler slightly inclines towards Jackson, but takes middle ground, as usual. Is the middle ground supposed to be the impartial and correct position merely because it is "middle"?

"Strong in all his traits of character, his vices as well as his virtues, Jackson's public example was one of positive good and positive evil—a mixture of brass and clay. There could be nothing negative about him. What he purposed, that he put his hand to and bore it safely through. His mind moved rapidly, and with an almost lightning-like perception he had resolved the point while others were deliberating; and, right or wrong, he was tenacious of his conclusion, and fought to have his way like one who felt it shame not to win. There was no twilight of dubiety about him; he knew, and knew earnestly; and within the steel horizon which bounded his vision he could pierce the circumference in all directions. As his intellect admitted of no half-truth, so did his nature revolt at bargains and compromises such as Clay, his mortal enemy, was an adept at arranging; but with him it was to conquer or die on

* Italics mine.

every occasion, win a clean victory or endure a clean defeat."

The most reprehensible act in Jackson's whole career was his opening the way for the introduction of the Spoils System. Since the establishment of the government, appointed officials, especially those of minor importance, had enjoyed practically a life-tenure of office, dependant, of course, upon good behavior. The higher the rank and dignity of the office the more frequent the changes that took place, but even then the rule generally obtained. The number of changes made by all the Presidents prior to Jackson did not exceed seventy-five, of whom five were defaulters and two were removed for cause. Although there were frequently radical differences between successive Presidents, it never seems to have occurred to anyone that differences of opinion about public questions were grounds for the removal of government employés until Jackson's term. Accustomed as we have been of late years, until the slow growth of a sentiment for civil-service reform, to the sweeping changes in office with every change of the party in power, we perhaps regard Jackson's action as equally drastic and thorough. On the contrary, by the testimony of Benton, he removed only about four hundred—one out of every sixteen—postmasters, and the total number of removals among all employés of the government from all causes was less than seven hundred! Nor was Jackson ruthless in the removals, although they undoubtedly caused much suffering, the report of which has, no doubt, been greatly exaggerated. Rogers preserves the following anecdote in his recent life of Benton:

"The collector at Salem was General Miller, a Federalist, whom Jackson had marked for dismissal. He had nominated his successor. Benton heard this news with great agitation and approached the President at

once, asking if he knew who this General Miller was. He did not.

"'He is the hero of Lundy's Lane,' said Benton.

"'The man who, when asked to take a battery, said, "I'll try"?'

"'The very man.'

"'By the Eternal!' shouted Jackson as his fist came down on the table, 'that man shall be in office as long as Jackson is President,' and the order for dismissal was at once revoked."

It was not so much the number of officeholders Jackson turned out as the fact that he introduced the practice which, by a perfectly understandable natural law, grew with every succeeding administration, until each successive change of party witnessed the introduction of an entirely new set of employés from the highest to the lowest; and all parties since Jackson's day must share in the odium of the practice.

Now, bad as was this action of Jackson's,—worse in its consequences than in itself,—there was some excuse and some explanation for it. The bitterness engendered and manifested in his Presidential campaigns has been alluded to. This created a feeling of intense enmity between the dominant political parties that extended to the humblest members thereof, and government employés and officials took part in the campaign as they had never done before. Jackson, who had been assailed in his tenderest points, knew this, and he came to regard everyone who belonged to the opposite party as personally responsible for the calumnies of which he, his wife, and even his mother had been made victims. Yet he solemnly declared to Dr. Edgar, his spiritual adviser, only six weeks before his death, that during his Presidency "he had turned but one subordinate out of office by an act of direct, personal authority, and he was a postmaster. Dr. Edgar expressed his astonish-

ment at this statement, when the general repeated it with emphasis and particularity."

That, I have no doubt, is true, but it is misleading, for it is beyond contradiction that Jackson knew and approved of the changes and removals which were taking place around him. It may confidently be assumed that had he not sanctioned them they never would have taken place. The famous declaration of the principle in politics that " to the victors belong the spoils" did not originate with Jackson. Governor Marcy of New York was the author of that doctrine in a famous speech of which I quote a paragraph:

" It may be, sir, that the politicians of New York are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are as to disclosing the principles on which they act. They boldly preach what they practise. When they are contending for victory, they avow their intention of enjoying the fruits of it. If they are defeated, they expect to retire from office; if they are successful, they claim, as a matter of right, the advantages of right, that to the victor belongs the spoils of the enemy."

Jackson never considered himself a politician. If, as it is used in modern days, the word implies an ability to control elections for selfish purposes and for personal ends, then Jackson's view of himself was correct. If by a politician, however, we mean a man who is able to bring about any result he desires for the good, as he sees it, of his fellow-citizens, through his influence with them, then Jackson was the most consummate politician of his period.

Not only was he a politician, but he might rightly be characterized as a political boss. He named and brought about the election of his successor, and although the party he both fathered and advocated was afterwards defeated by Harrison, yet he was the moving cause in the election of Polk. Jackson was not a politician in the

sense that he was a manipulator and creator of a machine as the word was used in New York, yet he did not hesitate to express his admiration for the methods used and the success which attended their use, to secure the control of the Empire State by the Democratic party. "I am no politician," he said one day to a young New Yorker, "but if I were a politician, I would be a New York politician."

Van Buren, whom he appointed Secretary of State, was an especial object of friendship and admiration on the part of the general. It was Van Buren who had drafted the resolution giving the thanks of New York "to Major-General Jackson, his gallant officers and troops, for their wonderful and heroic victory." Parton characterizes Van Buren, "like the party of which he was the leader," as having "learned his principles from Thomas Jefferson and his tactics from Aaron Burr. This remark explains both his career and his party's." This is very unjust to a President who was the only one in the long line of chief executives between Jackson and Lincoln who is thought worthy of inclusion in the category of American statesmen. Of course, in such wholesale appointings as took place in Jackson's term many incompetent and some dishonest officials were given berths. Of that Schouler has this to say: "The vicious character of so many of Jackson's appointments to office one should ascribe chiefly to haste, his political ignorance, and the peculiar instinct which guided his selection. He was honest and upright in the general endeavor to give to his countrymen a high and noble administration, and in most points of general policy he showed a rare sense in dealing with men and events, such as his enemies could not easily appreciate."

Parton sums up the whole unfortunate affair rather deftly as follows: "At whose door is to be laid the blame of thus debauching the government of the United

Awarded by Congress in Commemoration of Battle of New Orleans

Issued in Commemoration of Jackson's Presidency

THE JACKSON MEDALS

States? It may, perhaps, be justly divided into three parts. First, Andrew Jackson, impelled by his ruling passions, resentment and gratitude, *did* the deed. No other man of his day had audacity enough. Secondly, the example of the politicians of New York furnished him with an excuse for doing it. Thirdly, the original imperfection of the governmental machinery seemed to necessitate it. As soon as King Caucus was overthrown, the spoils system became almost inevitable, and, perhaps, General Jackson only precipitated a change which, sooner or later, must have come." Right in every particular, gentle biographer!

Jackson left the Presidency probably with greater feelings of satisfaction than any man before or after him ever entertained in laying down his great office. "I saw," says Benton, "the patriot ex-President in the car which bore him off to his desired seclusion. I saw him depart with that look of quiet enjoyment which bespoke the inward satisfaction of the soul at exchanging the cares of office for the repose of home." He had succeeded in everything he had undertaken—save in the social war which he had waged on the women of Washington in behalf of Mrs. Eaton. He had overthrown the most powerful personal and political enemies that had ever combined to thwart a Presidential will. He had brought about the ruin of the greatest official institution of the century. He had preserved the Union and prevented a civil war. He went out of office with a popularity vastly greater than he had when he went in. Buell sums up the good work of his administration as follows:

"Looking back through his eight years in the Presidency, he saw some things well done, some half done, others still to be done. Among the things well done were the destruction of a huge chartered monopoly to which the government had lent its power and prestige

for the enrichment of the few—the Bank of the United States, which he had forced to a plane no more formidable than that of a Pennsylvania corporation. A civil service of fungous growth upon the body politic, aristocratic, oligarchical, self-perpetuating, and modelled in servility after that of England, had been rooted out and an American, democratic, and free-for-all system substituted in its place.* A heresy threatening to strike at the vitals of our national existence had been put down; not, indeed, so thoroughly eradicated as he could wish, but as thoroughly as all the elements with which he had to deal would permit. The Indians, an ever-growing tumor so long as they held territory and semi-independent sovereignty within the boundaries of States, had been peacefully removed to a reservation in the far West, where they could be happy in their own way and be free from the wiles and pitfalls of the white men—at least for many years or even generations to come. These, with many other things of minor import, had been well done."

The things that he had left partly done and things that had not been done at all were inconsiderable compared to those above cited; they referred to the tariff, the currency, the Texas-Mexican question, and the Oregon boundary dispute. He had accomplished more in his eight years of office than any other President before him, and he had left the future administration of affairs in the hands of the man of his choice.

On March 2, 1837, he wrote to Trist, "On the fourth I hope to be able to go to the Capitol to witness the glorious scene of Mr. Van Buren, once rejected by the Senate, sworn into office by Chief-Justice Taney, also

* Which a more enlightened public sentiment is in turn "rooting out" in favor of a properly constituted civil-service system.—C. T. B.

being rejected by the factious Senate." Sumner says: "The election of Van Buren is thus presented as another personal triumph of Jackson, and another illustration of his remorseless pursuit of success and vengeance in a line in which anyone dared to cross him. This exultation was the temper in which he left office. He was satisfied and triumphant. Not another President in the whole list ever went out of office in a satisfied frame of mind, much less with a feeling of having completed a certain career in triumph."

On his retirement he published an able, interesting, and in parts a most pathetic farewell address, which I have included in its entirety with other valuable papers in the Appendix. He had spent all of his salary in the duties of his office and had been forced to borrow money to eke it out. His household expenses were large, his hospitality of the true Southern variety, lavish and unstinted, and his generosity to his old friends and comrades-in-arms was without limit.

"I returned home," he writes to Mr. Trist, "with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all my salary and most of the proceeds of my cotton crop; found everything out of repair; corn, and everything else for the use of my farm, to buy; having but one tract of land besides my homestead, which I have sold, and which has enabled me to begin the new year (1838) clear of debt, relying on our industry and economy to yield us a support, trusting to a kind Providence for good seasons and a prosperous crop."

XV

NULLIFICATION

South Carolina, which led the great Secession movement in 1860–61, had previously, in 1832, passed an ordinance nullifying certain acts of Congress relating to the tariff and formally declaring its intention to leave the Federal Union in case any attempt was made by the United States to enforce the act or to coerce the State.*

There have always been two opinions about the right of a State to secede from the Federal Union. Probably there are two opinions now, although the question has become purely academic since the settlement of the Civil War. Yet, considered as an abstract question of constitutional interpretation, there is probably as much to be said on one side as on the other. Nor in our history have threats of secession been confined to South Carolina or other Southern States. Some of the good old New England States had indicated secession as a possible final alternative long before South Carolina advocated it. However, the attempt is naturally more closely associated with South Carolina than with any other State of the country, for South Carolina tried it, once alone and a second time as the leader of a band of "wayward sisters." In the first instance the question at issue was the tariff, while in the second the preservation of slavery was the inducing cause.

In the first attempt the firmness of Jackson, coupled with the compromising spirit of Congress, saved the Union and postponed ultimate decision of the mooted

* The Ordinance of Nullification is printed in full in the Appendix.

JOHN C. CALHOUN
From a photograph

point. In the second case the question was finally settled by the arbitrament of force. In 1832 South Carolina considered herself unjustly discriminated against by a tariff bill which had recently become a law, and rather than stand that, solemnly resolved to be a republic by herself. The great advocate of nullification was Calhoun. The preserver of the Federal Union was Jackson. These were the two protagonists of a tremendous drama interesting in every feature of it.

The first act was played in 1830 on the thirteenth of April, Jefferson's birthday, the occasion being a subscription dinner to honor the memory of the founder of the Democratic party. Jefferson had been dead four years. Jackson, of course, attended the dinner. As was usual in those days, there was a long string of regular toasts and then the guests were urged to volunteer sentiments. The regular toasts smacked terribly of Nullification and Secession, although the South Carolina nullifying ordinance was still in the womb of the future. It was well known to Jackson that this would be the case, and he had carefully prepared himself and had attended the dinner with a deliberate purpose to meet the issue.

Courtesy enjoined that the opportunity for the first volunteer toast should be given the guest of honor, the President of the United States. At the conclusion of the regular toasts, therefore, the President, who had been a keen observer of all that had happened and an interested listener to the various sentiments which had been exploited, rose to offer his own. So flagrant and outspoken had been the spirit of the meeting that many guests, unwilling to countenance Nullification and its inevitable corollary, Secession, had left the banqueting hall. Wiser ones, imagining that the President would not let the situation pass unchallenged, had remained. They had their reward.

The hush that fell over the assemblage as the tall, spare form of the Chief Magistrate of the nation rose in its place was painful. Straightening himself to his full height, he raised his hand and, looking Calhoun, the unfortunate presiding officer, directly in the face, with a sharp, keen glance, said with all the emphasis of his soul, in that crisp, harsh tone characteristic of him when he was intensely moved:

"OUR FEDERAL UNION! IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED!"

The effect of this deliverance was appalling. It was as if a company of soldiers trotting gayly across an open plain towards a forest glade were met by a sudden volley from a masked battery. The shock to the company was volcanic. Men sat or stood and stared, while Jackson, as a sign that the toast was to be quaffed standing, lifted his glass higher. The company got to its feet in some fashion and with varying emotions, as they were for or against nullification, gulped down wine and sentiment. Jackson added no other words to his ringing phrase. After the toast was drunk he sat down triumphantly, conscious that he had said enough. He had.

Calhoun waited until the guests were seated again and then endeavored to stem the tide which had settled so strongly against him by proposing a counter toast. Hill, who was present, thus described the scene:

"A proclamation of martial law in South Carolina and an order to arrest Calhoun where he sat could not have come with more blinding, staggering force. All hilarity ceased. The President, without adding one word in the way of a speech, lifted his glass as a notice that the toast was to be quaffed standing. Calhoun rose with the rest. His glass so trembled in his hand

that a little of the amber fluid trickled down the side. Jackson stood silent and impassive. There was no response to the toast. Calhoun waited until all sat down. Then he slowly and with hesitating accent offered the second volunteer toast:

"'*The Union! Next to our liberty the most dear.*'

"Then, after half a minute's hesitation, and in a way that left doubt as to whether he intended it for part of the toast or for the preface to a speech, he added,—

"'May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States and by distributing equally the benefits and burdens of the Union.'"

Benton, in his "Thirty Years' View," writes: "I was a subscriber to the dinner and attended it, and have no doubt that the mass of the subscribers acted under the same feeling. There was a full assemblage when I arrived, and I observed gentlemen standing about in clusters in the anterooms, and talking with animation on something apparently serious, and which seemed to engross their thoughts. I soon discovered what it was —that it came from the promulgation of the twenty-four regular toasts, which savored of the new doctrine of nullification; and which, acting on some previous misgivings, began to spread the feeling that the dinner was got up to inaugurate that doctrine and to make Mr. Jefferson its father. Many persons broke off and refused to attend further, but the company was still numerous and ardent, as was proved by the number of volunteer votes [toasts?—C. T. B.] given,—above eighty,—in addition to the twenty-four regulars, and the numerous and animated speeches delivered—the report of the whole proceedings filling eleven newspaper columns. When the regular toasts were over the President was called upon for a volunteer and gave it—the one

which electrified the country and has become historical: 'Our Federal Union! It must be preserved!' This brief and simple sentiment, receiving emphasis and interpretation from all the attendant circumstances and from the feeling which had been spreading since the time of Mr. Webster's speech [in the debate with Hayne. —C. T. B.], was received by the public as a proclamation from the President to announce a plot against the Union and to summon the people to its defence. Mr. Calhoun gave the next toast, and it did not at all allay the suspicions which were crowding every bosom. It was this: 'The Union, next to our liberty the most dear. May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and burthen of the Union.' This toast touched all the tender parts of the new question—liberty *before* union—*only* to be preserved—*State rights*—inequality of *burthens* and *benefits*. These phrases, connecting themselves with Mr. Hayne's speech and with proceedings and publications in South Carolina, unveiled NULLIFICATION as a new and distinct doctrine in the United States, with Mr. Calhoun for its apostle, and a new party in the field of which he was the leader. The proceedings of the day put an end to all doubt about the justice of Mr. Webster's grand peroration, and revealed to the public mind the fact of an actual design tending to dissolve the Union.

"Mr. Jefferson was dead at that time and could not defend himself from the use which the new party made of his name—endeavoring to make him its founder—and putting words in his mouth for that purpose which he never spoke. He happened to have written in his lifetime, and without the least suspicion of its future great materiality, the facts in relation to his concern in the famous resolutions of Virginia and Kentucky, and which absolved him from the accusation brought against

him since his death. He counselled the resolutions of the Virginia General Assembly; and the word nullify, or nullification, is not in them, or any equivalent word; he drew the Kentucky resolutions of 1798; and they are equally destitute of the same phrases. He had nothing to do with the Kentucky resolutions of 1799, in which the word '*Nullification*,' as the 'rightful remedy,' is found, and upon which the South Carolina school relied as their main argument, and from which their doctrine took its name. . . . These testimonies absolve Mr. Jefferson: but the nullifiers killed his birthday celebrations! Instead of being renewed annually in all time, as his sincere disciples then intended, they have never been heard of since! and the memory of a great man—benefactor of his species—has lost an honor which grateful posterity intended to pay it, and which the preservation and dissemination of his principles require to be paid."

Buell says: "The contrast between the terse, quick sentiment of General Jackson and the labored deliverance of Calhoun was almost painful. It was the difference between the crack of a rifle, and an old musket flashing in the pan. That Calhoun had been taken by surprise and thrown completely off his feet was apparent to all, and to none so painfully as to his friends or colleagues. The incident itself was quickly over. Other volunteer toasts followed in due succession, but there was no more zest. The company—more than a hundred at the start—dwindled to thirty within five minutes after Calhoun sat down."

After Calhoun took his seat Jackson deliberately and disdainfully rose from his place, walked over to where Colonel Benton sat and engaged him in conversation, as if the further proceedings had no more interest for him or anyone. Once before Jackson had played a somewhat similar part and in Tammany Hall. In 1819

he dined with that society. The Democratic party—known then as the Republican party!—in New York was then divided into two hostile factions,—it generally was and is so divided,—one of which was under the leadership of Martin Van Buren, the other of De Witt Clinton. Tammany loved Van Buren and hated Clinton. Knowing nothing of Van Buren then and greatly admiring the governor, Jackson deliberately toasted Clinton, to the great dismay of his entertainers. The New York *Evening Post*, reporting the scene, says that "When the general left the table, which he did directly afterwards, his air and manner seemed to say, 'There, d—n you, take that!'" And we can imagine that something of the same feeling must have been in the bosom of the old warrior, which his bearing would naturally express, after his explosion at the Jefferson dinner—doubtless on occasion Jackson could be very aggravating in his words and demeanor, especially to his enemies.

Before considering Jackson's further course in the more serious nullification troubles I wish to call attention to the variant recensions of his famous toast. Benton in his "Thirty Years' View" said it was: "Our Federal Union: It must be preserved." He was evidently giving his own recollection of it long after it was spoken, and he seems to have been followed by nearly everyone who has discussed the episode since he wrote. Major Lewis is quoted in Parton as follows:

"This celebrated toast, 'The Federal Union—It must be preserved,' was a cool, deliberate act. The *United States Telegraph*, General Duff Green's paper, published a programme of the proceedings for the celebration in the issue of the day before, to which the general's attention had been drawn by a friend, with the suggestion that he had better read it. This he did in the course of the evening, and came to the conclusion that the celebra-

tion was to be *a nullification affair altogether.* With this impression in his mind he prepared early the next morning (the day of the celebration) three toasts, which he brought with him when he came into his office, where he found Major Donelson and myself reading the morning papers. After taking his seat he handed them to me and asked me to read them and tell him the one I liked best. He handed them to Major Donelson also with the same request, who, on reading them, agreed with me. He said he preferred that one for himself for the reason that it was shorter and more expressive. He then put that one into his pocket and threw the others into the fire. That is the true history of the toast the general gave on that Jefferson birthday celebration in 1830, which fell among the nullifiers like an exploded bomb!"

Buell, on the contrary, writes it as I have set it down. He gives in an interesting note a brief discussion of the origin of the phrase and its meaning, and has deliberately chosen his version on the authority of Mr. F. P. Blair, who was undoubtedly familiar with the statements of both the other authorities quoted and who evidently deliberately called attention to the change. I quote a portion of Buell's note:

"The phrase was not extempore. He had deliberated over it for days beforehand. He had submitted several forms to excellent judges of phraseology. Benton, Kendall, Isaac Hill, and Major Lewis were skilled and practical writers, masters of dialectics and acute in 'shades of meaning.' And they all had approved his own preference for the form he used. Other phrases, framed but discarded, were: 'Our Union! Let us preserve it!' 'The Federal Union! It must be preserved!' 'The Union of our fathers! Their sons must defend it!' 'The Union of the States! Perfect and imperishable.' All these were considered and finally set

aside in favor of 'Our Federal Union! It must and shall be preserved!'"

On the whole I am inclined to agree with Buell in his acceptance of Blair's version. This account makes the phrase stronger, for one thing, and Jackson was a man always to choose the strong course and the strong word. On that trip to Boston referred to he was met at the city line by a committee and a local orator, who greeted him at the triumphal arch which had been erected for his entry with an address closing with this brief but perfervid doggerel of his own composition:

> "And may his powerful arm long remain nerved
> Who said, 'The Union, it must be preserved.'"

"Sir," was the laconic reply of the President, in a voice equally fervent, "it shall be preserved as long as there is a nerve in this arm!"

The toast at the banquet was the keynote of his whole subsequent course. When he was invited to visit Charleston on July 4 of the next year, 1831, in his letter of reply he wrote as follows:

"If he (Jackson) could go, he said, he trusted to find in South Carolina 'all men of talent, exalted patriotism, and private worth,' however divided they might have been before, 'united before the altar of their country on the day set apart for the solemn celebration of its independence—independence which cannot exist without union, and with it is eternal. The disunion sentiments ascribed to distinguished citizens of the State were, he hoped, if, indeed, they were accurately reported, 'the effect of momentary excitement, not deliberate design.'"

When South Carolina translated her threats into action Jackson was equally prompt and determined. To an old comrade in arms, General Sam Dale, who had been his courier, he spoke freely concerning the sit-

uation: " ' General Dale, if this thing goes on, our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country. . . . Sam, you have been true to your country, but you have made one mistake in life. You are now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God called mine away. But all I have achieved—fame, power, everything—would I exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment.' The iron man trembled with emotion, and for some time covered his face with his hands, and tears dropped on his knees. . . . ' Dale, they are trying me here; you will witness it, but, by the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws.' I understood him to be referring to nullification again, his mind evidently having recurred to it, and I expressed the hope that things would go right.

" ' They *shall* go right, sir,' he exclaimed passionately, shivering his pipe upon the table. . . ."

He did more than express himself in conversation. He issued a proclamation to South Carolina and the United States which is among the most brilliant of our state papers. Roosevelt thus characterizes it: "It is one of the ablest, as well as one of the most important, of all American state papers. It is hard to see how any American can read it now without feeling his veins thrill." In it Jackson rose to the measure of true greatness beyond all dispute. In it he surpassed every other act of his life, even the battle of New Orleans.

People have attempted to belittle Jackson's ability to write. They have said that everything of value in his letters and papers was written by somebody else. The same charge was made against Washington, back of whom Hamilton was supposed to be. It was repeated in the case of Lincoln with regard to the assistance of Seward. The truth is, the more the careers of these

men are studied, the more their own personality looms large, and whatever is of greatness in their writings is now generally admitted to be due to themselves rather than to another. It is so of Jackson and Livingston. Parton says this about the writing of the paper:

"He went to his office alone, and began to dash off page after page of the memorable proclamation which was soon to electrify the country. He wrote with that great steel pen of his, and with such rapidity that he was obliged to scatter the written pages all over the table to let them dry. A gentleman who came in when the President had written fifteen or twenty pages observed that three of them were glistening with wet ink at the same moment. The warmth, the glow, the passion, the eloquence of that proclamation were produced then and there by the President's own hand.

"To these pages were added many more of notes and memoranda which had been accumulating in the Presidential hat for some weeks, and the whole collection was then placed in the hands of Mr. Livingston, the Secretary of State, who was requested to draw up the proclamation in proper form. Major Lewis writes to me: 'Mr. Livingston took the papers to his office, and in the course of three or four days brought the proclamation to the general and left it for his examination. After reading it he came into my room and remarked that Mr. Livingston had not correctly understood his notes—there were portions of the draft, he added, which were not in accordance with his views and must be altered. He then sent his messenger for Mr. Livingston, and, when he came, pointed out to him the passages which did not represent his views, and requested him to take it back with him and make the alterations he had suggested. This was done, and the second draft being satisfactory, he ordered it to be published. I will add that before the proclamation was sent to press to be

published I took the liberty of suggesting to the general whether it would not be best to leave out that portion to which, I was sure, the State-rights party would particularly object. He refused.

" ' Those are my views,' said he with great decision of manner, ' and I will not change them nor strike them out.' "

On the other hand, Schouler says: " This proclamation, making an admirable state paper, was the joint composition of the President and his Secretary of State. Jackson dashed off the document hastily sheet after sheet, with the big steel pen which he used to flourish so vigorously, and then handed it to Livingston for a more perfected finish. Livingston, who appears to have elaborated the constitutional argument, gave the instrument more dignity of expression. The general style in consequence was too chastened to be Jacksonian, and, what was of more moment, the reasoning asserted the national or central authority more broadly than Jackson himself would have done; but his earnest expression gave to the paper, and more especially towards its close, a strain of natural eloquence whose pathos, broken by ejaculations, is tender and sincere. Livingston in old age, with his plain dark clothes, white cravat, well-shaven face, peaceful dark eyes, and a general expression of courtesy and benevolence, was the image of moderation and propriety, while Jackson flashed fire to the last."

Thus Schouler ascribes the larger share of the credit to Livingston, although he is unable to deny to Jackson a great part in the preparation—to wit, its earnestness, its eloquence, its pathos, etc.

Sumner, pursuing his usual course of disparaging Jackson to the very last limit, says unhesitatingly that it was written by Livingston. Fiske also says that it was written by Livingston, although in an editorial note he

calls attention to the statement of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Lee, who writes: "My father said to me that the Nullification Proclamation as first drafted by General Jackson was a far more able paper than the polished substitute based on it and written by Mr. Livingston and adopted by the President."

McLaughlin in his life of Cass says: "On December 11 appeared his [Jackson's] celebrated proclamation, full of earnest, pathetic pleading, strong assertion, and profound argument. Verbally it belongs to Livingston, but it is filled with the spirit of Jackson. On that hang his claims to grateful remembrance." And Roosevelt dodges the question of authorship—strange course for him—by saying: "Some claim it as being mainly the work of Jackson, others as that of Livingston; it is great honor for either to have had a hand in its production."

The message was enthusiastically received and added greatly to Jackson's hold on the people. Writes Schurz in his life of Clay: "All over the North, even where Jackson had been least popular, the proclamation was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm. Meetings were held to give voice to the universal feeling. In many Southern States, such as Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Maryland, Delaware, and even Virginia, it was widely approved as to its object, although much exception was taken to the 'Federalist' character of its doctrines."

On the other hand, this is the course of the famous and eccentric John Randolph, according to Henry Adams, his biographer: "When the President's famous proclamation, 'the ferocious and bloodthirsty proclamation of our Djezzar,' appeared he was beside himself with rage. 'The apathy of our people is most alarming,' he wrote. 'If they do not rouse themselves to a sense of our condition and put down this wretched old man,

the country is irretrievably ruined. The mercenary troops who have embarked for Charleston have not disappointed me. They are working in their vocation, poor devils! *I trust that no quarter will be given to them.*'"

South Carolina and her nullifiers received the proclamation with defiance. The governor issued a counter proclamation. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency to occupy a seat in the Senate to be in a position to fight the battle there.

The spirit of the message may be gained from two brief excerpts. I do not quote from it at greater length because it is included in its entirety in the Appendix: "I consider the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one State, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed. . . ."

"The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peacefully prevent their execution deceived you. . . . Their object is disunion, and disunion by armed force is treason."

Will it be thought improper if I here strongly urge a careful perusal of the whole proclamation upon my readers?

Jackson backed up his proclamation by preparations to enforce it should South Carolina not recede from her recalcitrant position. He sent a naval force—Farragut being one of the officers thereof—to Charleston harbor and ordered General Scott to get troops ready to enter South Carolina if necessary. Jackson's proclamation was dated the twelfth of December,

1832. The Ordinance of Nullification was to take effect on the first of February, 1833. The President was ready for the nullifiers, but at the appointed time South Carolina extended the enacting clause, pending hoped-for Congressional action; and before anything further was done Congress, under the leadership of that Great Compromiser, Clay, passed a Tariff Bill tending to placate the irate Southerners. Webster was against the Compromise, as was Jackson, and it was only passed by the aid of Calhoun, who awoke to the difficulty of South Carolina's position—and the danger of his own —and earnestly sought a practicable way out of the dilemma by which the State could in some measure "save its face."

Congress was singularly inconsistent, for it had previously, at Jackson's request, passed what was called a Force Bill to enable him to apply coercion effectively to the State should it persist in its course. The new Tariff Bill was an undoubted concession. Many historians think that Jackson should have vetoed this bill and have allowed South Carolina to try the experiment of seceding. They have contended that his signing of a bill of which he could not entirely approve was an act of weakness. It has been said that if the Secession experiment had been tried then, when South Carolina was alone, it would have been settled for all time and the Civil War would have been rendered impossible. That is as it may be, of course. No one then foresaw the Civil War. Jackson was confronted with the necessity of signing or crushing South Carolina. He had expressed his own views clearly, demonstrated his willingness to use force, and there could be no question whatever of his ability to coerce South Carolina. He could have precipitated a bloody conflict and have overrun that State. To his credit, he held his hand. And let his action be remembered by those who say that he

DANIEL WEBSTER
From a photograph

never did hold his hand, that, having power, he invariably abused it.

I do not consider his course in any sense a sign of weakness—rather of magnanimity. When power refrains from the exercise of force to gain an end, why is it that so often it is regarded as weakness? I have seen it stated that Grant did not ask for Lee's sword and that he proposed his generous terms at Appomattox because he knew that these were the only terms that Lee would have accepted, and that Lee's strength induced a weakness on the part of Grant! Of course, this is an extreme statement, but I have heard it made. If true, its effect would be to take away any magnanimity on the part of Grant. The folly of that is easily demonstrated. What else could Lee have done then but accept Grant's terms, whatever they might have been? He could not even have died at the head of his troops then; his brave army was so reduced, his enemies were so overwhelmingly superior in numbers and equipment, everything but courage, that they could have seized the last remains of the Confederacy with their bare hands! Jackson's signature to the compromise tariff act evidenced his strength, not his weakness.

South Carolina thereafter rescinded its ordinance, claiming, as may be imagined, a technical victory, but, nevertheless, all the honors of the contest rested with Jackson. It was the most conspicuous public service that any President rendered between Washington and Lincoln. Webster's great speech in reply to Hayne and Jackson's great deeds came close together. It is idle to say the one did not influence the other. Perhaps Webster's speech did more to clarify and unite public thought, which had before considered these matters but vaguely, than anything which took place, but, as Fiske well says in one of his most brilliant periods:

"After all, it was only Mr. Webster's speech; it did

not create a precedent for action. It was something which a Federal executive might see fit to follow or might not. But from the moment when President Jackson said in substance to the nullifiers, 'Gentlemen, if you attempt to put your scheme into practice, I shall consider it an act of war and shall treat it accordingly,' from that moment there was no mistaking the significance of the action. It created a precedent which, in the hour of supreme danger, even the puzzled, reluctant, hesitating Buchanan could not venture to disregard. The recollection of it had much to do with setting men's faces in the right direction in the early days of 1861; and those who lived through that doubting, anxious time will remember how people's thoughts went back to the grim, gaunt figure, long since at peace in the grave, and from many and many a mouth was heard the prayer, 'Oh, for one hour of Andrew Jackson!'"

According to Woodrow Wilson: "The President acted as everyone who really knew him knew that he would act. Opposition itself would in any case have been sufficient incitement to action; but now the tonic of the election was in his veins. The natural straightforward, unhesitating vigor of the man dictated what should be done. 'Please give my compliments to my friends in your State,' said the imperious old soldier to a member of the House from South Carolina who asked his commands, 'and say to them that if a single drop of blood shall be shed there in opposition to the laws of the United States, I will hang the first man I lay my hand on engaged in such treasonable conduct upon the first tree I can reach.' No one doubted that he meant what he said. Before South Carolina's convention met he had instructed the collector of the port at Charleston to collect the duties, resistance or no resistance, and when the Ordinance of Nullification reached him he replied to it with a proclamation whose

downright terms no man could misread. For a little space he argued, but only for a little. For the most part he commanded."

Jackson always declared that Calhoun was a traitor and should have been treated as one. To the clergyman who received him into the Presbyterian Church before his death, who asked him what he would have done with Calhoun and the other nullifiers if they had kept on, he replied: "'Hung them, sir, as high as Haman. They should have been a terror to traitors to all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life.'

"As he said these words he half rose in bed, and all the old fire glowed in his old eyes again."

"In his last sickness he again declared that, in reflecting upon his administration, he chiefly regretted that he had not had John C. Calhoun executed for treason. 'My country,' said the general, 'would have sustained me in the act, and his fate would have been a warning to traitors in all time to come.'"

Jackson had a poor opinion of Calhoun. He said that he was the only man from South Carolina that he had met who was a coward. This was bitterly unjust, for the great nullifier never was a coward. In a letter to Lewis he thus referred to him:

"I was aware of the hostility of the influential character aluded to [Calhoun]—I sincerely regret the course taken by Hamilton & Hayne—The people of South Carolina will not, *nay* cannot sustain such nullifying Doctrines. The Carolinians are a patriotic & highminded people, and they prize their liberty too high to jeopardize it, at the shrine of an ambitious Demagogue, whether a native of Carolina or of any other country—This influential character in this heat, has led Hamilton & Hayne astray, and it will, I fear, lead to the injury of Hamilton & loose him his election—But the ambitious

Demagogue aluded to, would sacrifice friends & country, & move heaven & earth, if he had the power, to gratify his unholy ambition—His course will prostrate him here as well as everywhere else—Our friend Mr. Grundy says he will abandon him unless he can satisfy him that he has used his influence to put down this nulifying doctrine, which threatens to desolve our happy union."

This alleged ignorant, prejudiced man, as some of his biographers would fain have us believe him to be, perhaps had a clearer view of the future than anyone else. When South Carolina again convulsed the country with secession Charles Sumner read in the Senate from a letter Jackson wrote on the first of May, 1833, in which these striking words occurred: "Take care of your nullifiers; you have them among you; let them meet with the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country. The tariff, it is now known, was a mere pretext . . . and disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the negro or slavery question.'"

Buchanan, who was President when next the matter came up, was a vastly different man from Jackson. According to Rhodes, when Stephen A. Douglas arrived at Washington in 1857 to attend the sessions of Congress he called on the President to discuss the matter,—*i.e.*, the proposed course of the Southern slaveholding States. "The radical difference between the two became apparent. When Buchanan said he must recommend the policy of the slave power, Douglas said he should denounce him in open Senate. The President became excited, rose, and said, 'Mr. Douglas, I desire you to remember that no Democrat ever yet differed from the administration of his own choice without being crushed. Beware of Tallmage and Reeves.'

"Douglas also rose and in an emphatic manner re-

plied, 'Mr. President, I wish you to remember that General Jackson is dead.'"

Jackson was indeed dead, and Buchanan could not fill his shoes. It took Abraham Lincoln to do that, and could there be higher praise for Jackson?

XVI

WAR ON THE BANK

THE Second Bank of the United States was, as its name indicates, the successor, after an interregnum, of a similar financial institution founded in 1791 by Alexander Hamilton, the charter of which had expired in 1811. It owed its origin to the disasters of the War of 1812. On the tenth of April, 1816, it was chartered at a time when the financial machinery of the government was almost at a standstill and it was considered a necessity. The government was a stockholder in the bank—which also kept the government deposits—to the extent of seven millions of dollars. The President of the United States appointed five of the twenty-five directors. "The government's connection was considered essential," says Professor Catterall, "because the bank was to be intimately associated with the finances, was to keep the public deposits and to transfer the public funds, was to pay pensions and to receive the government dues from the collectors. The power of appointing directors was held to be peculiarly fitting, because only so could an upright administration of the bank be assured."

The opinion of the bank's advocates concerning its relation to the government and the functions of the government directors is well expressed in the following note from Dallas to Calhoun: "The National Bank ought not to be considered simply as a commercial bank. It will not operate upon the funds of the stockholders alone, but much more upon the funds of the nation. Its conduct, good or bad, will not affect the corporate credit and resources alone, but much more the credit and re-

sources of the government. In fine, it is not an institution created for the purposes of commerce and profit alone, but much more for the purposes of national policy, as an auxiliary in the exercise of some of the highest powers of the government. Under such circumstances the public interests cannot be too cautiously guarded. . . . The right to inspect the general accounts of the bank may be employed to detect the evils of a maladministration; but an interior agency in the direction of its affairs will best serve to prevent them."

The bank was not established until after seven attempts during two years of almost constant endeavor. Its final charter closely resembled that of the First Bank of the United States and the project which Madison had vetoed in January, 1815. Sumner admits that the charter "contained a great many faults which affected its career." Benton declared that Calhoun was the decisive agent in securing the charter, and Calhoun himself admitted it in these words: "I might say with truth that the bank owes as much to me as to any other individual in the country, and I might even add that, had it not been for my efforts, it would not have been chartered."

The bank thus established had a stormy and unequal career, in accordance with the policy, ability, and honesty of its successive presidents and managers. Yet its services to the nation were undoubtedly very great. Gallatin maintained that the bank was, under the conditions then prevalent, the only means to insure "a sound currency" and "a just performance of contracts."

When Nicholas Biddle took hold of it in 1823 it had been brought out of a period of depression and weakness by President Cheves, whose conservatism, however, was so great as to defeat the purposes for which it was chartered. Under the Biddle régime it at first prospered exceedingly. According to Catterall: "The

period of 1823–28 was one both of conservative and of successful banking on the part of the Bank of the United States; the affairs of the institution were carefully managed; it extended its dealings considerably; it checked the tendencies of the State banks to do unsound business; it put an end to most of the depreciated State-bank currencies; it was fairly popular; its dealings with the government were on the best footing; it gave the nation a better currency than the country ever before had; and it had finally reached the point in public opinion where it was considered necessary for the uses both of the government and the people."

According to Adams: "The principal advantages derived from the Bank of the United States . . . are, therefore, first and principally, securing with certainty a uniform and, as far as paper can, a sound currency; secondly, the complete security and great facility it affords to the government in its fiscal operations; thirdly, the great convenience and benefit accruing to the community from its extensive transactions in domestic bills of exchange and inland drafts." To these advantages must be added the fact that the bank did secure the resumption of specie payments—its greatest service.

Now the bank—of which I am not writing a history, be it remembered—had always been a subject of bitter and determined opposition. In the first place, it was a monopoly. Since it was practically the only monopoly of the times, the amount of opposition that is now distributed against a great many monopolies was concentrated upon it. Furthermore, it was a monopoly created by the government directly and in which the government was financially interested to the extent of its stock and its deposits. It was a monopoly over which the government exercised a certain control through Congress and through the government directors. It was without doubt a money-making institution. At least,

that was its intent, and those private individuals who bought the stock to the extent of twenty-eight million dollars did so in the expectation of receiving a proper return for their investments, nor can anyone blame them for that hope. Of course, if the bank declared any dividend on its stock, the government shared in that dividend to the extent of the stock it held. Nevertheless, government funds were associated with private funds and government facilities were afforded private individuals to make money—of course, at the public expense, as every other bank makes it, the business facilities to the public and the government being considered a fair return for the profits received from the public.

The bank, therefore, in Democratic eyes, tended to create a privileged class by the aid of the government. Although there is little evidence that the bank did exert any political influence at that time, the possibilities of such a misuse of the opportunities of this official financial alliance with the government were so apparent that the conclusion that the bank did or would take such a position was inevitable. As Professor Catterall says, in his clear, explicit, impartial, and altogether admirable discussion, which no student of the financial history of this interesting period can afford to overlook: "Democracy, devoted to the principle of equality, is opposed to all forms of privilege, and to none more than to a monetary monopoly. When it is recollected that the Bank of the United States was at that time the one great monopoly in the country, and that against it were directed all the passionate opposition and fear which to-day fall upon banks, railroad companies, and trusts, its dangers from the rising power of that fierce Democracy which with Andrew Jackson swept over the country may be faintly measured. The Democracy was positive that the bank was a menace to the political and social interests of the

United States; that it made the 'rich richer and the poor poorer;' that it depressed the weak and made 'the potent more powerful,' that it accentuated the differences of society, creating on the one hand a powerful aristocracy, and on the other hand an impotent and beggarly proletariat. These opinions were especially prevalent in the West, where Democracy was most powerful. . . . Inextricably linked with the Democratic opposition was the ceaseless hostility between rich and poor, the envy and hatred of the man who has nothing for the man who has much, the ill-will which the debtor eternally cherishes for the creditor; all the social arguments directed against the bank gathered force and passion from this feeling and at the same time added to it."

From the date of the establishment of the bank, then, a persistent and implacable resentment, largely due to the opposition of the State banks in the newer communities, had spread throughout certain sections of the country, principally in the West.

"Thus the earliest Constitution of Indiana, adopted in 1816, had prohibited the establishment of the branch of any bank chartered outside the State. In February, 1817, Maryland laid a tax of fifteen thousand dollars upon any bank settled in that State under any but a State charter, and in December Georgia imposed an annual 'tax of thirty-one and a fourth cents on every hundred dollars of bank stock operated upon or employed within' the State, a resolution of the legislature in November, 1818, declaring that this tax 'was only intended to apply' to branches of the Bank of the United States. . . . The first Constitution of Illinois, framed in August, 1818, prohibited the existence of any but State banks within the State. In December North Carolina laid an annual tax of five thousand dollars upon the branch at Fayetteville; in January, 1819, Kentucky imposed the largest tax of all, compelling each of the branches to pay

sixty thousand dollars yearly, and the next month Ohio rivalled Kentucky by enacting that the tax in that State should be fifty thousand dollars upon each branch. Even in Pennsylvania, the supposed stronghold of the bank, the legislature warmly discussed the policy of a tax, and in 1819 petitioned Congress to take steps to amend the Constitution so as to confine national banks to the District of Columbia. The subject was also debated in the legislatures of Virginia and South Carolina, and De Witt Clinton, of New York, urged action upon the legislature of that State;" and resolutions against the constitutionality of the bank were introduced in the legislature of South Carolina in 1828.

As representing the people of the United States, and as being thoroughly imbued with the Democratic principles outlined above, Jackson was always opposed to the bank. Furthermore, he believed that Congress had no power to charter such a bank. In other words, that it was unconstitutional. Madison and Gallatin had taken the same position when it was first established, but had gradually changed their opinions. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that, perceiving the benefits that accrued to the country from the establishment of the bank, they had allowed their opposition to the institution on constitutional grounds to be quieted in view of the ends achieved.

Thus Peck: "It had performed important functions in the finances of the government and the country by supplying a sound and uniform currency, facilitating exchanges, aiding in the collection and custody of the public revenues, and in various operations of the Treasury. Hence Gallatin, the ablest financier of the period, deemed it of great moment that the bank should be continued, particularly in view of the possibility of war. Its termination would cause a large export of specie to pay the foreign stockholders, and would pro-

duce for a long time a serious contraction of the currency, besides a deterioration in the character of the inevitable issue of the State banks."

If Jackson was persuaded in his mind that the bank was unconstitutional, the services that it had rendered, or could render, would not mollify his antagonism in the slightest degree. Jackson was not unmindful of the services of the bank, however, as will be seen from the following letter to Nicholas Biddle, the president thereof: "I was very thankful to you for your plan of paying off the debt sent to Major Lewis. I thought it my duty to submit it to you. I would have no difficulty in recommending it to Congress, but I think it right to be perfectly frank with you. I do not think that the power of Congress extends to charter a bank ought of the ten-mile square. . . . I have read the opinion of John Marshall, who I believe was a great and pure mind —and could not agree with him—though if he had said that it was necessary for the purposes of the national government there ought to be a national bank I should have been disposed to concur."

Catterall says that Jackson's opposition to the bank was at bottom "not personal, but based upon constitutional and social opinions. The bank was in Jackson's opinion unconstitutional and, as a powerful privileged monopoly, dangerous to society." In other words, he antagonized the bank because it was so organized as to offer government privileges to a certain favored class in which the whole people could not share. "He was convinced that some form of a bank was convenient, and perhaps necessary for carrying on the financial operations of the government, and in this message he argued for one with provisions which would not conflict with the Constitution as he understood the Constitution."

His feelings grew the longer he considered it and the

harder he fought against it, nor is there the slightest evidence that subsequent reflection ever changed him. He said to Dr. Van Pelt near the close of his administration: "We have the best country and the best institutions in the world. No people have so much to be grateful for as we; but, ah, my reverend friend, there is one thing I fear will yet sap the foundation of our liberty—that monster institution, the Bank of the United States."

Nor was his opposition to the bank a thing of sudden growth. Before the break with Clay he had been a warm admirer of the brilliant Kentuckian, and he even declared that . . . it was the perusal of Mr. Clay's speech against the recharter of the United States Bank in 1811 that convinced him of the unconstitutionality and impolicy of a national bank.

Throughout Jackson's first term the public opposition to the bank also increased. Professor Catterall reduced it to five causes, "the widespread belief that the bank was unconstitutional, the hostility of the States, the opposition of State banks, the rise of the Democracy, and the envy and hatred which the poor always feel for the rich."

He points out that "the support of the bank would spring from the realization of its usefulness to the general public—its services in supplying a sound currency, in managing the business of the treasury efficiently and cheaply, and in furnishing banking accommodations at a reasonable rate. But these were virtues hidden from the vulgar, and could never be made apparent to them because of the abstruseness and involved nature of financial discussions. The bank's hold on popular favor was, consequently, of the most tenuous kind; as Webster said, popular prejudice once aroused was 'more than a match for ten banks;' and it was certain that in a conflict with a popular President the bank had not the

faintest hope of success. That it failed to realize this was its error and its misfortune."

The course of events which precipitated the ruin of the bank may be briefly indicated. According to the term of the act which created it, the charter of the bank had still four years to run when the foes of Jackson in Congress, led by Clay, who had changed his opinion, passed a bill rechartering it and sent it to the President on July 4, 1832, for his veto or approval, just before his election for a second term. Some of the supporters of the bank felt that it was a mistake to apply for a recharter so long before the expiration of the existing one, but Nicholas Biddle, president of the bank, thought otherwise. Biddle was "a man of eminent tact, conciliatory in temper, versatile, untiringly industrious, quick of apprehension and quick to act, strong-willed, and tenacious of his own opinions. His prominent fault was the possession of an over-sanguine temper. On the whole, it would have been difficult to secure a more capable man for the position." The officials of the great organization were in sympathy with the efforts of their president, for the "vast majority of the bank's officers and directors were drawn from the ranks of the party hostile to Jackson, not because the bank supported this party, but because most of the business men were unfriendly to Jackson, and the officers and directors had to be selected from the ranks of the business men"—thus Catterall.

Biddle, Clay, Webster, and their followers, the advocates of the bank, fancied that it was so firmly entrenched in the good opinion of the public that if Jackson vetoed the recharter bill he would be defeated in the approaching election and that Clay accordingly would be elected President. On the other hand, it was argued that if Jackson allowed the bill to become a law, one of the ends aimed at would be achieved—namely, the per-

petuation of the bank—and Jackson would be forced to stultify all his messages and declarations of opposition, which might bring about the end hoped for—his defeat.

"The opinion was firmly held by the Clay men that application at that time would defeat Jackson. If he vetoed the bill, he would lose Pennsylvania; if he failed to veto, after his past position, he would lose many Southern and Western votes. These were the determining political considerations with the National Republicans, and it was the belief in the influence of the former upon Jackson which gave the bank a hope, though but a slender one, that the President would yield. Yet this very motive for acting must draw down upon the bank condemnation, for the act determined by it inevitably linked the destiny of the corporation with that of a political party, making the question of recharter one to be decided by political rather than by business considerations."

The advocates of the bank thought they had the old warrior between the two horns of a dilemma. They did not understand his character. "When Jackson was told that his enemies hoped to force him to assent to the bill in fear lest he should lose the vote of Pennsylvania he said: 'I will prove to them that I will never flinch; that they are mistaken when they expected to act upon me by such considerations.'" Certainly Jackson acted upon higher grounds than the bank party did in this instance. He promptly vetoed the bill on the following grounds, as summarized by Sumner:

"The veto was sent in July 10th. The reasons given for it were: (1) the bank would have a monopoly for which the bonus was no equivalent; (2) one-fifth of the stockholders were foreign; (3) banks were to be allowed to pay to the Bank of the United States in branch drafts, which individuals could not do; (4) the States were allowed to tax the stock of the bank owned by their

citizens, which would cause the stock to go out of the country; (5) the few stockholders here would then control it; (6) the charter was unconstitutional; (7) the business of the bank would be exempt from taxation; (8) there were strong suspicions of mismanagement in the bank; (9) the president could have given a better plan; (10) the bank would increase the distinction between rich and poor."

Some passages of the veto message are worth pondering; even though they have become trite to-day, they were unhackneyed then, and, as Peck justly observes, they "probably had greater effect on the popular mind than was produced by the merely organizative parts of the document."

"Distinctions in society will always exist under every just government. Equality of talents, of education, or of wealth cannot be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of Heaven and the fruits of superior industry, economy, and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law. But when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities, and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society, the farmers, mechanics, and laborers, who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their government. There are no necessary evils in government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing. In the act before me there seems to be a wide and unnecessary departure from these just principles.

"Nor is our government to be maintained or our Union preserved by invasion of the rights and powers

of the several States. In thus attempting to make our general government strong, we make it weak. Its true strength consists in leaving individuals and States as much as possible to themselves; in making itself felt, not in its power, but in its beneficence; not in its control, but in its protection; not in binding the States more closely to the centre, but leaving each to move unobstructed in its proper orbit. . . .

"I have now done my duty to my country. If sustained by my fellow-citizens, I shall be grateful and happy; if not, I shall find in the motives which impel me ample grounds for contentment and peace. In the difficulties which surround us, and the dangers which threaten our institutions, there is cause for neither dismay nor alarm. For relief and deliverance let us firmly rely on that kind Providence which, I am sure, watches with peculiar care over the destinies of our Republic, and on the intelligence and wisdom of our countrymen. Through *His* abundant goodness, and *their* patriotic devotion, our liberty and Union will be preserved."

Again, quoting Catterall upon the result of the veto:

"In the campaign which immediately followed the bank was the paramount issue, and it was soon evident that the veto, instead of providing a Congressional majority of two-thirds for the bank, had lifted Jackson to the summit of popularity, for the election closed with his overwhelming triumph, two hundred and nineteen electoral votes being cast for him against forty-nine for Clay. As Biddle had clearly foreseen, the victorious general accepted the result as a distinct approval of his veto and a mandate to complete the work so nobly begun. He was justified in so regarding it. Biddle had committed a monstrous error with his eyes wide open—he had applied for a recharter at a moment which precipitated the question into politics. The bank war began at that point. Thenceforth the bank acted, not as a

business corporation should act, but as a body possessing political functions and created for political purposes; it divided the Democratic party into bank and anti-bank factions, and drove Jackson to the wall. It is no wonder, therefore, that Jackson was infuriated and determined to crush the bank. Had he failed to act as he did, he would have been inconsistent and lacking in moral courage—he would not have been Andrew Jackson."

Now it is alleged that Jackson's antagonism to the bank arose from the opposition of his friends and himself to the course pursued by Mason, the president, and the directors of the branch bank at Portsmouth, N. H., whom Biddle refused to remove and whose conduct he justified in spite of the strenuous urging of the New Hampshire faction of the Jacksonian party, which Mason had antagonized. It has been argued many times with great vehemence that the hostility of Jackson arose from this incident; that he was cleverly played upon by his friends with this motive for their action, and that the whole tremendous financial struggle arose over this trifle. Even Sumner seems to countenance the charge, by implication at least. As to that, Catterall has this to say:

"In making public his objections to the bank Jackson is not to be censured. *His act was not the result of the Portsmouth quarrel, for it had been determined upon before that episode; nor did it spring from the belief that the bank was opposed to him politically, for he had been persuaded that this was not the case.** He was convinced that the bank was unconstitutional and dangerous to republican institutions, and therefore he only fulfilled his duty by speaking out. If criticism is to be offered at all, it must be directed against his presump-

* Italics mine.—C. T. B.

tion in daring to dictate while he was completely ignorant of banking and monetary affairs. Nevertheless, he was fair to the bank, willing to hear reason, willing to consult the opinions of Lewis, Hamilton, and Nicholas Biddle, as well as those of Hill, Taney, and Amos Kendall. . . .

"The war was now waged openly between Jackson and Biddle and Clay. Schurz says in his life of Clay that he 'and his friends were still in good spirits. The veto, they thought, would severely shock the sober sense of the people, and in effect be Jackson's death warrant. Nicholas Biddle wrote to Clay that he was "delighted with it." Anti-Jackson newspapers found the veto message "beneath contempt" and advised that it be given the widest possible publicity. So it was, and with a startling result.'"

Biddle had some of the qualities of Jackson. "He was a man of intense energy, autocratic in temper, and possessing supreme confidence in his own judgment. It was inevitable that he should rule and not merely reign, and the proofs that he did rule are observable everywhere." But when it came to a fight he could not rule Jackson. He lacked the terrible persistence of his great antagonist, and I fear he lacked some of the stern, unbending, uncompromising, honesty of the older man. In any long-continued struggle between the two men the end could be predicted almost with certainty.

Jackson's overwhelming reëlection was naturally regarded by him as a complete popular approval of his purpose. The President, convinced that the people were with him and that he was absolutely right, now resolved, as the surest way to ruin the bank, to remove the government deposits from it. Ingham had been succeeded as Secretary of the Treasury by Duane. When Jackson directed Duane to remove the deposits, conceiving that

the President had no constitutional power to issue such a command and that the result would be disastrous to the country, Duane refused. Jackson thereupon required his resignation and Duane courageously declined to tender it, insisting that he must be removed. Jackson, when he made up his mind to do a thing, was not to be balked, and he thereupon dismissed Duane on September 23, 1833, and appointed in his place Taney, who was of a more pliable nature and who agreed with him. Taney at once began removing the deposits. Lewis asked Jackson what he should do if Congress should pass a joint resolution directing the restoration of the deposits.

"'Why,' said he, 'I would veto it.'

"'. . . Under such circumstances, General,' I remarked, 'suppose they should be able to carry the resolution over your veto? What then would you do? If you refuse to permit the Secretary to do it, the next step on the part of the House would be to move an impeachment, and if Congress have the power to carry this resolution through in defiance of the veto power, they would be able to prosecute it to a successful termination.'

"'Under such circumstances,' he replied, elevating himself to his full height and assuming a firm and dignified aspect, 'then, sir, I would resign the Presidency and return to the Hermitage.'"

Duane has recorded in dialogue form the following interesting conversation between himself and the President which throws much light upon the methods and characteristics of the general:

"*Secretary.*—'I have at length waited upon you, sir, with this letter.'

"*President.*—'What is it?'

"*Secretary.*—'It respectfully and finally makes

known my decision, not to remove the deposits or resign.'

"*President.*—'Then you do not mean that we shall part as friends?'

"*Secretary.*—'The reverse, sir, is my desire; but I must protect myself.'

"*President.*—'But you said you would retire if we could not finally agree.'

"*Secretary.*—'I indiscreetly said so, sir; but I am now compelled to take this course.'

"*President.*—'I have been under an impression that you would resign, even as an act of friendship to me.'

"*Secretary.*—'Personal wishes, sir, must give way. The true question is, which must I observe, my promise to execute my duty faithfully, or my agreement to retire, when the latter conflicts with the former.'

"*President.*—'I certainly never expected that any such difficulties could arise between us, and I think you ought still to consider the matter.'

"*Secretary.*—'I have painfully considered it, and hope that you will not ask me to make a sacrifice. All that you need is a successor, and him you may have at once.'

"*President.*—'But I do not wish to dismiss you. I have too much regard for yourself, your family, and friends to take that course.'

"*Secretary.*—'Excuse me, sir, you may only do now what you said in your letter of the twenty-second of July it would be your duty to do if I then said I would not thereafter remove the deposits.'

"*President.*—'It would be at any time disagreeable to do what might be injurious to you.'

"*Secretary.*—'A resignation, I think, would be more injurious. And permit me to say that the publication in yesterday's *Globe* removes all delicacy. A worm if trodden upon will turn. I am assailed in all the leading papers of the administration, and if my friend, you will not tie up my hands.'

"*President.*—'Then, I suppose, you mean to come out against me.'

"*Secretary.*—'Nothing is further from my thoughts. I barely desire to do what is now my duty, and to defend myself if assailed thereafter.'

"(Here the President expatiated on the late disclosures in relation to the bank, the corruptibility of Congress, etc., and at length, taking a paper from his drawer, said:)

"*President.*—'You have been all along mistaken in your views. Here is a paper that will show you your obligations, that the executive must protect you.'

"*Secretary.*—'I will read it, sir, if such is your wish, but I cannot anticipate a change of opinion.'

"*President.*—'A secretary, sir, is merely an executive agent, a subordinate, and you may say so in self-defence.'

"*Secretary.*—'In this particular case Congress confers a discretionary power, and requires reasons if I exercise it. Surely this contemplates responsibility on my part.'

"*President.*—'This paper will show you that your doubts are wholly groundless.'

"*Secretary.*—'As to the deposits, allow me, sir, to say my decision is positive. The only question is as to the mode of my retirement.'

"*President.*—'My dear Mr. Duane, we must separate as friends. Far from desiring that you should sustain any injury, you know I have intended to give you the highest appointment now in my gift. You shall have the mission to Russia. I would have settled this matter before, but for the delay or difficulty' (as I understood the President) 'in relation to Mr. Buchanan.'

"*Secretary.*—'I am sincerely thankful to you, sir, for your kind disposition, but I beg you to serve me in a way that will be truly pleasing. I desire no new station, and I barely wish to leave my present one blameless, or free from apprehension as to the future. Favor me with a written declaration of your desire that I should

leave office, as I cannot carry out your views as to the deposits, and I will take back this letter' (the one I had just presented).

"*President.*—'Never have I had anything that has given me more mortification than this whole business. I had not the smallest notion that we could differ.'

"*Secretary.*—'My principles and opinions, sir, are unchanged. We differ only about time. You are for acting now; I am for waiting for Congress.'

"*President.*—'How often have I told you that Congress cannot act until the deposits are removed.'

"*Secretary.*—'I am unable, sir, to change my opinion at will upon that point.'

"*President.*—'You are altogether wrong in your opinion, and I thought Mr. Taney would have convinced you that you are.'

"*Secretary.*—'Mr. Taney, sir, endeavored to prevail on me to adopt his views, but failed. As to the deposits, I barely desired a delay of about ten weeks.'

"*President.*—'Not a day—not an hour; recent disclosures banish all doubt, and I do not see how you can hesitate.'

"*Secretary.*—'I have often stated my reasons. Surely, sir, it is enough that were I to act, I could not give reasons satisfactory to myself.'

"*President.*—'My reasons, lately read in the Cabinet, will release you from complaint.'

"*Secretary.*—'I am sorry I cannot view the subject in the same light.'

"Our conversation was further extended, under varying emotions on both sides, but without any change of opinion or decision. At length I retired, leaving the letter."

So much for plucky Duane!

The action of the President and his new Financial Secretary was a staggering blow to the bank. The response of its friends was prompt and vigorous. The Senate refused to confirm Taney as Secretary of the

Treasury, although, since his appointment had been a recess one, the mischief done could not be undone. Jackson had his revenge later by appointing Taney Chief-Justice of the United States.

The Senate had once refused to confirm his appointment of Isaac Hill to a minor office, but Jackson had the satisfaction of seeing Hill elected a member of the very body which had rejected him. It had refused to confirm Van Buren as minister to England, and Jackson had made the rejected nominee the Vice-President of the United States and the Senate's presiding officer, and subsequently President of the United States.

The Senate did more than reject Taney—it explicitly condemned Jackson. Clay introduced the following resolutions:

"*Resolved,* (1) That the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and the laws, but in derogation of both. (2) That the reasons assigned by the Secretary for the removal are unsatisfactory and insufficient."

The second resolution was passed immediately and the first on March 28. Jackson protested against the Senate action, sending to that august body a long and able document giving the reasons for his protest, which the Senate refused to receive, entertain, or spread on its records: the character of this protest may be realized from the following excerpts:

"It is due to the high trust with which I have been charged; to those who may be called to succeed me in it; to the representatives of the people, whose constitutional prerogative has been unlawfully assumed; to the people of the States; and to the Constitution they have established;—that I should not permit its provisions to be broken down by such an attack on the executive

department without at least some effort 'to preserve, protect, and defend them.' With this view, and for the reasons which have been stated, I do hereby *solemnly protest* against the aforementioned proceedings of the Senate, as unauthorized by the constitution; contrary to its spirit and to several of its express provisions; subversive of that distribution of the powers of government which it has ordained and established; destructive of the checks and safeguards by which those powers were intended, on the one hand, to be controlled, and, on the other, to be protected; and calculated by their immediate and collateral effects, by their character and tendency, to concentrate in the hands of a body not directly amenable to the people a degree of influence and power dangerous to their liberties and fatal to the Constitution of their choice.

"The resolution of the Senate contains an imputation upon my private as well as upon my public character; and as it must stand forever on their records, I cannot close this substitute for that defence which I have not been allowed to present in the ordinary form without remarking that I have lived in vain if it be necessary to enter into a formal vindication of my character and purposes from such an imputation. In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased—in vain have I since perilled property, fame, and life in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought—in vain am I now, without a personal aspiration, or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers from which, by mere inactivity in relation to a single point, I might have been exempt—if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution which even now aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal,

I should have sold myself to its designs. Had I preferred personal comfort and official ease to the performance of my arduous duty, I should have ceased to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes.

"The only ambition I can feel is to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship; to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No; the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to return to the people, unimpaired, the sacred trust they have confided to my charge; to heal the wounds of the Constitution and preserve it from further violation; to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratic establishments, that they will find happiness or their liberties protection, but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all, and granting favors to none—dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such an one only under which our States may remain, for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being who has hitherto sustained and protected me will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate with pleasure the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented, with the

belief that I have contributed in some small degree to increase the value and prolong the duration of American liberty.

"To the end that the resolution of the Senate may not be hereafter drawn into precedent, with the authority of silent acquiescence on the part of the executive department; and to the end, also, that my motives and views in the executive proceedings denounced in that resolution may be known to my fellow-citizens, to the world, and to all posterity, I respectfully request that this message and protest may be entered at length on the journals of the Senate."

The Senate had exceeded its prerogatives undoubtedly in passing the resolutions. If Jackson did anything unconstitutional, the proper remedy was an impeachment by the House, which would be heard by the Senate. Should the House agree with the Senate on the unconstitutionality of Jackson's action and should it present him for trial to the Senate, the Senate would be in the position of a judge who passed judgment in the shape of a public censure prior to the trial of the case before him! In other words, it is never competent for the Senate to censure a President, for the Senate, in case the President should be brought to trial, is the sole and only judge of his actions. Benton, who was Jackson's great defender and advocate through all of the contests in which he and the Senate became involved, at once moved that the resolution be expunged.

At that time Jackson's party in the Senate was in the minority and nothing could be done, but with every passing year the Jacksonians grew in strength, and finally, just before the close of his last term of office, after a spirited and acrimonious debate, amid scenes of the most intensely dramatic nature, Benton succeeded in having the offending resolution expunged.

"The administration had a majority in the Senate in

1836, but Benton says that a caucus was held on expunging. The resolution, which was passed by a vote of twenty-four to nineteen, directed that black lines should be drawn around the record on the journal of the Senate, and the words 'Expunged by order of the Senate, this sixteenth day of January, 1837,' should be written across it.* It was a real personal victory for Jackson. The Senate had risen up to condemn him for something which he had seen fit to do, and he had successfully resented and silenced its reproof. It gratified him more than any other incident in the latter part of his life. . . . The day after the resolution was expunged leave was refused in the House to bring in a resolution that it was unconstitutional to expunge any part of any record of either house." Yet there are other instances of expunging on record.

So delighted was Jackson that he gave a banquet to those who had voted for the expunging resolution, and although he was ill at the time and unable to be present, he managed to welcome the guests and then left Benton in the chair. It was his last, and perhaps his greatest, triumph over Henry Clay.

The Bank of the United States, unable to obtain a recharter, and having been ruthlessly severed from any connection with the government, was chartered as a State bank of Pennsylvania and dragged on a miserable existence for a short time, in which everything that was vicious and bad in banking was finally exhibited in its conduct. At the time Jackson first attacked it, as has been said, it was probably not guilty of political manipulation. When it fought for its life against the redoubtable assaults of the President the same innocence of the

* The resolution was passed at 3.30 A.M. on January 17th, after a continuous session of great length, which was, I presume, considered as a part of the session of the previous day, January 16th.—C. T. B.

charge could not be maintained, naturally. Jackson not only ruined the bank, but he crushed Biddle, who died of a broken heart in comparative disgrace, which he scarcely merited.

Jackson, although he was strong for hard money and specie payments, had no adequate substitute to propose for the institution he had destroyed. He had no financial system worthy of the name to substitute for that of the bank. He could destroy, but he could not create, and the subsequent financial crisis through which the United States passed in Van Buren's term must certainly be laid at his door. According to Woodrow Wilson:

"The President had a very sturdy and imperative sense of right and honesty in all money matters. He believed gold and silver to be 'the true constitutional currency' of the country, he said. He demanded of the pet banks that they should keep specie enough to cover at least a third of their circulation, and that they should issue no notes of a lower value than twenty dollars. He increased the output of the mints and tried by every means to force coin into circulation. He had no idea of letting the country try again the fatal experiment of an irredeemable paper currency if he could prevent it; and when he saw the fever rising in spite of him he tried a remedy as drastic and wilful as his destruction of the Bank of the United States. Speculation and hopeful enterprise had had an extraordinary effect upon the sale of the public lands. In 1834 the government had received less than five millions from that source. In 1835 the sum sprang up to more than fourteen millions, and in 1836 to nearly twenty-five millions; and the money poured in, not, of course, in gold and silver, but in the depreciated currency of innumerable unknown banks. The Treasury was forbidden by statute to receive any notes but those of specie-paying banks; but things had by this time already come to such a pass that no man

could certainly or safely distinguish the banks which really kept a specie reserve from those which only pretended to do so. On July 11, 1836, accordingly, by the President's command a circular issued from the Treasury directing the land agents of the government to accept nothing but gold or silver in payment for public lands. Again, as in the case of the bank, the President's advisers drew back and disapproved; but again he assumed the full authority and responsibility of his sovereign office, and delivered his blow without hesitation or misgiving.

"The effect was to shatter the whole fabric of credit. But the consequences did not disclose themselves at once. General Jackson had retired from public office and Mr. Van Buren had succeeded him in the Presidency (March, 1837) before the inevitable day of disaster and collapse had visibly come."

In his war against the bank Jackson acted certainly with courage and equally, I believe, from a sincere desire to promote the public weal. He did not believe in the existence of such a bank, and people to-day do not believe in it. As Parton says: "With regard to the war upon the Bank of the United States, every one is glad the bank was destroyed, but no one can admire the manner or the spirit in which the war was waged. At the same time, it is not clear that any other kind of warfare could have been successful against an institution so rooted in the country as that was."

Other methods, however, might have been devised and the end achieved by more conservative means. Schouler says: "Let us freely grant that our warrior-magistrate believed in his heart the worst of his intemperate accusations; that his zeal to exterminate the bank was patriotic; that he drew to himself all the functions of sovereignty, while Congress was scattered, for dealing this unexpected blow so as to do his people

a benefit, and not for wreaking a personal vengeance; that he honestly thought that unless he struck at once he would be borne down by the friends bought by the unrighteous mammon. Let us concede, too, against some powerful reasoning to the contrary, that the real discretion in changing the deposits at this time rested rightfully under the law in the President himself, and not in the Secretary, his appointee; for turn them as we may, all the executive departments are branches of one vine, and who could have blamed President Jackson for removing one Secretary and appointing another to execute his purpose had the bank been actually insolvent and the deposits at that moment in jeopardy?"

Yet the bank was not insolvent at the time nor were the deposits in jeopardy. As Benton said: "Certainly the great business community, with few exceptions, comprising wealth, ability, and education, went for the bank, and the masses for General Jackson." Well, the masses and Jackson—or should I reverse the order?—had their way.

In conclusion, as we have often found in the case of Jackson, I think he was wrong in his means of accomplishing the right end. He saw before him something which he greatly desired to accomplish for the public good, and he overrode everybody and everything in order to bring it about. He dealt with it as he would deal with an enemy in a military campaign. He generally did deal with antagonists or opposition of any kind in that manner; and he did not compass his great desire or bring about his ends by the methods of a statesman, to which title he could lay much claim, or the ways of a financier, which no stretch of admiration could characterize him as being.

XVII

RELIGION—LAST DAYS

General Jackson was a thoroughly religious man during the greater part of his life, and during the period that elapsed between his Presidency and his death he became a communicant member of the Presbyterian Church. This was a step for which he had long been prepared, but which he had delayed taking lest unworthy motives, as for political effect, should be ascribed to him if he took it while in office or a candidate for office. Now, when I say he was a religious man I do not mean that his religion was at first of the active personal sort; on the contrary, it was originally intermixed with worldliness to an excessive degree.

Parton relates the following anecdote:

"After his wife had joined the church the general, in deference to her wishes, was accustomed to ask a blessing before meals. The company had sat down at the table one day when the general was telling a warlike story with great animation, interlarding his discourse, as was then his custom, with a profusion of expletives most heterodox and profane. In the full tide of his narration the lady of the house interrupted her lord, 'Mr. Jackson, will you ask a blessing?' Mr. Jackson stopped short in the midst of one of his most soldier-like sentences, performed the duty required of him, and then instantly resumed his narrative in the same tone and language as before."

In the beginning his religion was like that blessing, interspersed with much that was heterodox and profane. But he was never a mocker or a Laodicean. As he

grew older he grew more reverent inwardly—he had always been reverent outwardly. To Dr. Shaw, a friend of his old age, he stated that "for thirty-five years before my election to the Presidency I read at least three chapters of the Bible every day, which is far more than any of my detractors could say with truth of their own conduct in this respect." It is also more than most of his biographers, including his present-day detractors, could say with truth!

I said he was outwardly reverent. This is the general's own opinion of the quality of reverence, which, like that of mercy, is not strained by the iteration of too frequent usage, as expressed to Mr. Blair and recorded by Buell. Aaron Burr was under discussion, and Jackson declared that "'Burr came within one trait of the most exalted greatness.'

"'What was that?' asked Mr. Blair.

"'Reverence, sir, reverence,' replied the general solemnly. 'I don't care how smart or how highly educated or how widely experienced a man may be in this world's affairs, unless he reveres something and believes in somebody beyond his own self he will fall short somewhere. That was the trouble with Burr. I saw it when I first met him in Philadelphia in 1796. I was a raw backwoodsman, but had sense enough to see through men a good deal smarter than I could ever hope to be myself. I liked him and for many things admired him. But I never could get over that one impression that he was irreverent. And that was what stood in his way. I remember reading away back yonder how he said, when he read Hamilton's farewell letter, that "it sounded like the confession of a penitent monk." I thought then, Blair, that if I had killed a man as he had killed Hamilton, even if I had thought such a thing, I would leave it for somebody else to say. In the inner circles of my friends I have once or twice

spoken of Mr. Dickinson's character as I knew it to be, but never publicly or for the world to hear or read. Yes, Blair, a man must revere some thing or, no matter how smart or brave he is, he will die as Burr died in New York the other day, friendless and alone."

I do not think anyone could better explain the reason for the utter failure of Burr's career than Jackson did, for Burr reverenced nothing, he was not even true to himself. Jackson was always careful to observe outward religious duties, as going to church. "Without ever being a 'Sabbatarian,' he was an observer of the day of rest and a church-goer. On Sunday mornings he would say to his guests, 'Gentlemen, do what you please in my house; *I* am going to church.'"

Of course, his chief reason for church-going at first may have been to please his wife—many a man goes to church for that and is the better for it too—but he liked to hear sermons and did not object if sometimes they were directed against himself. In the reminiscences of Peter Cartwright, who was a famous backwoods Methodist preacher of Jackson's earlier days, he tells how he was once preaching in a Presbyterian church.

When he got started in his sermon, with the preacher in charge sitting behind him, General Jackson came in at the door—the church crowded and the aisles packed—and stopped for a moment, not seeing his way. He says at that time the preacher in charge touched his coat-tail and said to him in a whisper, "General Jackson has just come in." He says at that time he felt somewhat indignant and blabbed out, "What is that if General Jackson has come in? In the eyes of God he is no bigger than any other man; and I tell General Jackson now, if he don't repent and get forgiveness for his sins, God Almighty will damn him just as quick as he would a Guinea nigger."

Far from being offended, Jackson enjoyed the preacher's frankness and spoke thus to him:

"'Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac, to think he would suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir; I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England!'"

"General Jackson was certainly a very extraordinary man," continues the worthy preacher. "He was, no doubt, in his prime of life a very wicked man, but he always showed a great respect for the Christian religion and the feelings of religious people, especially ministers of the gospel. I will here relate a little incident that shows his respect for religion.

"I had preached one Sabbath near the Hermitage, and, in company with several gentlemen and ladies, went, by special invitation, to dine with the general. Among this company there was a young sprig of a lawyer from Nashville of very ordinary intellect, and he was trying hard to make an infidel of himself. As I was the only preacher present, this young lawyer kept pushing his conversation on me in order to get into an argument. I tried to evade an argument, in the first place considering it a breach of good manners to interrupt the social conversation of the company; in the second place I plainly saw that his head was much softer than his heart, and that there were no laurels to be won by vanquishing or demolishing such a combatant, and I persisted in evading an argument. This seemed to inspire the young man with more confidence in himself, for my evasiveness he construed into fear. I saw General Jackson's eye strike fire as he sat by

and heard the thrusts he made at the Christian religion. At length the young lawyer asked me this question,—

"'Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe there is any such place as hell as a place of torment?'

"I answered promptly, 'Yes, I do.'

"To which he responded, 'Well, I thank God I have too much good sense to believe any such thing!'

"I was pondering in my own mind whether I would answer him or not, when General Jackson for the first time broke into the conversation and, directing his words to the young man, said with great earnestness,—

"'Well, sir, I thank God that there is such a place of torment as hell!'

"This sudden answer, made with great earnestness, seemed to astonish the youngster, and he exclaimed,—

"'Why, General Jackson, what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?'

"To which the general replied as quick as lightning,—

"'To put such d—d rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion.'

"I tell you, this was a poser. The young lawyer was struck dumb, and presently was found missing."

Parson Craighead, another famous frontier preacher, was once accused of heresy. Says Parton: "At nine o'clock in the evening the parson rose to reply to the accusation. His address was, perhaps, the longest, and, to a man like Jackson, certainly the least interesting ever delivered in Tennessee. After the first hour the large congregation began so rapidly to melt away that by eleven o'clock there were not fifty persons in the church. The eager parson, however, kept sturdily on stating his points and arranging his texts, regardless of the empty pews; for there sat General Jackson in the middle of the church bolt upright, with his eyes fixed intently upon the speaker. Midnight arrived. There were then just four persons in the church—the

party from the Hermitage and the lady to whom the reader is indebted for this story. The general still listened, with a look of such rapt attention that he seemed to produce upon the speaker the effect of a large assembly. 'I was dying to go,' said my informant, 'but I was ashamed to be outdone by General Jackson, who was more fit to be in bed than anyone who had been present, and so I resolved to stay as long as he did, if I dropped asleep upon the floor.' The parson wound up his discourse just as the clock struck one. General Jackson went up to him as he descended the pulpit and congratulated him heartily upon his triumphant vindication.

"'The general would have sat till daylight,' said the lady; 'I saw it in his eye.'"

Later in his career to a certain foreign minister who sought the President's advice as to the appointment of a young man of Jackson's acquaintance, an employé of the State Department, as his secretary, the President remarked: "I advise you, sir, not to take the man. He is not a good judge of preaching." The astonished minister observed that the objection needed explanation. Perhaps he failed to see the connection. "I am able to give it," said the general promptly, and he thus continued: "On last Sabbath morning I attended divine service in the Methodist Episcopal church in this city. There I listened to a soul-inspiring sermon by Professor Durbin, of Carlisle, one of the ablest pulpit orators in America. Seated in a pew near me I observed this identical young man, apparently an attentive listener. On the day following he came into this chamber on business, when I had the curiosity to ask his opinion of the sermon and the preacher. And what think you, sir? The young upstart, with consummate assurance, pronounced that sermon all froth and Professor Durbin a humbug! I took the liberty of

saying to him, 'My young man, you are a humbug yourself, and don't know it!' And now," continued the old man solemnly, "rest assured, dear sir, that a man who is not a better judge of preaching than that is unfit to be your companion. And besides," he added shrewdly, "if he were the prodigy the Secretary of State represents him to be, he would be less anxious to confer his services upon you—he would rather be anxious to retain them himself."

And to Captain Donelson he wrote during his first term in the Presidency:

"My dear wife had your future state much at heart. She often spoke to me on this interesting subject in the dead hours of the night, and has shed many tears on the occasion. Your reflections upon the sincere interest your dear sister took in your future happiness are such as sound reason dictates. Yes, my friend, it is time that you should withdraw from the turmoils of this world, and prepare for another and better. You have well provided for your household. You have educated your children, and furnished them with an outfit into life sufficient, with good management and economy, to build an independence upon. You have sufficient around you to make you and your old lady independent and comfortable during life; and, when gone hence, perhaps as much as will be prudently managed; and if it should be imprudently managed, then it will be a curse rather than a blessing to your children. I therefore join in the sentiments of my deceased and beloved wife, in admonishing you to withdraw from the busy scenes of this world, and put your house in order for the next, by laying hold of 'the one thing needful.' Go, read the Scriptures. The joyful promises it contains will be a balsam to all your troubles, and create for you a heaven here on earth, a consolation to your troubled mind that is not to be found in the hurry and bustle of this world."

I venture to insert here a charming letter he wrote during the last year of his administration to Mrs. Emily Donelson, the wife of his secretary:

"WASHINGTON, November 27, 1836.

"MY DEAR EMILY: Your kind and acceptable letter of the eleventh instant was received on the twenty-third, whilst I was confined to my bed by a severe hemorrhage from the lungs, which threatened a speedy end to my existence, but, with sincere thanks to a king Providence, who holds our existence here in the hollow of His hand, I have so far recovered as to be able to write you this letter, to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and to offer to Him who made us my most sincere and hearty thanks for His kindness to you in restoring you to health again, and with my prayers for your perfect recovery, and that you may be long spared to superintend the bringing up and educating of your dear children, and be a comfort to your dear husband, who has a great solicitude about you, and great anxiety to speedily return to you; but my sudden attack has detained him.

"I rejoice, my dear Emily, to find your spirits are good, and that you are able to take exercise daily. This is necessary to your perfect recovery; and trust in a kind Providence that in time you will be completely restored to your health. You are young, and with care and good treatment will outgrow your disease, but you must be careful not to take cold this winter, and as soon as Doctor Hunt's prescription reaches you, I would advise you to pursue it. The digitalis, I fear, is too exciting to the pulse.

"The doctor tells me I lost from the lungs, and by the lancet and cupping, upwards of sixty ounces of blood, which stopped the hemorrhage without the aid of that potent, but pernicious, remedy to the stomach, *sugar of lead*. I am now mending as fast as I could expect, and if I can keep clear of taking cold this winter, I hope to be spared, and to return to the Hermitage in the spring, and again have the pleasure of seeing you and your dear children, to whom present me affectionately.

"My dear Emily, the chastisement of our Maker we ought to receive as a rebuke from Him, and thank Him for the mildness of it—which was to bring to our view, and that it may be always before us, that we are mere tenants at will here. And we ought to live daily so as to be prepared to die, for we know not when we may be called home. Then let us receive our chastisements as blessings from God; and let us so live that we may say with the sacred poet:

"'What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastening stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke!

"'Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.'

"I must close with my blessing to you and the children. May God bless you and *all*. Emily, farewell. Affectionately,

"ANDREW JACKSON."

In his retirement his thoughts turned more and more to religion. Parton thus tells the story of the way in which he finally took the step in the following exquisite language:

"It was about the year 1839 that Dr. Edgar was first invited to the Hermitage for the purpose of administering religious advice to its inmates. Mrs. Jackson, the amiable and estimable wife of the general's son, was sick in body and troubled in mind. General Jackson invited his reverend friend to call and see her, and endeavor to clear her mind of the cloud of perplexity and apprehension which hung over it. In the course of her conversation with the doctor she chanced to say, in the general's hearing, that she felt herself to be 'a great sinner.'

"'You a sinner?' interposed the general; 'why, you are all purity and goodness! Join Dr. Edgar's church, by all means.'

"This remark was considered by the clergyman as proof that, at that time, General Jackson was 'blind' as to the nature of true religion. Soon after this interview Mrs. Jackson's anxiety was relieved, and she waited to join the church only for a suitable opportunity.

"Ere long a 'protracted meeting' was held in the little church on the Hermitage farm. Dr. Edgar con-

DRIVEWAY TO THE HERMITAGE, LINED WITH CYPRESSES

ducted the exercises, and the family at the Hermitage were constant in their attendance. The last day of the meeting arrived, which was also the last day of the week. General Jackson sat in his accustomed seat and Dr. Edgar preached. The subject of the sermon was the interposition of Providence in the affairs of men, a subject congenial with the habitual tone of General Jackson's mind. The preacher spoke in detail of the perils which beset the life of man, and how often he is preserved from sickness and sudden death. Seeing General Jackson listening with rapt attention to his discourse, the eloquent preacher sketched the career of a man who, in addition to the ordinary dangers of human life, had encountered those of the wilderness, of war, and of keen political conflict; who had escaped the tomahawk of the savage, the attack of his country's enemies, the privations and fatigues of border warfare, and the aim of the assassin. 'How is it,' exclaimed the preacher, 'that a man endowed with reason and gifted with intelligence can pass through such scenes as these unharmed, and not see the hand of God in his deliverance?' While enlarging on this theme Dr. Edgar saw that his words were sinking deep into the general's heart, and he spoke with unusual animation and impressiveness.

"The service ended, General Jackson got into his carriage and was riding homeward. He was overtaken by Dr. Edgar on horseback. He hailed the doctor, and said he wished to speak with him. Both having alighted, the general led the clergyman a little way into the grove.

"'Doctor,' said the general, 'I want you to come home with me to-night.'

"'I cannot to-night,' was the reply; 'I am engaged elsewhere.'

"'Doctor,' repeated the general, 'I want you to come home with me to-night.'

"Dr. Edgar said that he had promised to visit that evening a sick lady, and he felt bound to keep his promise. General Jackson, as though he had not heard

the reply, said a third time, and more pleadingly than before:

"'Doctor, I *want* you to come home with me to-night.'

"'General Jackson,' said the clergyman, 'my word is pledged; I cannot break it; but I will be at the Hermitage to-morrow morning very early.'

"The anxious man was obliged to be contented with this arrangement, and went home alone. He retired to his apartment. He passed the evening and the greater part of the night in meditation, in reading, in conversation with his beloved daughter, in prayers. He was sorely distressed. Late at night, when his daughter left him, he was still agitated and sorrowful. What thoughts passed through his mind as he paced his room in the silence of the night, of *what* sins he repented, and *what* actions of his life he wished he had not done, no one knows, or will ever know. . . .

"As the day was breaking, light seemed to dawn upon his troubled soul, and a great peace fell upon him.

"To Dr. Edgar, who came to see him soon after sunrise, General Jackson told the joyful history of the night, and expressed a desire to be admitted into the church with his daughter that very morning. The usual questions respecting doctrine and experience were satisfactorily answered by the candidate. Then there was a pause in the conversation. The clergyman said at length:

"'General, there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?'

"The question was evidently unexpected, and the candidate was silent for awhile.

"'My political enemies,' said he, 'I can freely forgive; but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me *for* serving my country—Doctor, that is a different case.'

"The doctor assured him that it was not. Christianity, he said, forbade the indulgence of enmity abso-

THE MAIN HALL AT THE HERMITAGE

The unique wall-paper, picturing the story of Telemachus on the Island of Calypso, was imported from Paris by Jackson

lutely and in all cases. No man could be received into a Christian church who did not cast out of his heart every feeling of that nature. It was a condition that was fundamental and indispensable.

"After a considerable pause the candidate said that he thought he could forgive all who had injured him, even those who had assailed him for what he had done for his country in the field. The clergyman then consented to his sharing in the solemn ceremonial of the morning, and left the room to communicate the glad tidings to Mrs. Jackson. She hastened to the general's apartment. They rushed with tears into each other's arms, and remained long in a fond and silent embrace.

"The Hermitage church was crowded to the utmost of its small capacity; the very windows were darkened with the eager faces of the servants. After the usual services, the general rose to make the required public declaration of his concurrence with the doctrines, and his resolve to obey the precepts, of the church. He leaned heavily upon his stick with both hands; tears rolled down his cheeks. His daughter, the fair, young matron, stood beside him. Amid a silence the most profound, the general answered the questions proposed to him. When he was formally pronounced a member of the church, and the clergyman was about to continue the services, the long-restrained feelings of the congregation burst forth in sobs and exclamations, which compelled him to pause for several minutes. The clergyman himself was speechless with emotion and abandoned himself to the exaltation of the hour. A familiar hymn was raised, in which the entire assembly, both within and without the church, joined with an ecstatic fervor which at once expressed and relieved their feelings.

"From this time to the end of his life General Jackson spent most of his leisure hours in reading the Bible, Biblical commentaries, and the hymn-book, which last he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way, *hime* book. The work known as 'Scott's Bible' was his chief delight; he read it through twice before he died.

Nightly he read prayers in the presence of his family and household servants. I say *read* prayers, for so I was informed by those who often heard him do it. But there has been published a description of the family worship at the Hermitage which represents the general as delivering an *extempore* prayer.

"The Hermitage church, after the death of Mrs. Jackson and the general's removal to Washington, had not been able to maintain itself; but the event which we have just related caused it to be reorganized. At one of the first meetings of the resurrected church General Jackson was nominated a 'ruling elder.'

"'No,' said he, 'the Bible says, "Be not hasty in laying on of hands." I am too young in the church for such an office. My countrymen have given me high honors, but I should esteem the office of ruling elder in the Church of Christ a far higher honor than any I have ever received. I propose Brother —— and Brother ——' (two aged neighbors)."

Jackson had but little time left in which to show the strength and sincerity of his conviction and his devotion to the church, but there is no doubt as to the depth of them nor of the comfort and peace that came to the battle-scarred, storm-racked old man in those last years of his tempestuous life. They were not altogether happy years from a material standpoint. Van Buren was beaten in the political field, the speculations of Andrew Jackson, Jr., his adopted son, turned out badly at home, and in order to assist him Jackson was forced to borrow money, which he cheerfully did. In view of the straits to which the younger Andrew had been reduced, Jackson made a new and final will bequeathing everything to him. Lewis thus describes an interview in which the question of the will was discussed shortly after it was made:

"It was a beautiful morning in June. 'Come, Major,' said the general, 'it is a pleasant day, let us

take a stroll.' He seemed very weak, scarcely able to walk, and had much difficulty in breathing. After walking a short distance Major Lewis advised him to return, but he would not. A second and a third time the major entreated him to go no further. 'No, Major,' he said, 'I set out to show you my cotton field, and I will go.' They reached the field at length and sat down upon a stump to admire its flourishing appearance. Suddenly changing the subject, the general told his companion that he had made a new will, leaving his whole estate unconditionally to his son. Major Lewis ventured to remonstrate, and advised that a part of the property should be settled upon Mrs. Jackson and her children, enough to secure them against want in case his son's speculations should continue to be unsuccessful.

"'No,' said the general after a long pause, 'that would show a want of confidence. If *she*,' pointing to the tomb in the garden, 'were alive, she would wish him to have it all, and to me her wish is law.'"

The little episode is interesting as showing the general's indomitable resolution to do what he set about to do at whatsoever cost to himself, and there is a further evidence in those last days, when his wife had been dead so many years, of the depth and persistence of his affection for her.

On May 24, 1845, the last Sunday but two of his life, "General Jackson partook of the communion in the presence of his family. He spoke much of the consolation of religion, and declared that he was ready for the final summons. 'Death,' said he after the ceremony was over, 'has no terrors for me. When I have suffered sufficiently, the Lord will take me to Himself; but what are my sufferings compared with those of the blessed Saviour who died on the accursed tree for me? Mine are nothing.'"

Sumner's last bitter words on Jackson, which I print without further comment, since the spirit in which they were written is painfully evident, are these: "In his last years he joined the church, and on that occasion, under the exhortations of his spiritual adviser, he professed to forgive all his enemies in a body, although it is otherwise asserted that he excepted those who had slandered his wife. It does not appear that he ever repented of anything, ever thought that he had been in the wrong in anything, or ever forgave an enemy as a specific individual."

The end of his life was now at hand. Let us see how he met it, and what truly does appear concerning it. Parton has preserved certain pages of a diary kept by one William Tyack, whom he describes as being a friend and employé of the family, in which we are given an intimate personal account of the last days of the old hero.

"WEDNESDAY, May 28.—On my arrival I find the ex-President more comfortable than he has been, although his disease is not abated, and his long and useful life is rapidly drawing to its close. He has not been in a condition to lie down during the last four months.

"THURSDAY, May 29.—General Jackson is rather more comfortable, having obtained from opiates some sleep. This day he sat awhile to Mr. Healy, who has been sent by Louis Philippe to paint his portrait. Mr. Healy told me it was the design of the King of the French to place his portrait by the side of Washington, which already hangs in his gallery. Mr. Healy is commissioned by the king to paint the portraits of twelve of the most distinguished Revolutionary patriots, to surround those of Washington and Jackson. Mr. Healy was enabled to make much progress in his work to-day; and, as usual, the general received many visitors—more than thirty. All were admitted, from the humblest to the most renowned, to

ROOM AND BED IN WHICH JACKSON DIED

Furnished as at that time

take the venerable chieftain by the hand and bid him farewell. Among the visitors was General Jessup, an old friend and companion in arms. The meeting of these faithful and gallant soldiers and servants of the republic was deeply interesting and affecting. A reverend gentleman called to inquire in regard to the general's health, his faith, and future hope. The general said: 'Sir, I am in the hands of a merciful God. I have full confidence in His goodness and mercy. My lamp of life is nearly out, and the last glimmer has come. I am ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. The principles and statutes of that holy book have been the rule of my life, and I have tried to conform to its spirit as near as possible. Upon the sacred volume I rest my hope to eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'

"FRIDAY, May 30.—The general passed a bad night; no sleep; extremely feeble this morning. Mr. Healy, with much exertion on the part of the general, was enabled to finish the portrait, on which he had labored with great care. It was presented the general. After examining it for some minutes, he remarked to Mr. Healy, 'I am satisfied, sir, that you stand at the head of your profession. If I may be allowed to judge of my own likeness, I can safely concur in the opinion of my family. This is the best that has been taken. I feel very much obliged to you, sir, for the very great labor and care you have been pleased to bestow upon it.' The family were all highly gratified with its faithfulness. I consider it the most perfect representation I have seen, giving rather the remains of the heroic personage than the full life that made him the most extraordinary combination of spirit and energy, with a slender frame, the world ever saw.

"At nine o'clock, as is the custom, all the general's family, except the few who take their turn to watch by his side, took their leave of him. Each of the family approached him, received his blessing, bade him farewell; kissed him, as it would seem, an eternal good-

night; for he would say, 'My work is done for life.' After his family retires it is touching to witness this heroic man, who has faced every danger with unyielding front, offer up his prayer for those whom Providence has committed to his care; that Heaven would protect and prosper them when he is no more—praying still more fervently to God for the preservation of his country, of the Union, and the people of the United States from all foreign influence and invasion—tendering his forgiveness to his enemies, and his gratitude to God for His support and success through a long life, and for the hope of eternal salvation through the merits of our blessed Redeemer.

"The general exerts himself to discharge every duty, and with all the anxious care that is possible; but his debility, and the unremitting anguish he suffers, has almost extinguished every power except that of his intellect. Occasionally his distress produces spasmodic affections; yet in the midst of the worst paroxysm of pain not a murmur, not even a groan, escapes his lips. Great and just in life, calm and resigned in death.

"SATURDAY, May 30.—The general passed a distressed night; no sleep; extreme debility this morning, attended with increased swelling of the abdomen and all his limbs and difficulty of breathing. He said, 'I hope God will grant me patience to submit to His holy will. He does all things well, and blessed be His holy and merciful name.' His Bible is always near him; if he is in his chair it is on the table by his side; when propped up in bed, that sacred volume is laid by him, and he often reads it. He has no power and is lifted in and out of his sitting posture in bed to the same posture in his chair. Nothing can exceed the affectionate care, vigilance, and never-ceasing efforts of his pious and devoted family to administer to his relief; and yet, in the midst of the affliction which calls for so much attention and sympathy, kindness and hospitality to strangers are not omitted.

"June 1.—'This day,' the general said, 'is the holy

Sabbath, ordained by God and set apart to be devoted to His worship and praise. I always attended service at church when I could; but now I can go no more.' He desired the family to go, as many as could, and charged them to continue the education of the poor at the Sabbath-school. This new system of instruction, he said, which blended the duties of religion with those of humanity, he considered of vast importance, and spoke with an emphasis which showed his anxiety to impress it on the family. Mrs. Jackson and her sister, Mrs. Adams, regularly attended to their instructions on the Sabbath. A part of the family went to church. The general looked out of the window and said: 'This is apparently the last Sabbath I shall be with you. God's will be done; He is kind and merciful.' The general's look is often fixed with peculiar affection on his granddaughter Rachel, named after his wife, so beloved, and whose memory he has so tenderly cherished. The young Rachel has all the lovely and amiable qualities for which the elder Mrs. Jackson was so remarkable.

"MONDAY, June 2.—The general passed a bad night. No sleep. An evident increase of water on the chest. He read many letters, as usual. Some of them from persons of whom he had no knowledge, asking his autographs, and making other requests. The letters were opened by some of his family. Mrs. Jackson or Mrs. Adams were almost constantly with him. He looked over them; those of importance were opened and read. Among them was one from Major Donelson, chargé-d'affaires to Texas, giving an account of the almost incredible proceedings of the British agent, Elliott, to prevent the annexation of Texas to the United States. The general said: 'We have made a disgraceful sacrifice of our territory (Oregon); an important portion of our country was given away to England without a shadow of title on the part of the claimants, as has been shown by the admissions of the English ministers on referring in Parliament to the King's map, on which the true boundaries were delineated, and of which they were apprised when urging their demands.' 'Right on

the side of the American people, and firmness in maintaining it,' he continued, 'with trust in God alone, will secure to them the integrity of the possessions of which the British government would now deprive them. I am satisfied that they will assert and vindicate what justice awards them, and that no part of our territory or country will ever be submitted to any arbitration but of the cannon's mouth.'

"He felt grateful, he said, to a merciful Providence, that had always sustained him through all his struggles, and in the defence of the continued independence and prosperity of his beloved country, and that he could now give up his stewardship and resign his breath to God who gave it, with the cheering reflection that the country was now settled down upon a firm, democratic basis; that the rights of the laboring classes were respected and protected; 'for,' he added, 'it is from them that the country derives all its prosperity and greatness, and to them we must ever look to defend our soil when invaded. They have never refused—no, sir, and never will. Give them an honest government, freedom from their monopolies and privileged classes, and hard money —not paper currency—for their hard labor, and all will be well.'

"At two o'clock P.M. his distress became suddenly very great, and the water increasing to an alarming extent, an express was sent to Nashville, twelve miles, for surgical aid. An operation was performed by Dr. Esselman with success; much water was taken from his abdomen, which produced great relief, although extreme prostration.

"TUESDAY, June 3.—Much distress through the night. Opiates were freely administered, but sleep appeared to have passed from him. Calm and perfectly resigned to the will of his Redeemer, he prayed to God to sustain him in the hour of dissolution.

"At ten A.M. Doctors Robinson and Walters arrived from Nashville. Doctor Esselman having remained with the general through the night, a consultation was held and all that had been done was approved; and all

that could be done was to conform to the general's temporary wants.

"At four P.M. I left his house for home. He expressed great solicitude in my behalf, but I was silent; the scene was too affecting; and I left this aged soldier, statesman, and Christian patriot, with all the pious and hospitable inmates of the Hermitage, without the power of saying farewell."

Four days after Tyack's departure Jackson died. Dr. Esselman, who attended him in his last illness, thus describes his death-bed:

"On Sunday morning," writes Dr. Esselman, "on entering his room, I found him sitting in his armchair, with his two faithful servants, George and Dick, by his side, who had just removed him from his bed. I immediately perceived that the hand of death was upon him. I informed his son that he could survive but a few hours, and he immediately dispatched a servant for Major William B. Lewis, the general's devoted friend. Mrs. Jackson informed me that it was the general's request that in case he grew worse, or was thought to be near his death, Major Lewis should be sent for, as he wished him to be near him in his last moments. He was instantly removed to his bed, but before he could be placed there he had swooned away. His family and servants, believing him to be dead, were very much alarmed, and manifested the most intense grief; however, in a few seconds reaction took place, and he became conscious, and raised his eyes, and said: 'My dear children, do not grieve for me; it is true I am going to leave you; I am well aware of my situation; I have suffered much bodily pain, but my sufferings are but as nothing compared with that which our blessed Saviour endured on that accursed cross, that we might all be saved who put their trust in Him.' He first advised Mrs. Jackson (his daughter-in-law) and took leave of her, reminding her of her tender kindness towards him at all times, and especially during his pro-

tracted illness. He next took leave of Mrs. Adams (a widowed sister of Mrs. Jackson, who had been a member of the general's family for several years) in the most kind and affectionate manner, reminding her also of her tender devotion towards him during his illness. He next took leave of his adopted son in the most affectionate and devoted manner. He next took leave of his grandchildren and the children of Mrs. Adams. He kissed and blessed them in a manner so touchingly impressive that I have no language that can do this scene justice. He discovered that there were two of the boys absent—one of his grandsons and one of Mrs. Adams'. He inquired for them. He was informed that they were at the chapel, attending Sunday-school. He desired that they should be sent for. As soon as they came he kissed and blessed them also, as he had done to those with him. By this time most of his servants had collected in his room or at the windows. When he had taken leave of them all, he delivered one of the most impressive lectures on the subject of religion that I have ever heard. He spoke for nearly half an hour, and apparently with the power of inspiration; for he spoke with calmness, with strength, and, indeed, with animation. I regret exceedingly that there was no one present who could have noted down his precise words. In conclusion he said: 'My dear children, and friends, and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black.' The last sentence he repeated—'both white and black,' looking at them with the tenderest solicitude. With these words he ceased to speak, but fixed his eyes on his granddaughter, Rachel Jackson (who bears the name of his own beloved wife), for several seconds. What was passing through his mind at that moment I will not pretend to say, but it did appear to me that he was invoking the blessings of Heaven to rest upon her."

When I think of the end of that life, the storm-tossed old warrior entering the haven where he would find that

rest that had been denied him all his life, I am minded to voice an ancient prayer which runs, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

As to Jackson's last words, I am inclined to think that the narrators allowed themselves to fill out, in accordance with their own ideas of his meaning, the broken sentences of the dying man, which Buell gives as "Don't cry. Be good. We shall meet——." To me there is much more that is natural and characteristic in these words, and there is much more that is suggestive and beautiful in the long silence that fell upon those old lips as they strove to voice that uncompleted sentence than in any graceful period supplied by any one else. No one ever put words in Jackson's mouth in life, no one should be allowed to do it in death either. Well, the sentence was broken and interrupted, but the long life was roundly finished, complete and well.

Lewis gave another account of that last scene of all in this strange eventful history to Parton, which I quote until the end.

Major Lewis arrived about noon. "Major," said the dying man in a feeble voice, but quite audibly, "I am glad to see you. You had like to have been too late."

During most of the afternoon he lay tranquil and without pain, speaking occasionally to Major Lewis, who never left his bedside. He sent farewell messages to Colonel Benton, Mr. Blair, General Houston, and to other friends not known to the public. At half-past five, after a long interval of silence, his son took his hand and whispered in his ear:

"Father, how do you feel? Do you know me?"

"Know you?" he replied, "yes, I know you. I would know you all if I could see. Bring me my spectacles."

When his spectacles were brought he said:

"Where is my daughter and Marian? God will take care of you for me. I am my God's. I belong to Him. I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all, white and black, in heaven."

All present burst into tears. The crowd of servants on the piazza, who were all day looking through the windows, sobbed, cried out, and wrung their hands. The general spoke again:

"What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven."

These were his last words. He lay half an hour with closed eyes, breathing softly and easily. Major Lewis stood close to his head. The family were about the bed silently waiting and weeping. George and the faithful Hannah were present. Hannah could not be induced to leave the room. "I was born and raised on the place," said she, "and my place is here." At six o'clock the general's head suddenly fell forward and was caught by Major Lewis. The major applied his ear to the mouth of his friend and found that he had ceased to breathe. He had died without a struggle or a pang. Major Lewis removed the pillows, drew down the body upon the bed, and closed the eyes. Upon looking again at the face, he observed that the expression of pain which it had worn so long had passed away. Death had restored it to naturalness and serenity. The aged warrior slept.

Two days after he was laid in the grave by the side of his wife, of whom he had said, not long before he died, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there." All Nashville and the country round about seemed to be present at the funeral. Three thousand persons were thought to be assembled on the lawn in front of the house, when Dr. Edgar stepped upon the portico to begin the services. After prayer had

LAST PORTRAIT OF ANDREW JACKSON, PAINTED A SHORT TIME PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH

From the original by Colonel R. E. W. Earl in the possession of Colonel Andrew Jackson

been offered a favorite psalm of the departed was sung:

"Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!"

The text of the sermon was: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb." . . . Another hymn which the general had loved concluded the ceremonies. The body was then borne to the garden and placed in the tomb long ago prepared for its reception. "I never witnessed a funeral of half the solemnity," wrote a spectator at the time. The tablet which covers the remains bears this inscription:

General
ANDREW JACKSON
Born on the 15th of March, 1767,
Died on the 8th of June, 1845.

XVIII

JACKSON'S PLACE IN OUR HISTORY

"WHAT," asks Professor William Garrott Brown in concluding his lucid and comprehensive monograph on Jackson, "is the rightful place in history of the fiery horseman in front of the White House?* The reader must answer for himself when he has studied for himself all the great questions Jackson dealt with. Such a study will surely show that he made many mistakes, did much injustice to men, espoused many causes without waiting to hear the other side, was often bitter, violent, even cruel. It will show how ignorant he was on many subjects, how prejudiced on others. It will show him in contact with men who surpassed him in wisdom, in knowledge, in fairness of mind. It will deny him a place among those calm, just, great men who can see both sides and yet strive ardently for the right side.

"But the longest inquiry will not discover another American of his times who had in such ample measure the gifts of courage and will. Many had fewer faults, many superior talents, but none so great a spirit. He was the man who had his way. He was the American whose simple virtues his countrymen most clearly understood, whose trespasses they most readily forgave; and until Americans are altogether changed, many, like the Democrats of the 'twenties and 'thirties, will still 'vote for Jackson'—for the poor boy who fought his way, step by step, to the highest station; for the soldier who always went to meet the enemy at the gate; for the

* Alluding to the equestrian statue of the general at Washington. It is proper to say that I do not entirely agree with this estimate, although generally endorsing it.—C. T. B.

STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON BY CLARK MILLS IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Erected in 1853 and unveiled on the thirty-eighth anniversary of the
Battle of New Orleans

President who never shirked a responsibility; for the man who would not think evil of a woman or speak harshly to a child. Education and training in statecraft would have saved him many errors; culture might have softened the fierceness of his nature. But untrained, uncultivated, imperfect as he was, not one of his great contemporaries had so good a right to stand for American character."

If, in this book, I have done my work well, the intelligent reader who has progressed thus far will have acquired a just conception of the character and career of Andrew Jackson. In such a case it may be argued that any further words from me on the subject are unnecessary. If, on the other hand, my task has been indifferently performed, then any comments of mine are not only superfluous, but impertinent. Therefore shall I say on, or not?

In the humble hope that I have been fair and adequate in my treatment of my great and entrancing subject, and in the further hope that I have not failed in my endeavor to "nothing extenuate" on the one hand, "nor set down aught in malice" on the other, I dare venture to submit an estimate, brief, I promise you, of Jackson's place in our history, together with some remarks as to our future which must inevitably occur to every searcher in our past, to every observer of our present.

It will be universally admitted that we have had at least two great Presidents in our history, men who were great personalities and who contributed invaluably to the welfare of the Republic, Washington and Lincoln. Greatness is primarily a matter of character, but the world measures it usually by results. And that for this discussion is a safe standard. If results, then, be a test of greatness, another factor must of necessity be considered in estimating the places of men—opportu-

nity. To George Washington and to Abraham Lincoln great opportunities were presented. Those opportunities they mastered with splendid results to their country and to mankind. Others might possibly have done as well given the same chance, but since the chance was withheld they may be dismissed from further consideration. Is Andrew Jackson entitled to be mentioned with these two, either by what he was, or by what he accomplished in or out of the Presidency? I think so. He falls below them both, but he rises above every other President in the long line.

Let us go back in our history a little and strive rightfully to place these three men.

When what disputes with the Constitution the honor of being described as the greatest document ever struck off at one time by human hand, the Declaration of Independence, was spread before the eyes of startled Europe; in spite of the age-long struggle human liberty—civil, political, and religious liberty, that is—was in most countries a philosophic dream. Even that sturdy little Helvetian confederacy was under the domination of an oligarchy as narrow and as supreme as that which had swayed for a thousand years the destinies of Venice. There was liberty nowhere on the surface. There was a passion for it everywhere in human hearts.

Then it pleased God to bring together in America such a group of men as few countries have ever assembled at one time within their borders. James Otis, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Robert Morris, and Benjamin Franklin, to think and plan; Nathanael Greene, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, Daniel Morgan, John Stark, Francis Marion, John Paul Jones, Richard Montgomery, Harry Lee, Baron De Kalb, Marquis de Lafayette, and, in his earlier career, Benedict Arnold,

to do and dare; and as the unifying spirit not only to direct, but also to lead, and thus to stand supreme among them all—George Washington. Providence also put a blundering fool upon a throne, and surrounded him with venal counsellors and incompetent soldiers, to equalize the struggle of the few against the many. Thus the Revolution was fought and won. Thus the country was established.

There is one significant feature of it. It was fought, won, and established under the leadership and guidance I might say of an oligarchy, certainly of an aristocracy. We had no official aristocracy in the country, but unofficially there were well-established differences in rank even in democratic New England, where students were placed in Harvard College in accordance with the social status of their fathers! With few exceptions the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution were, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, of the degree of gentlemen. They came from the best society of their day. True, they could have done nothing had there not been that fortuitous concurrence of ideas and the ideal as represented by the people and the few. True, they could have accomplished little had not the time been ripe for such leadership as they could offer; had not the idea of liberty been already inwrought in the minds of the people by the slow process of the ages. The understanding of this point is of great importance in tracing our future development. It was the aristocracy of the land to which was due the establishment of the government. Nor by this do I minimize the popular contribution to the work. That was necessary. Nothing could have been accomplished without the people. But without the leadership mentioned nothing could have been done by the people. They were not yet capable of evolving a leader themselves.

There never was a kinglier man in any land, at any

time, than George Washington. Wherever such a character might have appeared his career would have been a marked one. If he had not been born to the purple, he would have achieved it. No man is independent of opportunity. For if, as Shakespeare says, its guilt is great, so also is its virtue; but if ever a man were independent of opportunity, it was George Washington.

Such an assemblage of qualities as he exhibited has rarely, if ever, been seen before in a single man; yet he was not a demigod. The blood burned in his veins as prodigally as it beats in our own. He was full of the joy of life. His passions were as strong as those of any man. But his character was remarkable for a purity, an honesty, a dignity, a sanity, a restraint, a self-control, an ability, and a courage at which succeeding ages have marvelled. The testimony to his qualities is abundant and unimpeachable. In mind and mien he was more royal than the king. In my judgment, had he so desired, he might have been the founder of an empire and a dynasty, instead of the Father of a Republic.

In the earlier history of the struggle for human liberty we find that the successive steps were always taken upon the initiative of the great, the gently-born, the well-to-do. Hampden was of the rank of gentleman, as was Cromwell, although he is nearer to an exception to this statement than any other. The Barons of Runnymede wresting the Magna Charta were the high aristocracy of England, and the people without them would have had no power to move the ineffable John. The early leaders of the French Revolution—as Mirabeau!—were of the same high class. Not for a long time did men like Marat and Barère come to the fore. The American Revolution was engineered and directed and assured, I reaffirm, by the aristocracy, the best blood of the country.

What then! Having achieved their task, Washington and his fellows deliberately put liberty and its maintenance into the hands of the people. In the very nature of things, by the very plans which they made, by the Constitution itself, the whole power, the authority of the government, the entire responsibility for its administration and for its preservation, were taken out of the hands of the few and put into the hands of the many.

It is difficult to estimate the importance of that action. There was no precedent for it. Experience had no word to say concerning its feasibility. The boldness of the Declaration of Independence was surpassed by the boldness of the Constitution. The one had stated that all men were created free and equal, that government derived its just powers from the consent of the governed; the other showed that men had the courage to stand by their assertions. Words are lacking to emphasize the sublime faith and the noble courage of the Constitution-makers—again the nation's best! Coldly considered, it was an experiment of such magnitude that we stand aghast even in backward contemplation of it. It might have been such a failure.

It is probable that the experiment never would have succeeded if the transition had been sharp and abrupt between the customary and the proposed method of government. The habit of centuries was still strong in humanity. During the earlier years of the Republic the people, timid in their own powers, committed its destinies to the same class under whose leadership had been won its liberty. The earlier Congresses exhibited a degree of wealth, station, and culture which no succeeding assemblage of legislators has paralleled.

But the people learned rapidly, and their work justified the trust reposed in them. Among themselves the genius for leadership grew and flourished. The first

President who came from the people was Andrew Jackson.

What did he accomplish? He taught the people that they must rule; he was the true father of democratic government, of government "of the people, for the people, and by the people." It is better, in the long run, that the people should rule themselves badly than that another should rule them well. Certainly Jackson was more autocratic than any President who had preceded him or who followed him, but his autocracy was the autocracy of the plain people. Carlyle says that Napoleon dominated France because he incarnated in himself the popular ideals and aspirations of France. He ruled because he was a great Napoleon among a multitude of little Napoleons. Jackson was the unquestioned ruler of this country, the idol of its people, because he represented as few other Americans before him, and not over many since, the qualities of the American citizen, at least the qualities the American citizen loved. Not until then were the people so truly represented by the executive. And, furthermore, Jackson winning the Presidency admonished the people that it was not the perquisite of any favored class or condition of society, but that the humblest might aspire to it and achieve it by merit alone. Jackson was the incarnation of a popular hope, the realization of a popular ambition, he was to the people a demonstration.

The people had not learned to rule; they made many grievous mistakes, of course, and Jackson likewise, but they made a great step upward when they wrested the powers of government from the hands of the few and placed them, where they belong in a republic, in the hands of the many. It was a great advance from the theoretical democracy of Jefferson, the philosopher, to the practical democracy of Jackson, the man of action. It was by and through Jackson's peculiar combination

of qualities that the people were able to accomplish this revolutionary change. That is his first title to greatness.

Opportunity was given to Jackson to render more notable service to the country, too, than any President save the two mentioned enjoyed. As has been pointed out, his ability as a soldier and his characteristics as a man saved the country west of the Mississippi to the United States. The value of that service can scarcely be overstated. During his Presidency the stand he took on secession has been noted. These, with his settlement of our financial difficulties with France and his destruction of that eventual source of corruption in politics, the Second Bank of the United States, are his secondary claims to our grateful remembrance in association with Washington and Lincoln. And who shall limit the effect of Jackson's Nullification Proclamation and his action on the men of sixty-one? How much were the giants of those days influenced or guided by what Jackson had said or done?

I quote again that exquisite paragraph from Fiske's essay on the subject under consideration. "The recollection of it [the Nullification Proclamation, etc.] had much to do with setting men's faces in the right direction in the early days of 1861; and those who lived through that doubting, anxious time will remember how people's thoughts went back to that grim, gaunt figure, long since at peace in the grave, and from many and many a mouth was heard the prayer: Oh, for one hour of Andrew Jackson!"

In the first ninety years of its history the Republic had demonstrated its right to existence. Its course, save for the blot on its escutcheon involved in the unjust war with Mexico, had been highly honorable among nations. It was not likely that any foreign foe would ever be able to overwhelm it or impair the stability of its institutions. With a constantly increasing success

had been demonstrated the feasibility of a government administered by, and for the benefit of, the people. The event had justified the wisdom of the founders. The world on every hand looked on and took lessons. And well it might. No single fact in history has been so pregnant with happiness and welfare to mankind as the demonstration of democratic government which we have afforded. The consequences are not yet exhausted.

The political course of the world's history since 1776 has not been backward. Some of us may live to see the day when Russia will become a representative government, when the absolutism of Germany will be an archaic fiction, and when kings will be by the grace of the people, if indeed they be at all. Some day all civilized nations, whatever their outward form of government, will be as free as we are, as England and France are, to-day.

Now a country which may have strength enough to fight valiantly for its existence against external foes may yet carry within itself the seeds of its own destruction. In 1861 came the final trial as to whether or not the experiment that was begun by Washington, that was perpetuated by Jackson, was finally to come to an inglorious end. Without passion or prejudice,—certainly it is too late for that now,—without any feeling for any section of our country but love and devotion, without going into the causes of the Civil War, looking only to the fact that upon its success or failure depended the existence of the United States, realizing that if one section could separate from the main body upon aggrievement, so also could another, and that one single separation probably meant the solution of all organic coherence and the substitution of a number of jealous, circumscribed, petty, and insignificant States for a great homogeneous nation, thus involving the utter downfall of the great idea of the founders of the Republic and

of the Constitution, we can realize the importance of the conservation of the United States as a nation.

The aristocracy of the country had founded a nation and had committed its government to the people. For a generation, with many blunders and mistakes, the people had been trying to carry on the government. They had met emergencies as they had arisen, but the supreme test had not yet confronted them, what would they do in that? No longer did aristocracy dominate. No longer does it dominate to-day—I use the words in the old sense of degree; in the long run the aristocracy of talent and character will always dominate in the Republic and elsewhere. Washington had done his part. Jackson had done his part. Would the people be equal in the crisis to the obligations of their position?

Who is responsible for the successful conduct of the war between the States? To whom, under God, is due the perpetuation of the Republic? Many men took great part, many men deserve well of the nation. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, and Meade; Stanton, Sumner, Chase, and Seward. Their services are as nothing compared to those of Abraham Lincoln. And he was a man of the people in every sense of the word; mark it, a man of the people! The people themselves had brought forth a man capable of leadership. Out of the dust of earth did God make this man in His own image. Washington opened the way for Jackson, Jackson blazed the trail for Lincoln, and Lincoln trod successfully upon the path.

Dissimilar these three men were. Washington, born of the world's great; the richest, the best bred, the most important, the most influential man of his time. Jackson, with the manner and training of a courtier and the methods of a backwoodsman. Lincoln, so humble, so obscure in his origin that it can with difficulty be traced. Washington, with every grace and charm and character-

istic that marks the high-bred gentleman; Jackson, charming all he did not affright with his lack of control by the grace of his bearing; Lincoln, with few or none of these things. The first a prince, the last a peasant, the one between a compound of both.

Washington's character is not complex. It is simple and easy to understand—and not the less great and admirable on that account. Be it remarked in passing, that he was no English country gentleman, as has been alleged, but as good an American as Franklin or as Lincoln himself. Jackson's character and qualities have been set forth at length.

Lincoln was a creature of contradictions. In person so homely as when pictured almost to repel, but with an appeal so powerful and inexplainable that in personal contact his ugliness was forgotten. Perhaps men near him caught a glimpse of his soul, unconsciously revealed. A man full of that quaint humor we love to call American, yet over his face a tinge of sadness as if tragedy peeped from behind the mask of comedy. A man whose stories were frequently not repeatable, yet of a deeply religious nature, a piety as fervent as it was uncommon, a trust as pervading as it was sincere. An unlettered man, yet whose beautiful words will live as long as the language of Shakespeare and the English Bible shall endure. A man with many failings, who made many mistakes; a man with the stain of the soil whence he sprang clinging to him; yet with qualities that enabled him to speak to his fellow-men with the foresight of a prophet, to accomplish the impossible with the powers of a king, to pursue his duty with the serenity of a saint.

As I look back upon our American history, as I view side by side these three gigantic men towering among their contemporaries, each ready in the day of need, I break forth in the words of the ancient prophet, " What

hath God wrought?" The one to found and build a Republic, to give it a priceless heritage into a people's hands; the second to receive it as of the people himself, to save it in a day of lesser emergency and to pass it on strengthened by his touch; the last to rise in the crowded hour and say in the words of a greater than man, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. . . . Those that thou gavest me I have kept and none of them is lost."

Oh, flag that floats above us, thank God that from thy blazonry never hath been torn a single star!

I call Washington the founder, Jackson the perpetuater, and Lincoln the preserver of our country.

So much for the past. What of the future? Can we unlock it with the past's blood-rusted key? On the threshold of a new century stands the country of Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln. The United States is menaced by threatening conditions, confronted by difficult problems, weighted with grave responsibilities, external and internal. These are the circumstances of success. To struggle is to live. The law of battle is the law of life. Well might Alexander weep with no more worlds to conquer, for then began his decadence. The country whose need fails to engross its highest citizenship in its problems, in which the people do not cheerfully give their best consideration to its questions, is a country already in a state of decay. Thank God for all our burdens! By them we prove our manhood.

For one hundred years we were content to expand peacefully within our natural limits. Between the seas we reigned supreme. In the twinkling of an eye we found ourselves projected, almost without intent, into the sphere of world politics. Not that we were in a state of complete isolation before. As with individuals, so with nations, entire isolation is not possible; as men live among men, so nations must live among nations,

sustaining certain definite and well-understood relations with one another, whatever may be the individual desire to be solitary, alone.

But our concerns with foreign powers and affairs had been remote and not of especial importance.

To-day we have become a factor in the politics of the world. In the Chancellaries of Europe the leading question in nearly every contingency,—not purely local,—that arises is, "What will the United States do?" Our American diplomacy which has honesty for its finesse and truth for its subtilty—where neither has been in vogue—takes the lead in public questions. With neither army nor navy comparable in size to that of other nations,—although so far as they go unsurpassed,—we are still the greatest single factor to be reckoned with.

We have said to one-half the world: "This half is ours. Keep out of it!" Therefore, we have made ourselves responsible for the welfare, the well-being, and more especially the well-doing, of that of which we have assumed to be the warden. How are we discharging that trust? So as to retain the respect of older powers, on the one hand, and the affection of those newer nations of which we have assumed the guardianship on the other, or not?

Our flag floats in the sunrise on one hemisphere in Porto Rico at the same hour that it is gilded by the sunset in the Philippines on the other. And the end is not yet. We are about to tear asunder the barrier which has separated ocean from ocean since God called the dry land from the deep. This is our position among the weak and the strong. What is to be the end of our expansion? Shall we go on? Shall we stand still? Shall we acquire? Shall we retain?

Never in history did a nation say as we did to Cuba, "Go, you are free!" Shall we say that some day to our little brown brethren across the Pacific? Shall we train

and try them for that end? Shall we grasp at power with greedy, rapacious hands? Shall we give way to vaulting ambition which shall by and by o'erleap itself and carry us down in its fall?

Shall the Republic continue to stand for honesty and integrity and the fear of God among the nations? Shall there be liberty wherever the flag flies, or else the withdrawal of the flag? Shall we stand eternally for what Washington founded and Jackson perpetuated and Lincoln preserved? Or shall we do some other thing?

There come to our harbors every day a horde of people from the Old World, following that westward moving star of empire, seeking their fortunes in this land of equal opportunity for all, of special privilege for none. What shall we do with them? What shall be our position with regard to immigration? How much of such an influx can our people assimilate? What quantity of food of that character can the nation digest? How many foreign people can we turn into good American citizens without lowering our immortal standards? How far shall we shut the open door? What restriction shall we place upon our welcome?

These are external problems. There are internal ones, perhaps of greater moment and harder to solve. Within our borders are millions of black people, an alien race whose mental habit and temperament differ from ours even as we are physically at variance. What shall we do with these people? Believe me, Appomattox simply changed the form of the question. It settled another question, not that one. Emancipation solved one problem only to introduce another. That problem confronts us with a constantly increasing demand, a demand full of menace, fraught with appalling possibilities. There appears as yet no solution of it. Education, we fatuously cry, but education is not the universal resolvent. We cannot educate away the racial

difference. The welfare of this country depends on the retention of power by the white race. White and black in blend make gray, the ruination of the positive and valuable in both. How shall this be a white man's country with a white man's government and yet a fit home for the black man?

The principle of combination is universally accepted in the affairs of men. Consolidation, concentration, are the conditions of success. How far may this consolidation and concentration in the form of capital on the one hand, and of men on the other, be brought about? And when brought about what relation shall they sustain to each other? What shall we do with the trusts? what shall we do with the unions?

Life without law is impossible. Laws are man's expression of his reading of the will of God. Happy is the state in which the laws are not only adequate but observed. How shall we check the general disregard of law which is so singular a reversion to conditions long past when every man was a law unto himself? Long ago the right of private war was done away with. There is a backward swing of the pendulum of public opinion. Men have forgot that vengeance is God's and punishment belongs to the state. How shall we reassert effectively our determination that the law shall be administered only by those whom we have charged with that solemn, that vital duty?

The daily histories of the times, the newspapers, ring with charge and countercharge of political corruption in city, State, and nation. We would fain believe that much of the hue and cry is false, but we know that a terrible proportion of it is true. The best blood of the nation is strangely indifferent to the demands of the hour. For good government there should be a proper blending of Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln, the first representing education, culture, refinement, the second

the great, beating heart of the people, the third the sum of human consecration and toil. It will not do to trust to the low, the ignorant, and the venal the issues of life and government. Republics in history have tended to become oligarchies. Shall we reverse the work of Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln and submit ourselves unresisting, indifferent, to an oligarchy of bosses?

There are social problems as pressing. The sanctity of home life, the holiness of the marriage relation, is everywhere invaded. The social unit, the family, is being sundered into disorderly atoms by the growing evil of divorce. In it we are striking at the children.

There is a growing inclination to excess on the part of the rich and the well-to-do which is fatal to national honor, to national honesty. Frugality is to a democracy what modesty is to a woman. Extravagance is an attribute of empire. The follies of men in high station are vices when they are translated by men of less degree. There is a tendency in our midst to become intoxicated not only with our position in the world, but with our internal prosperity. How shall we check it?

Publicity is the safeguard of a Republic. Concealment is the essence of despotism. How, while conserving the freedom of the press, shall we also conserve the freedom of the private citizen, so that his personal affairs with which the public have no concern shall not be exploited and misrepresented by unscrupulous newspapers?

These are a few of the things which call to the patriotism of to-day. Love of country is usually associated with the bullet and the bayonet. The call of the flag is not merely a summons to war, it is a demand upon every citizen at every moment to do his civic duty with the same devotion, the same courage, with which he would answer an appeal to arms. It takes more resolution, of a higher if of a different order, to grapple with the questions which I have so briefly outlined, than

simply to follow a leader or even to lead ourselves in the high places of the field.

In what did Washington's greatness lie? In what did Jackson's greatness lie? In what did Lincoln's greatness lie? I would not affirm that they were supreme above all others in any particular field. Washington and Jackson, brilliant soldiers that they were, were not the greatest captains that ever set a squadron. Lincoln, profoundly politic and farseeing as he was, was not the greatest statesman that ever outlined a policy. Indeed, it would be hard to point to any one thing in which these three, unchallenged, might claim the palm.

They were great because in each of them were blended a congeries of qualities which made up a personality far beyond the common lot: a personality that was honest, that was pure, that was unselfish, that was able, that was devoted to mankind, to the country in which they all served; a personality which chose duty and service for its watchwords; a personality that was "efficient for the best." When you analyze great men, as a rule you will find that their greatness lies in that mysterious thing we call personality, which is made up of, and is yet disassociated from, special talents. Many talents go to make genius. To be great there must be balance and proportion. Without these the most brilliant achievement lacks permanence.

We cannot all be great statesmen, great soldiers, great administrators,—what you will,—but we may all be great patriots. We can each one of us so direct those qualities which God has bestowed upon us as to become a personality whose sole aim and end is the betterment of men and the service of the state. And for that purpose it is not idle for me to hold up for emulation the example of Washington, of Jackson, or of Lincoln; for there is no example too high for us to struggle to attain, not even the Example of the Cross.

APPENDIX

Appendix A

ON THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW JACKSON

[Note.—This most interesting and valuable paper, which seems to settle the question, has been especially prepared for this book by Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina, and author of numerous historical and genealogical papers relating to Southern subjects.—C. T. B.]

Of the many mooted questions in American history that of the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, is one of the most misunderstood. During Jackson's lifetime it was almost universally accepted that he was born in South Carolina, but of recent years it has come to be believed generally that he was born in North Carolina. The encyclopædias and biographers either state that his birthplace is a matter of doubt or that it was in North Carolina. But the most impartial and acceptable evidence all points to a well-defined spot in South Carolina as his birthplace.

Jackson himself repeatedly declared that he was born in South Carolina, and his is the best evidence we have, since his estimable mother died and left behind no testimony on the subject that has yet been put in evidence or that we know of. Jackson knew his own birthplace as well as any man knows the spot of his own birth. He grew up in the neighborhood of his birth. He was a boy of more than usual intelligence. He lived with or near his mother until after he had grown up, and he doubtless discussed every phase of his life with her, just as all of us who have been so fortunate as to have had a mother's care from birth to manhood have

done. The date of birth given by Jackson is commonly accepted as true. Why should the place given by him be rejected?

It is preposterous to say that a boy of Jackson's calibre did not know the exact spot of his birth; that as a young lawyer, who had been reared in the immediate vicinity of his birthplace and had known the exact location thereof from childhood up and knew every foot of ground in the vicinity, and knew of the controversies that had arisen over the boundary line running near his birthplace, he did not know whether that spot was in North Carolina or South Carolina; that the man grown to maturity and trained in the school of experience and rich in the highest honors which his country could bestow would have asserted so positively on various occasions that he was born in South Carolina unless he knew whereof he spoke.

What does the law say as to evidence of this sort:

"The facts of birth and age are matters of pedigree upon which hearsay evidence has been held in many cases to be admissible. So a party may testify to his own age without giving the source of his information. His age is a fact of which he may be said to have knowledge based upon family tradition."—*The American and English Encyclopædia of Law.*

"Of course, facts which might be shown by proof of declarations of a person deceased may be shown by the testimony of the same person living, so that a witness may testify as to who is his father, or as to his age, although, of course, he cannot know these matters by personal knowledge."—Alston *vs.* Alston (Iowa, 1901), 86 *Northwestern Reporter*, 57.

We will now proceed to furnish "proof of declarations of a person deceased." What does Jackson say as to his birthplace? In a letter, dated at Washington, December 24, 1830, replying to a letter from J. R. Pringle, intendant of Charleston, inviting him to visit Charleston, he says:

"Although it will be gratifying to my feelings, to avail myself of so favorable an opportunity to visit the emporium of my native state, I am yet prevented by my official engagements from designating the period when I can seize it."—*Niles' Weekly Register*, xxxix, p. 385.

December 2d 1832

My Dr Sir,

Your two letters of Nov.r 24 & 25th last have been received and I hasten to answer them

I fully concur with you in your views of Nullification. If leads directly to civil war and bloodshed and deserves the execration of every friend of the country. Should the civil power with your aid as a posse Comitatus prove not strong enough to carry into effect the laws of the Union you have a right to call upon the Government for aid and the Executive will rely

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON TO JOEL R. POINSETT, DECEMBER 2, 1832

(Now in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania)

This letter was written a few days before the issue of the Nullification proclamation, and authorizes the use of force to preserve the Union. It is one of Jackson's most characteristic letters

it as far as he has been vested with
the power by the Constitution and the
laws made in pursuance thereof.

The precautionary measures spoken
of in your last letter have been in some
degree anticipated. Five thousand
stand of muskets with corresponding equip-
-ments have been ordered to Castle
Pinckney; and a sloop of war with
a smaller armed vessel (the experiment,
will reach Charleston harbor in due
time. The commanding officer of
Castle Pinckney will be instructed by the
Secretary of War to deliver the arms and
their component to your order. Taking

a receipt for them and should the emergency arise he will furnish to your requisition such ordnance and ordnance stores as can be spared from the arsenals.

The union must be preserved and its laws duly executed, but by proper means. With calmness and firmness such as becomes those who are conscious of being right and are assured of the support of public opinion, we must perform our duties without suspecting that there are those around us desiring to tempt us into the wrong. We must act as the instruments of the law and if force

is offered to us in that capacity then we shall repel it with the certainty, were should we fall as individuals, that the friends of liberty and union will still be strong enough to prostrate their enemies

Your union men should act in concert their designation as unionists should teach them to be prepared for any emergency: and inspire them with the energy to overcome any impediment that may be thrown in the way of the laws of their constitution, whose cause is now not only their cause but that of free institutions throughout the world. They should recollect that when summoned by the violated laws of the land should an emergency occur for the arms before the order of the Secretary of war to the commanding officer to deliver them to your order, shew this to them & he will yield a compliance

I am great haste.

Yr. ms. obdt. Servt.

Andrew Jackson

J. R. Bonnett Esqr

In a letter to Joel R. Poinsett, of Charleston, South Carolina, a native-born South Carolinian, dated at Washington, December 9, 1832, he says:

"If the Union party unite with you, heart & hand in the text you have laid down, you will not only preserve the Union, but save our native state, from that ruin and disgrace into which her treasonable leaders have attempted to plunge her."—STILLE'S "Life and Services of Joel R. Poinsett," p. 64.

In his proclamation of December 10, 1832, anent the "Nullification" Convention of South Carolina (see Appendix C), he uses this language:

"Fellow-citizens of my native State, let me not only admonish you, as the First Magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin."—*The Charleston Courier*, Monday, December 17, 1832.

Again, in a letter to Poinsett, dated at Washington, January 24, 1833, he says:

"I repeat again, my pride and desire is, that the Union men may arouse & sustain the majesty of the constitution & the laws, and save my native state from that disgrace that the Nullifiers have brought upon her."—STILLE'S "Life and Services of Joel R. Poinsett," p. 68.

In a letter to Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, dated at The Hermitage, January 13, 1843, he wrote:

"Conscious as I am of the integrity and propriety of my conduct in regard to Judge Hall, it is truly grateful to my feelings to find the Legislature of my native State, So Carolina, uniting with the Legislatures of other States in those high and honorable feelings of Justice which their resolutions so plainly indicate."—*The Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., August 7, 1904.

And, finally, in his last will and testament (see Appendix E), General Jackson declared that South Carolina was his native State, and took such pains so to declare, that it really looks as if his last wish was to cut off controversy on this point. He says:

"the large silver vase presented to me by the ladies of Charleston South Carolina, my native State, with the large Picture rep-

resenting the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by citizens of South Carolina, when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate, I leave in trust to my son A. Jackson, Jr. with directions that should our happy country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, he will at the close of the war, or end of the conflict, present each of said articles of inestimable vallue, to that patriott residing in the City or State from which they were presented who shall be adjudged by his countrymen, or the ladies, to have been the most valient in defence of his country, and our countries rights."

"STATE OF TENNESSEE,
"DAVIDSON COUNTY,

"I, P. A. Shelton, Clerk of the County Court in and for the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a full, true and perfect copy of the above clause in the will of Andrew Jackson, deceased, as the same appears of file and on record in my office at Nashville, Tennessee.

"Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office, this the 9th day of July, 1904. P. A. SHELTON, Clerk."

Colonel W. C. Tatom, of *The American*, of Nashville, wrote to the editor of *The News and Courier* in transmitting the above document:

"I suppose it may be fairly assumed that General Jackson knew whether he was born in North Carolina or South Carolina. The enclosed was copied from the original will written by General Jackson himself and is a literal, true and faithful copy. I held the original while the clerk copied the clause, and then I read it 'by copy.' The will is well preserved and the writing is clear and distinct."

Jackson's evidence is all to the effect that South Carolina was his native State. His evidence would have been accepted in a court of law, and no evidence that would have been admissible in such a court at the time of its making has yet been introduced to contradict his.

What do Jackson's early biographers—those who personally knew him and enjoyed his confidence—say? The first biography of Jackson was published by Matthew Carey & Son, of Philadelphia, in 1817, and was

prepared by John Reid, who had served in the United States army with Jackson and had defended him in his trial before Judge Hall, in New Orleans, and John H. Eaton, one of his Tennessee neighbors, subsequently a member of his Cabinet. They had every opportunity to find out where Jackson was born, when he was born, and how he was born. He was alive to be consulted, and many of his contemporaries and elders of the neighborhood of his birthplace (the Waxhaw settlement of South Carolina) were alive. If Reid and Eaton were wrong, why were they not corrected by some of the North Carolinians who were then alive and knew to the contrary? Why did the North Carolina claimants wait until after Jackson was dead and unable to prove his own statements before claiming him? He lived nearly thirty years after the appearance of Reid and Eaton's book and, so far as we have yet heard, that statement was never contradicted during those years. He publicly spoke of South Carolina as his native State many times during those years, why did not some of those North Carolinians who knew better come out and tell the President he was mistaken about the place of his birth? They had daily papers then, the President's proclamation to the "Nullifiers" was read and discussed from one end of the American Continent to the other, why did not some North Carolinian catch that error and correct it? They had historians in North Carolina then, why were they sleeping? Because they could not find any witnesses then. These hearsay witnesses always crop up after an unreasonable time has elapsed, and they never bring any contemporary documents with them to put in evidence.

The next biographer of credibility was Colonel (afterwards General) James Gadsden, who, about 1824, published a series of sketches of Jackson in *The Charleston Mercury*. They were reprinted in pamphlet form in Charleston in 1824 and entitled "Sketches of the Life and Public Services of General Andrew Jackson." Colonel Gadsden had been in the army, in Florida and elsewhere, with General Jackson and had

discussed the General's personal history with him perhaps even more closely than either Reid or Eaton had done. He was an accomplished engineer and was familiar with the chartography of his own State. He tells us that Jackson was a native of South Carolina and "was born on the fifteenth of March, 1767, at the Waxhaw settlement, about forty-five miles above Camden; and was the youngest of three sons." Of Jackson he also says:

> "He was severely wounded by a British officer for indignantly refusing to clean his shoes, and was confined as a prisoner, with many others, in the district gaol at the battle of Camden. With a penknife he cut a hole through the shutter, which was purposely closed by order of a British officer, that he might not be a spectator of the action; and at an interval of forty years he has been heard to describe the relative positions of the contending armies and the character of the surrounding ground with a minuteness demonstrating the accuracy of his recollection and the nicety of even his juvenile observations."

That confirms what was said above about Jackson. He was a careful and accurate man. He knew all about where he was born and told his friends and the world that it was in South Carolina. And his word and his memory have never been disputed, so far as we have been informed, by the direct testimony of any one else who was present at his birth. Colonel Gadsden knew in 1824 that it was commonly accepted in the Waxhaw settlement in Lancaster District that Jackson was born at a certain spot to the left of the public road just north of Waxhaw Creek in South Carolina; others have left contemporary printed evidence to the same effect. Why did not some North Carolinian of Mecklenburg County, or of Anson County, come out then and correct it? Why did the North Carolinians wait over thirty years, until every single contemporary witness was dead, and then try to controvert contemporary witnesses by hearsay evidence? Why trust to the treacherous memories of hearsay witnesses whose evidence is nothing but vague impression and pure guesswork?

In 1834 a biography of Jackson, by William Cobbett, appeared. This biography also credits him to South Carolina. This gave additional publicity to the claim. The North Carolinians of that day must have been less intelligent than their children. With publication after publication crediting Jackson to South Carolina not one of them could discover the error and correct it. It remained for their children to find it out after they were all dead, and also after Jackson was dead.

Jackson's next important biographer was Amos Kendall of Kentucky. He was one of Jackson's closest personal friends. In fact, he was credited by Jackson's political opponents during Jackson's occupation of the office of President with being the "power behind the throne," and was a member of the little coterie of Jackson's personal friends and advisers contemptuously referred to as the "Kitchen Cabinet." His biography was published in 1843, and he also credited Jackson to South Carolina, and published a map fixing the spot in South Carolina. This work might almost be correctly termed an autobiography. Why was Kendall's statement not disputed at the time? Because Jackson was still alive and able to prove its correctness, and the time was still not far enough off from the date of happening for interest in the matter to have died out. It is only after a time has elapsed, after an incident is closed and interest has died out, that some dreamer or guesser revives it in an effort to set up new claims to the hero of the incident.

General Jackson died at "The Hermitage," near Nashville, June 8, 1845, and on the morning of Tuesday, June 17, *The Charleston Courier* editorially announced his death.

The next day the same paper published a sketch of his life, the opening sentence being:

"ANDREW JACKSON was born of Irish parents, on the 15th March, 1767, at the Waxhaw settlement, about forty miles above Camden, in this State."

On June 27, 1845, George Bancroft, the great historian, delivered an oration on Jackson in Washington, which was published in Charleston in the same year under the title: "Funeral Oration on the Death of General Andrew Jackson," in which he said:

"South Carolina gave a birth-place to Andrew Jackson. On its remote frontier, far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catawba, in a region where the settiers were just beginning to cluster, his eye first saw the light."

Here was more publicity. Why were these statements not disputed? Because there was no evidence to controvert them.

The next evidence we have to corroborate Jackson is an original document from the archives of the State of South Carolina, as follows:

"The special committee to whom was referred the Letter of his Excellency Governor Geddes relating to a Bust of General Andrew Jackson, presented by James Thonaldson, for the Legislative Library, beg leave to Report, That while they acknowledge the pleasure with which they have received this present from the gentleman who gave it, they cannot refrain from availing themselves of this opportunity, to express their sense of the high merit, and inestimable services, of that Individual, who has identified the heroism of Carolina with American greatness. If our own State has been tardy in its expression of gratitude to the Hero of Orleans, it is not because we have not cherished his character or gloried in his achievements. We have dwelt with delight on his splendid career, and while we have seen with unusual pride, a son of Carolina, with no friend but his merit, and no guide but his genius, literally cutting with his sword the road to his greatness. We have exulted at his lofty position in a variety of scenes associated with the finest developments of the national Character. The malignant treachery of the savage, the insidious ambition of Great Britain, the high courage, unyielding patriotism, and enthusiastic self-devotion of our Western Brethren, all furnished the occasions of his virtue, and the proof of his merit. He guided the courage, and enlightened the patriotism, and shared in the devotion of our friends—his name, with the savage, is the power of the nation—he has struck the death blow to the daring and dangerous scheme of our natural enemies. With so many themes of admiration, and causes of gratitude, in the history of the General, we as Caro-

linians have a still more happy reason for gratulation, that he, whose nativity has been the cause of rivalry for contending States, is acknowledged as our own—Your Committee respectfully recommend—that the Bust of Genl. Jackson be kept in the Library subject to such arrangements, for preserving it, as the Librarian may think proper

"DAVID RAMSAY—
"Chairman."

This report is endorsed:

"Report of the Special Committee to whom was referred a Letter of Gov. Geddes relating to a Bust of Genl Jackson.
"In the House of Representatives
"Dec. 19: 1820
"Resolved that the House do adopt the Report. Ordd. that it be printed with the Acts &c: of the present session—
"R ANDERSON
"C. H. R.

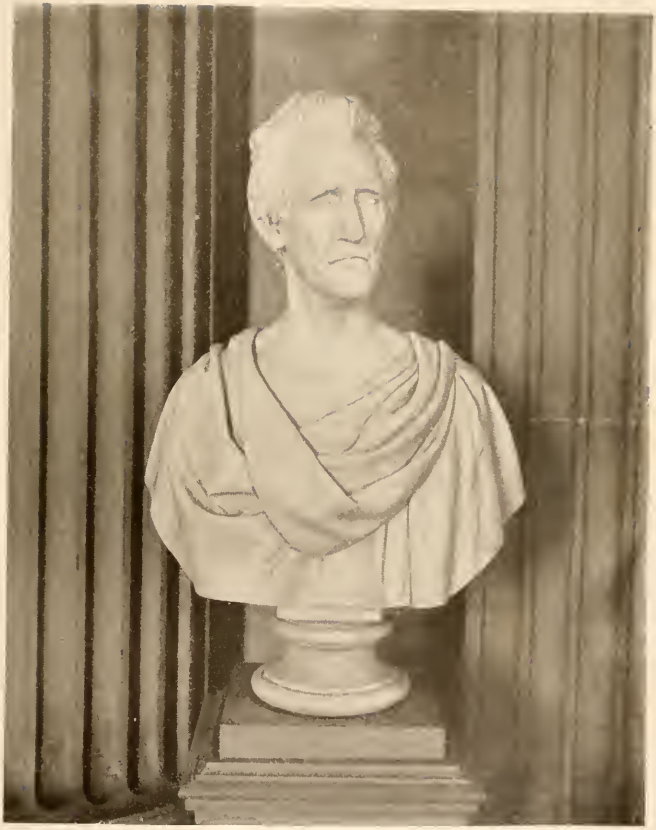
"Agreed to
"To be printed Acts"

There is one very significant passage in that report. It is where the committee says that there is "a still more happy reason for gratulation, that he, whose nativity has been the cause of rivalry for contending States, is acknowledged as our own." Of course he was so acknowledged. He knew it, and all of his old neighbors of the Waxhaw settlement knew it. There were many alive to prove it, and so none denied it—none that we can find any contemporary statements from. Bartlett Jones and R. M. Crocket then represented Lancaster District in the House and John Montgomery in the Senate. Why did they sit there and allow that report to go unchallenged if their constituents of the Waxhaw settlement and their neighbors of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, all knew the spot where Jackson was born to be in North Carolina? Those three men were much the seniors of any of those who in later years gave hearsay evidence to disprove what Jackson and his friends and old neighbors had said in 1820. By their silence they have given us much better evidence than some who have come after them have given by much talk.

Then why did Thonaldson present the bust to South Carolina? Why not to North Carolina? And why did not North Carolina claim it, if it was to be given to Jackson's native State? Because at that time Jackson was "acknowledged as our own."

The report, adopted as above, was acted on in the House, was spread upon the Journal, and was published in "Acts and Resolutions of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina," passed in December, 1820. (Columbia, 1821.) It was thus given considerable publicity, and why its significant statement was not challenged—if incorrect—passeth all understanding. The committee that made the report consisted of David Ramsay, John Boykin, Sr., and Christopher P. Pegues. Mr. Boykin was from Kershaw District, which adjoined Lancaster District. He knew the people of that district, and he doubtless had often discussed Andrew Jackson with them, for that distinguished character had been a national figure for many years, and his achievements in the Southwest and in Florida had just brought him additional fame, and his old neighbors, many of whom could testify of their personal knowledge as to the time and exact place of his birth, were doubtless discussing every phase of his career in South Carolina, just as people are discussing to-day the birthplaces of distinguished Americans now in the public eye. And with Jackson himself alive to talk and many of his old neighbors alive to confirm or correct him, it seems much more likely that this committee would have gotten its facts better than the man who wanted to get them nearly forty years later, and Mr. Boykin would hardly have sanctioned such a direct statement at that time in a public document unless the statement could be verified.

The next evidence offered is that of J. Boykin, a distinguished surveyor of that section of South Carolina which embraces the Waxhaw settlement. About 1820 Mr. Boykin surveyed Lancaster District under a contract with the State of South Carolina. In 1820 he prepared a map of the district from his survey. On



BUST OF ANDREW JACKSON BY HIRAM POWERS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

that map Mr. Boykin very distinctly locates "Gen[l]. A. Jackson's Birth Place." The map was engraved for Mills's "Atlas of South Carolina," which was published in 1825. That map alone should outweigh every scrap of contradictory evidence that has been offered. But it is not claimed that the testimony of the map is conclusive. It is simply strongly corroborative evidence of the correctness of Jackson's statements as to his own birthplace—much clearer and stronger than any evidence that contradicts Jackson. The accuracy and correctness of Boykin's map is confirmed by a map delineated in Charleston in 1820 by "Eugene Reilly, Surveyor and Engineer." This map is in the custody of the Historical Commission of South Carolina at Columbia. It does not show from whose survey Mr. Reilly delineated it, but its lines all agree with Boykin's map. It contains some landmarks that are not on Boykin's, while Boykin's contains some that are not on it, but it very distinctly locates "Gen[l]: Jackson's Birthplace" exactly where Boykin locates it.

Boykin was from the adjoining district of Kershaw; both Lancaster and Kershaw had previously belonged to Camden District, and Camden was the district seat, or Court-House town, and all conveyances, wills, or other papers respecting lands had to be recorded there; Boykin made surveys throughout the whole district, and he was as familiar with the lands and people of the district as the average country physician is with the family affairs of the average family in which he practises his profession; he had every opportunity to learn from the people of the Waxhaw settlement, among whom he must have worked for several weeks when making his survey, and among whom he often worked professionally, the exact house in which Jackson was born, and he had his instruments to guide him in determining the geographical position of that house. Again, he had the advantage of numerous boundary-line surveys that had been started as early as 1764 and had only terminated in 1815. Those surveys located landmarks which enabled Boykin to work with but the

slightest chance of mistake; he had, doubtless, the use of many of the early plats of the locality and he had probably made others himself of lands in that vicinity, and his chances of being mistaken as to the location of so historic a house as that in which so famous a man—and one whose fame had been so recently added to—as General Andrew Jackson had been born were much smaller than those of a person gathering hearsay evidence from uneducated witnesses forty years later. Besides all of that, Boykin was a very careful man. The late James D. McIlwain, who surveyed lands in Lancaster District for generations and was himself looked upon as an exceedingly accurate surveyor, has often been heard to say that when he could get one of Boykin's plats he was sure to have an easy time, and the writer of this article was told recently by a young surveyor, who had surveyed over the very territory where Boykin locates Jackson's birthplace, that when he could not get a plat of former surveys he consulted the maps in Mills's "Atlas" and always found them accurate. The same surveyor told the writer that when surveying in the Waxhaw settlement a few years ago he had had pointed out to him the spot whereon the house had stood in which it was alleged that Jackson was born; that it is now marked by only such signs as one usually finds on the spot on which an old house has stood,—crumbled clay, broken pottery, a dirt mound or two, and rank weeds,—and that he knows from what his instruments showed him as to boundary lines and landmarks that that spot is in South Carolina.

In 1858 one Colonel Davenport, of Virginia, made the claim that Jackson was born in Virginia, and recently this claim has been revived and proved to the satisfaction of those who desire to believe the story in preference to reliable evidence. At the time that Colonel Davenport discovered that an Andrew Jackson had been born in Virginia about the time that the greatest of all Andrew Jacksons was born in South Carolina, and published his discovery to the world, *The Lancaster Ledger* had this to say with regard to the claim:

"The family of Jackson was Scotch,* and emigrated at an early period to the North of Ireland. Andrew Jackson, the father of General Jackson, with his sons, Hugh and Robert, left Ireland and landed in Charleston in 1765, and removed to the Waxhaws, there to reside. Major Robert Crawford, with others of the Crawford family, came over with him and likewise settled in the Waxhaws. Andrew Jackson died shortly after his arrival in this country, and just before the birth of his son, Andrew. The latter was born on the fifteenth day of March, 1767.

"The Jacksons were in rather indigent circumstances, but Major Crawford was a wealthy man, and by the marriage of one of his brothers, with the sister of Andrew Jackson's (sr.) wife's sister, was somewhat of a family connexion, and the firm and undeviating friend of the Jacksons. From the best information we can gather, the mother of General Jackson had left the place where her husband first settled, and at the time of the birth of her son Andrew was living on a place belonging to Major Crawford, and very near to his place of residence. In a very short time after that event—the birth of Andrew—Major Crawford took her to his own house, and it was her home until her death.

"Major Crawford took good care of his protege, and was repaid by a filial affection that died only when the old hero himself ceased to exist. The descendants of Major Crawford are numerous, and the tradition of the family, as to the birthplace of Jackson, is as we have above related. There are numerous relatives of General Jackson now living in this District —some of them second cousins—and the tradition among them is that General Jackson was born in the Waxhaws. This tradition is not vague and uncertain; it is positive, direct, and is founded upon information handed down from parents to their children. There are men and women, now here, and many of them, who have conversed with persons of undoubted veracity, who were present at the birth of General Jackson. Some of those who were present were near relatives, and gave, some years ago, their testimony to the fact that their distinguished kinsman was born in the Waxhaws. All the above can be verified, if necessary, by men and women among us of unquestioned characters.

"This is sufficient, we think, to rebut the claim of Colonel Davenport; but there is further testimony. We refer to the several lives of Jackson, particularly to that of Kendall. We believe it was never completed, but several numbers were published. This work was dictated by General Jackson himself—is, in fact, an autobiography—and is authentic. In it will be

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* An early statement of this absurd claim that Jackson was not pure Irish.—C. T. B.

found a statement of the birth of Jackson substantially the same as above. Also a map of the Waxhaw settlement, on which is marked 'Jackson's birthplace,' accompanies the first number.

"But the testimony rests not here. Many years ago, it was mooted whether General Jackson was born in this State, or just over the line in North Carolina. Colonel James H. Witherspoon, then a prominent citizen of this District and intimate friend of Jackson's, addressed to him a letter of inquiry as to his birthplace. The reply of General Jackson was full and particular. He states that he was born in the Waxhaws in South Carolina, on a place belonging to Major Crawford. This letter is now in the hands of James H. Witherspoon, Esq., son of the late Colonel James H. Witherspoon, to whom it was addressed. Unfortunately, Mr. Witherspoon is on a summer tour among the highlands, and we are consequently deprived of the pleasure of laying it before our readers.

"It is, we think, well established, if General Jackson is to be believed, that he was born in the Waxhaws. A man ought to know where he was born. Doubtless General Jackson was, time and again, informed by his mother and friend, Major Crawford, where he was born and the exact spot was pointed out to him. He was well-nigh grown before he left the Waxhaws, and must have been well informed of its locality.

"In conclusion, we will mention that Martin P. Crawford, Esq., the grandson of Major Robert Crawford, is now the owner of an old negro woman, who was a playmate of Jackson's in early childhood. Phillis is upwards of ninety years old, and can point the exact spot on which stood the house in which General Jackson was born."—*The Charleston Mercury*, Saturday, August 21, 1858.

Notwithstanding such direct statements from Jackson and such unanimity among his biographers, so late as 1860 another biography was published in which the most clumsy efforts were made to prove that Jackson was born in North Carolina instead of in South Carolina. The unskilled workman who prepared this, the most pretentious life of Jackson (three volumes) that has yet appeared, was James Parton, and from this work one would really judge that he had been trained up in the particular school of historians of which Mason L. Weems had been a shining example. His patronizing superiority and his exclusive declarations characterize him as a historian who seeks, not for the truth, but to glorify those of his political faith and belittle those

of opposing faiths.* Parton says (p. 52): "General Jackson always supposed himself to be a native of South Carolina," . . . "but it is as certain as any fact of the kind can be that he was mistaken." And then he furnishes the evidence upon which he bases his conclusion that Jackson was born in North Carolina, and, although that evidence is all hearsay, and of the flimsiest character, yet it rather corroborates than contradicts the evidence given by Jackson and the two separate maps prepared in 1820 by Reilly and Boykin. Although this mass of flimsy evidence has all been given by Parton to prove that Jackson was born at the house of his uncle-in-law, George McKemey, and that that house was in North Carolina, it not only does not prove either proposition, but, taken in conjunction with the maps in evidence and carefully compared therewith, strengthens Jackson's assertion that he was born in South Carolina.

Parton tells us that Jackson's father, Andrew Jackson, and some neighbors named Crawford came from Ireland to Charles Town in 1765 and pushed up through the Province to the Waxhaw settlement; that the Crawfords settled on Waxhaw Creek; that Andrew Jackson settled on Twelve Mile Creek, seven miles away; that the place was known as "Pleasant Grove Camp Ground"† and that the particular land once occupied by the father of General Jackson was still pointed out by the old people of the neighborhood, and that it was in what is now Union County, North Carolina; that settler Jackson died in the spring of 1767; that his body was buried in the old Waxhaw churchyard; that his bereaved family did not return to Twelve Mile Creek, "but went from the churchyard to the

* While I agree with Mr. Salley as to Jackson's birthplace, and to that extent disagree with Parton, I am compelled to record an emphatic dissent from his estimate of Parton's book as a whole.—C. T. B.

† It was not so known in 1765. That is a modern name. Camp-meetings and camp-grounds were unknown in South Carolina in 1765.—A. S. S., Jr.

house, not far off, of one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers-in-law, George McKemey by name," and that there, a few nights later, the son, Andrew Jackson, was born, March 15, 1767, and that this home of McKemey's was in Union County, North Carolina. In substantiation of these statements he offers the following evidence, gathered by General S. E. Walkup, of Union County, N. C.:

Benjamin Massey, "an old resident of the vicinity," says he heard Mrs. Lathan, who claimed to have been present at the birth of Jackson, say: "That she was about seven years older than Andrew Jackson; that when the father of Andrew Jackson died Mrs. Jackson left home and came to her brother-in-law's, Mr. McCamie's, previous to the birth of Andrew; that after living at Mr. McCamie's awhile, Andrew was born, and she was present at his birth; as soon as Mrs. Jackson was restored to health and strength she came to Mr. James Crawford's, in South Carolina, and there remained."

Observe that Mr. Massey does not say McKemey's house was in North Carolina, nor does he say that Mrs. Lathan said it was. But Mr. Massey says that after Mrs. Jackson had lived at McKemey's "awhile" Andrew was born. On that point he does not agree with other witnesses, who say a day or two, at most. He knew nothing of his own knowledge, and his statements were based on a conversation had years before with an old lady who was but seven years old when Jackson was born.

John Carnes says: "Mrs. Leslie, the aunt of General Jackson, has often told me that General Jackson was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina, and that his mother, soon after his birth, moved over to James Crawford's, in South Carolina; and I think she told me she was present at his birth, but at any rate, she knew well he was born at McCamie's."

This witness displayed the uncertainty which must necessarily come of trying to testify as to what one has heard over "thirty-five years before." He was not certain Mrs. Leslie had said she was present, but he

was certain that she had said Jackson was born in McKemey's house in North Carolina and that his mother afterwards "moved over to James Crawford's, in South Carolina." It is hardly likely that Mrs. Leslie ever knew whether McKemey's house was in North Carolina or South Carolina, and it is almost a certainty that she did not know in which province it stood at the time of Jackson's birth, for at that time no line had ever been run out between the provinces at the point where Jackson was born. It was run out five years later, but not finally agreed upon until the ratification in 1813 of a convention entered into between commissioners on the part of both States, concluded September 4, 1813, and that line put the spot whereon Jackson said he was born in South Carolina.

Massey says that Mrs. Lathan told him that Mrs. Jackson "came to James Crawford's in South Carolina, and there remained." Carnes says Mrs. Leslie told him that Mrs. Jackson "moved over to James Crawford's, in South Carolina." General Jackson said he was born on a place belonging to Robert Crawford and near said Robert Crawford's home. The land records of South Carolina show that in 1775 six hundred and fifty acres of land on Waxhaw Creek, running back to the North Carolina line, were laid out to Robert Crawford by order of the surveyor-general of South Carolina and the plat thereof recited that this tract had been previously granted to Andrew Pickens by the Governor of North Carolina. This shows that the people of the neighborhood did not know where the line was until after 1772, and Pickens had been claiming under one province and Crawford under another. This tract covers the point marked on the maps of Boykin, Reilly, and Kendall as Jackson's birthplace, and on the official map of the survey made in 1813, agreeable to the convention entered into by the commissioners of the two States, July 11, 1808, and subsequently ratified, this place is marked "R. Crawford's." Mills's map marks the place on Waxhaw Creek "John Crawford" and the South Carolina land records show no

James Crawford holding lands in that vicinity prior to 1785. That these witnesses or General Walkup or Parton made a slip as to the first name of Jackson's foster-father is quite evident. But to continue with Parton's witnesses:

James Faulkner, "second cousin of Gen. Jackson," says: "That old Mr. Jackson died before the birth of his son, General Jackson, and that his widow, Mrs. Jackson, was quite poor, and moved from her residence on Twelve Mile Creek, North Carolina, to live with her relations on Waxhaw Creek, and while on her way there she stopped with her sister, Mrs. McCamie, in North Carolina, and was there delivered of Andrew, afterwards President of the United States; that he learned this from various old persons, and particularly heard his aunt, Sarah Lathen, often speak of it and assert that she was present at his, Jackson's, birth; that she said her mother, Mrs. Leslie, was sent for on that occasion, and took her, Mrs. Lathen, then a small girl, about seven years of age, with her, and that she recollected well of going the near way through the fields to get there; and that afterwards, when Mrs. Jackson became able to travel, she continued her trip to Mrs. Crawford's, and took her son Andrew with her, and there remained."

John Lathan said that he had heard his mother, Mrs. Sarah Lathan, say often that Andrew Jackson was born at the house of George McKemey and that she was at the house at the time of his birth; that his father had lived and died on Twelve Mile Creek in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, and that soon after his death Mrs. Jackson left Twelve Mile Creek, North Carolina, to go to live with Mr. Crawford in Lancaster District, South Carolina; that on her way she stopped at the house of George McKemey, who had married one of her sisters, and that while there she was taken sick and sent for another sister, Mrs. Sarah Leslie, mother of the said Mrs. Sarah Lathan, who lived near McKemey's; that she, then but seven years old, accompanied her mother across the fields, in the night, to her aunt's and so was present when Jackson was born; that soon after Mrs. Jackson went on to Mr. Crawford's to live.

Mr. Lathan, like Mr. Massey, does not assert that McKemey's house was in North Carolina, nor does he say that his mother said it was. The fact is, the boundary line was scarcely known to the people of the

neighborhood at the time of Jackson's birth, and they knew it with no degree of certainty until after the survey in 1813, by which it was finally fixed.

Immediately after the complete separation of the provinces of North Carolina and South Carolina by royal authority in 1729 a dispute arose as to the boundary line, which did not finally terminate until the final ratification, by the General Assemblies of both States, of a convention concluded at Greenville, South Carolina, November 2, 1815, between three commissioners from each of the two States. The first dispute was as to the southeastern portion of the line. After six or seven years of bickering the line was fixed by surveys made in 1735 and 1737. That part run in 1735 commenced at the mouth of Little River, on the seashore, and extended in a northwest direction, sixty-four and a half miles, to a point two miles northwest of one of the branches of Pee Dee. In 1737 the line was extended in the same direction twenty-two miles to a stake in a meadow, which was erroneously supposed to be at the point of intersection with the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude. This line was eighty-six miles and one hundred and seventy-four poles long, and this point was about eleven miles short of the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude to which the surveyors had been instructed to run. A mark was set up there by a deputy surveyor, and although it temporarily robbed South Carolina of a strip about eleven miles wide by sixty-two miles long it was, nevertheless, officially agreed upon in 1772, and an equivalent was given to South Carolina farther north. In that strip lay the place upon which the North Carolinians allege that Jackson was born. So if it be admitted that the spot was east of the boundary line agreed upon in 1772, he was nevertheless born in what was then legally South Carolina territory. But it is not admitted that that spot was east of the line agreed upon in 1772. Jackson was born west of the line fixed in 1764 and agreed upon in 1772 and that has been the correct line ever since.

In 1763 the Catawba Indian reservation was laid off

by South Carolina and its eastern boundary was fixed as the boundary between the two provinces. This eastern line's southern extremity was fixed, and marked by a gum, on Twelve Mile Creek. In 1764 surveyors were instructed to take up the line at the stake in the meadow fixed in 1737 and extend it westward along the thirty-fifth degree to its intersection with the eastern boundary line of the Catawba reservation, but when they had run sixty-two miles they were unable to find that line. They then calculated and found that they were about eleven miles south of the thirty-fifth degree. They here set up a "Stone Corner by 2 Black Oak" and reported their trouble to Governor Bull, who directed that an imaginary line connecting this point marked by the stone with that marked by the gum should be recognized as the line until the matter should be adjusted by the two provinces. The line was not staked out and Mouzon's map, published in 1775, makes the line and the public road coincide and both run north in a winding line. As a matter of fact, the road does not coincide with the boundary, as may be seen by examining Boykin's map.

In 1772 the line was taken up at the "Stone Corner" of 1764 and carried on. The line to the gum was eight miles in length. Thus we see it took a surveyor, or one perfectly familiar with the conditions, to say whether points along this little eight-mile line were in North Carolina or South Carolina. It is not reasonable to suppose that these simple country people living there knew upon which side of the line the little cabin in which Jackson was born stood. They knew the cabin and when the final surveys were made in 1813 and the years just following they, no doubt, pointed it out, and our surveyors put it on their maps, and that is better evidence than that given by any old person who heard some other old person say that as a child she was there, or that he or she had heard someone else say that Jackson was born at George McKemey's in North Carolina. I am told by a former citizen of Lancaster that people living in the Waxhaws to-day consider the

public road the line and have told him so, and the maker of the statement accredited to "Thomas J. Cureton" evidently thought so.

Thomas Faulkner testified to the same effect as John Lathan regarding what Mrs. Lathan had said about Jackson's birthplace, and he further testified that Mrs. Leslie had died about fifty years before; that Mrs. Lathan, her daughter, had died thirty-five years before and that he himself was at the time of making his statement seventy years of age and had resided since his birth "in Lancaster District, South Carolina, near Craigsville postoffice, and about two miles from the old Waxhaw Church."

His testimony would not be admissible in court and should be excluded here on the ground that too much time had elapsed between statements to warrant reliable testimony, but, as it does not prove that Jackson's birthplace was in North Carolina, let it pass.

Samuel McWhorter, Jane Wilson, and others testified to the same effect. James D. Craig, formerly a resident of Waxhaw, but at the time of making his contribution to Walkup's evidence a resident of Mississippi, stated that he had once heard old James Faulkner say that once while sleeping with Andrew Jackson at the McKemey house, Jackson told him that he was born in that house; that he had heard Mrs. Cousar, an old lady, long a near neighbor of McKemey, say that she remembered perfectly the night of Jackson's birth, as she had been sent for to assist; that he had heard Charles Findly, deceased, say that he "assisted in hauling" the corpse of Andrew Jackson from his house on Twelve Mile Creek to the Waxhaw churchyard and in interring it there, and that, after the funeral, he had conveyed Mrs. Jackson and her boys to the house of George McKemey, where, soon after, Andrew was born.

The witness does not say that Faulkner told him in which State the house was located in which he and Jackson had slept together and in which Jackson had said he was born; he does not say that Faulkner told him that the house was in North Carolina; he does not say that Mrs. Cousar said it was in North Carolina; he

does not say that Findly said so either, nor does he say anything of his own knowledge on the subject. The fact is, he had a very vague idea about the whole matter and knew nothing positively.

Parton remarks: "This testimony leaves no reasonable doubt that the birth took place at the house of McKemey. Nor is there the least difficulty in finding the precise spot where that house stood. The spot is as well known to the people of the neighborhood as the City Hall is to the inhabitants of New York."

There is a "reasonable doubt" as to the correctness of the evidence to the effect that Jackson was born in McKemey's house, but it has not been proven where McKemey's house was located, and that makes it possibly true that Jackson was born in the house of George McKemey. Such evidence uncorroborated would be worthless in court and is still equally as worthless in historical investigation. The memory of man is treacherous even for short periods, especially as to hearsay, but when it comes to accepting a narrative of an event that occurred in 1767 from someone not born until thirty or forty years thereafter, who got it over thirty-five years before from another who was but seven years old when the event occurred, there is so much latitude for slips of memory (and they are so very apt to occur!) that a judicious and experienced truthseeker simply cannot accept it unless it is properly corroborated. General Walkup would not have gone into a court-house and rested a case on such evidence as he gathered for Parton, for it would not have been admissible in law, but he rests a question of history on it and attempts therewith to detract from Jackson's knowledge of his own history. And General Walkup's spelling of the names of his witnesses is an evidence that he was not so familiar with the people of the Waxhaw vicinity as Parton would have it appear. He writes "McCamie" when Parton himself says he found the family spelling the name McKemey on tombstones, and he writes "Lathen" for Lathan. There can be no doubt

that " the people of the neighborhood " for many years after Jackson's birth knew the spot as well as the New Yorker knows the location of the City Hall, but that was when the house was standing and Jackson was alive and his name a household word to remind them, and that was when Boykin surveyed over the country and carefully marked the houses and roads and streams, and took particular pains to mark on his map so historic a spot as the birthplace of a general of the United States army who had so lately and repeatedly distinguished himself, and the old neighbors of whom were undoubtedly at that moment telling all they knew about him.

But at the time, over thirty years later, that General Walkup gathered his evidence, the house was gone, and the spot upon which it had stood was forgotten, and in the attempt to resurrect and recover the spot, General Walkup and Biographer Parton failed to avail themselves of the early maps, and simply depended upon the imperfect traditions of some of the people of the neighborhood, and thereby failed to prove their propositions.

With so many of Jackson's older neighbors or contemporaries all around, with all of the old land plats of the neighborhood at his service, with a thorough professional knowledge of the whole country around and with his scientific instruments to guide him, Boykin was far more apt to know more about the location of Jackson's birthplace, or of McKemey's house, than men who had thirty or forty years later to call back their memories thirty or forty years in order to recall what they had heard. And when we take into consideration the fact that Jackson and the Boykins were all better educated and better informed persons than any one of those who gave evidence to controvert theirs it does seem that theirs is the better evidence. Jackson knew the house he was born in. James D. Craig says old James Faulkner told him that Jackson told him, while sleeping in McKemey's house, that he was born in that house. If that is true, then Jackson knew that house

was in South Carolina, or he would never have said he was born in South Carolina. He did not leave South Carolina until after he had been admitted to the bar, and must have known the location of the line run out in 1772, which is still the line and has never changed a particle. Parton tells us that, after the burial of her husband, Mrs. Jackson "went from the church-yard to the house, not far off," of George McKemey. If George McKemey's house was anywhere near the church necessarily it was in South Carolina, for the church decidedly is in South Carolina. Again, Massey, "an old resident of the vicinity," does not say that McKemey's house was in North Carolina, because to be in his "vicinity" would bring it in South Carolina. All of the maps cited show Massey's house some distance to the west of the line. Massey says Mrs. Lathan said that after Jackson's birth, his mother went to live with James Crawford, "in South Carolina." The maps show Jackson's birthplace near "John Crawford's," in South Carolina. Whose house was that so marked? Not the old Andrew Jackson house. Not John Crawford's. James Faulkner says the Crawfords lived on Waxhaw Creek. The maps show John Crawford's there. Jackson's birthplace is located off the creek. The map of the officially agreed upon boundary shows Robert Crawford as the owner in 1813 of the house named by Boykin in 1820 as Jackson's birthplace. Crawford's house was in South Carolina and so was McKemey's, if Jackson was born in it. We know that Robert Crawford was granted the land where Boykin and Reilly mark Jackson's birthplace, and he must have owned the house in which McKemey lived at the time of Jackson's birth, if it be true that Jackson was born at McKemey's, and that house in my opinion (and Jackson's) stood right where Boykin, Reilly, and Kendall put it.

Parton publishes an undated affidavit of Thomas Cureton to prove that the McKemey house was in North Carolina, in which Cureton said that he was "about seventy-five years of age,"

that his father, James Cureton, had come to the Waxhaw settlement "about seventy-three years" before, when deponent was "about one year old;" that his elder brother, Jeremiah Cureton, bought the George McKemey place "some time after he came to this county" (Union County, North Carolina?) about 1796, and settled in the same house where George McKemey had lived; that he "remained there a few years," and moved to the place, "where William J. Cureton" was living at the time of this deposition; that he knew the George McKemey place well and that it lay in North Carolina, "about a quarter of a mile east of the public road, leading from Lancaster Court House, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and to the right of said road as you travel north," a little east of south from Cureton's Pond, on said public road, and a little over a quarter of a mile from said pond; that his brother, Jeremiah Cureton, always called that the McKemey house and was of opinion, from information derived from old Mrs. Molly Cousar, that Andrew Jackson was "born at the George McCamie place;" that the "Leslie houses lay about half a mile in a southern direction from the McCamie house, and north of Waxhaw Creek, and east of the public road," and that he himself had "lived for the last seventy-two or three years within three or four miles of the McCamie place."

So the whole idea about Cureton's place being Jackson's birthplace is based on a feeble old man's recollection of his dead brother's "opinion from information derived from old Mrs. Molly Cousar"? The witness does not say that Mrs. Cousar said Jackson was born at McKemey's, nor does he say that Mrs. Cousar said the place of birth was in North Carolina. That was his brother's "opinion" from his conversation with Mrs. Cousar, who was probably too old to give intelligent testimony, and too much time had elapsed for Thomas Cureton to have a clear recollection of what his brother said she said. His memory was probably much guided in the Walkup direction by suggestions. He does not say that his elder brother, Jeremiah, who did not come to the Waxhaws until over twenty-five years after Jackson's birth, knew that his place in North Carolina was the birthplace of Jackson. He simply says his brother, Jeremiah, always "called" that the McKemey house.

Mr. Cureton's mind was either enfeebled by age when he made that affidavit, or else he was not a careful man, and, therefore, not a good witness. He did not know his own exact age. He made "about seventy-three" and "about one" years "about seventy-five." He seemed very accurate as to places and locations, and very inaccurate about figures and names, but bear in mind that General Walkup, a North Carolinian, took his deposition and that there was no one to cross-examine him to test his memory or knowledge of side lights. His testimony cannot possibly be as good as that of Jackson and the Boykins.

"Thomas J. Cureton," son of Jeremiah Cureton, stated that he was the then owner of the place that had formerly belonged to McKemey and that he had received it from his father and that it was in Union County, North Carolina (formerly a part of Mecklenburg County); that it was "a little over a quarter of a mile southeast of what is called Cureton's Pond, and about a quarter of a mile east of the State line, and the public road leading from Lancaster Court House, South Carolina, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and about one and a half miles north of Waxhaw Creek;" that he had "the old land papers" (chain of title) for the tract, which was patented to John McCane, 1761, upon a survey dated 8th September, 1757; conveyed by McCane to Repentence Townsend, 10th April, 1761, and by Townsend to George McCamie, 3d January, 1766, and by George McCamie to Thomas Crawford, 1792; and by Crawford and wife, Elizabeth, to Jeremiah Cureton, 23d July, 1796, and by Jeremiah Cureton to said Thomas L. Cureton; that his father, said Jeremiah Cureton, came from Virginia to Roanoke, North Carolina, "and from there to Waxhaws, South Carolina, and purchased the McCamie place, where he lived a few years, and then removed to place where I now reside in Lancaster district, South Carolina, where he remained until his death in 1847; being then eighty-four years of age."

That Parton or Walkup was very careless is attested by the fact that the Union records show that Jeremiah Cureton sold this place to William J. Cureton, not "Thomas L.," after 1842, and that the above statement was made by William J. Cureton, not "Thomas J. Cureton." The writer has a letter from Thomas J.

Cureton denying that he ever made any statement to Walkup or Parton.

It is admitted that this place did once belong to George McKemey, and that it is in Union County, North Carolina, but does that prove that McKemey, was living on it when Andrew Jackson was born and that Jackson was born there? Isn't it quite possible that McKemey was living in a cabin in South Carolina when Jackson was born and that Jackson was born in that cabin? That is much more likely than that Jackson did not know where he was born and in what State he was born and that Reilly and Boykin, with surveyors' notes before them and the evidence of living witnesses around them were wrong in locating a historic landmark, and that Thonaldson was wrong in presenting his bust to South Carolina instead of North Carolina, and that the committee appointed to pass upon the matter—one of whom was from the same section and familiar with the country and the people—would felicitate the House on the fact that Jackson was "acknowledged as our own," unless they knew it to be so.

The fact is that General Walkup wanted to claim Jackson as a North Carolinian, and Mr. Cureton wanted to pose as the owner of Jackson's birthplace, and between them they managed to gather some flimsy testimony, which was enough to persuade the unscientific Parton that "it is as certain as any fact of the kind can be" that Jackson "was mistaken" as to his own birthplace. If they had produced a contemporary Bible or church record, which definitely recorded that Jackson was born on a certain date at the residence of George McKemey in the Province of North Carolina (as we frequently find done in sections of South Carolina) we could accept it as conclusive, or if they had brought a statement made and signed by old Mrs. Leslie or Mrs. Cousar, or Mrs. Lathan, or by all of them during the lifetime of either or all of them, it would have been very strong, but what they have presented is as bad as nothing, and the direct statement of Jackson that he was born in South Carolina would have

been accepted in a court of law as evidence on the point, while a statement by one person that he had heard someone else say thirty or forty years before that she had been present at Jackson's birth and that he was born in McKemey's house in North Carolina would not only not receive the same weight but would be rejected altogether.

Let us see what the law on that point is:

Greenleaf declares that birthplace is not provable by common repute.

"By the English authorities, hearsay evidence is admissible to prove pedigree, but not the place of a child's birth."—Wilmington *vs.* Burlington, 4 Pick. Massachusetts, 174. (See also Baintree *vs.* Hingham, 1 Pick. Massachusetts, 247; Adams *vs.* Swansea, 116 Massachusetts, 596.)

"Hearsay evidence is admissible to prove pedigree, and the declarations of a deceased parent have been admitted to prove the time of a child's birth, but are rejected when offered to prove the place."—Shearer *vs.* Clay, 1 Litt. Kentucky, 260.

Hearsay evidence, then, as to the declarations of even deceased parents as to the place of a child's birth will not be accepted in court. What would the court say if someone should come forward to testify that he had heard an old person say over thirty-five years before that as a child of seven she knew of the birthplace of another child?

Of the sort of evidence that Parton gives us Lord Langdale, M.R., says:

"In cases where the whole evidence is traditionary, when it consists entirely of family reputation, or of statements of declarations made by persons who died long ago, it must be taken with such allowances, and also with such suspicions, as ought reasonably to be attached to it."

Any one with experience in historical and genealogical research work, under the guidance of the well-defined rules of the most scientific workers of the time, will agree that Lord Langdale's opinion will apply in history as well as in law.

In the article in *The Lancaster Ledger* we have ex-

actly the sort of evidence that Parton has given us, only it is better than Parton's. It is more specific, and it harmonizes better with the acceptable evidence already produced. It also shows us that it all depends upon the viewpoint when any one goes out to gather evidence from hearsay, common repute, and tradition. General Walkup makes out, from conversations with the old people, that Jackson's birthplace was in North Carolina; the writer in the *Ledger*, from similar conversations had about the same time with the same old people or other old people of the same community, is convinced that Jackson's birthplace was in South Carolina. The conclusion of the writer in the *Ledger* is no afterthought, for his article was published before Parton's book, and he discloses no knowledge of the fact that General Walkup was working along the same line for a different conclusion. And the fact that these two unscientific investigators arrived at opposite conclusions about the same time, with practically the same evidence before them, is enough to convince one that the law is correct in excluding such evidence and that Lord Langdale made no mistake when he said such evidence "must be taken with such allowances, and also with such suspicions, as ought reasonably to be attached to it."

Perhaps if General Walkup and the *Ledger* writer could have gotten together with all their witnesses and with Jackson's letter to Colonel Witherspoon, and Kendall's map to submit to their scrutiny, they could have brought out enough to settle the matter in the minds of a competent jury. And with all of this evidence before them I feel confident that any impartial jury would have fixed the spot in South Carolina where the authentic and admissible evidence fixes it.

Let us take the *Ledger's* evidence "with such allowances" . . . "as ought reasonably to be attached to it" and also apply the same to Parton's evidence. The *Ledger* says that after the death of the elder Jackson Mrs. Jackson left the place where her husband had first settled and at the time of the birth of her son, Andrew, was "living on a place belonging to Major Crawford,

and very near to his place of residence." The boundary line map of 1813 fixes the same spot that Boykin and Reilly mark for Jackson's birthplace as Robert Crawford's property. The *Ledger* writer goes on to say that after the birth of Andrew the Jacksons went to live with Robert Crawford. Parton's account says almost the same thing, using James instead of Robert, showing, thereby, less accuracy. That makes the birth take place at the house of George McKemey, near Crawford's. Why could not George McKemey have been living on this place of Crawford's? General Walkup's witnesses had never taken the trouble to question the old people who were witnesses to the birth of Jackson as to the exact location of the house wherein they said he was born. They only said it was near Crawford's, and the North Carolina place that McKemey owned was at least a mile from Crawford's, if it was a quarter of a mile east of the boundary line, as the Curetons assert. The *Ledger* writer's informants did not inquire of the old people who lived on Major Crawford's place when Jackson was born there, and whether the place was in North Carolina or South Carolina, so between the two sets of hearsay witnesses and their poor examiners we have lost the best point which we might have been able to take "with such allowances" . . . "as ought reasonably to be attached to it."

But the *Ledger* offers one witness who was a contemporary of Jackson's and was reared in the family with him, and although an old negro woman of ninety is a very poor witness at best, she is better able to locate a spot which she had known of her personal knowledge than one who has to testify as to an "opinion" gathered by someone else, then dead, from a conversation had many years before with an old lady who did not make herself perfectly clear or who was not so drawn out by questions as to leave no doubt in the mind of the questioner. It is true Maum Phylis's evidence as to the birthplace of Jackson would not be admissible, for it was only hearsay after all, but her testimony as to the location of the spot whereon stood the house in

which her elders all said in her day that Jackson was born was a matter of her own knowledge, and that of the Parton witnesses lacks even that merit. Their testimony as to the location of the reputed house was hearsay.

One of the latest biographies of Jackson is that by Buell, who attempts a new explanation of the early understanding of how Jackson came to look upon South Carolina as his native State. He says:

"Jackson was born in 1767. At that time the exact boundary-line between the two colonial Carolinas was debatable; at least, it had never been subjected to scientific delineation. But the spot where the McCamie cabin stood was, in 1767, under the unquestionable—or, rather, the tacitly admitted—jurisdiction of the colony of South Carolina. Therefore, Andrew Jackson was born in that colony. But shortly after the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789 an amicable movement for definitive location of the boundary was made. This brought about a survey during 1793–'94 by John Floyd, the result of which was a readjustment not only of the line between the two Carolinas, but also of the south boundary of Tennessee. So far as concerned the Carolinas but little change was made, the readjustment nowhere amounting to more than a mile or two, and even that was due to the mere straightening of old lines that had been carelessly located or inaccurately marked in the colonial surveys. At the particular point concerned in the narrative the old and irregular line veered far enough from a true parallel to throw the site of the McCamie cabin on the South Carolina side. But Floyd's survey located the line on the parallel, which cut through a small chord of a former erroneous arc and thereby located the McCamie cabin about eighty rods north of the line in what was then (1794) Mecklenburg County, but since set off in what is now Union County, North Carolina."

Almost every single statement in that paragraph is directly contrary to the records in the case. The land grant to Robert Crawford of the tract of land upon which Boykin, Reilly, and Kendall fix the birthplace of Jackson undoubtedly is in the present territory of South Carolina, yet the Governor of North Carolina had granted it to Andrew Pickens about the time of Jackson's birth under the impression that it was in North Carolina. If McKemey's cabin was on that tract and Jackson was born in that cabin, then he was most unquestionably born in what is now South Carolina

and what was then South Carolina, but supposed by the Governor of North Carolina to be in the latter province. If Jackson was born in McKemey's cabin and that cabin stood on the tract of land which McKemey purchased of Repentance Townsend in 1766, then Jackson was undoubtedly born in North Carolina, for that tract of land was then in North Carolina and never was claimed as a part of South Carolina's territory. The question is simply whether Jackson's testimony, corroborated by many documents and publications of contemporaries, as to the spot of his birth is to be accepted, or rejected in favor of the vague hearsay testimony of Parton's witnesses. There was no official recognition by the State of South Carolina of any survey made by John Floyd and, therefore, if he made any survey of that eight-mile line from the "Stone Corner" to the gum it had no effect in law. But it is not true that there were any kinks or crooks in that line. It was defined by Governor Bull in 1764 to be a straight line connecting the two points mentioned; it was run out and platted and officially agreed upon in 1772 and it was run perfectly straight; and, finally, when resurveyed in 1813 it was again run straight, and these two surveys—those of 1772 and 1813—were the only officially acknowledged surveys ever made, and they agree, and they both followed the directions given by Governor Bull in 1764. It is a perfectly straight line running north two degrees twelve and a half minutes east, as shown by the official survey made by the commissioners and surveyors representing the two States.

With all of this evidence before me I can reach no other conclusion than that Jackson was born in South Carolina, as he has so often declared, and that he was born on Robert Crawford's place, as shown by three maps prepared during his lifetime, one of which was published under his direction, and by the letter he wrote to Colonel Witherspoon, referred to by *The Lancaster Ledger* in 1858.

A. S. Salley, Jr.

Columbia, S. C., August 25, 1905.

Appendix B

SOUTH CAROLINA ORDINANCE OF NULLIFICATION

November 24, 1832.

AN ORDINANCE TO NULLIFY CERTAIN ACTS OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES PURPORTING TO BE LAWS LAYING DUTIES AND IMPOSTS ON THE IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN COMMODITIES.

WHEREAS the Congress of the United States, by various acts, purporting to be acts laying duties and imposts on foreign imports, but in reality intended for the protection of domestic manufactures, and the giving of bounties to classes and individuals engaged in particular employments, at the expense and to the injury and oppression of other classes and individuals, and by wholly exempting from taxation certain foreign commodities, such as are not produced or manufactured in the United States, to afford a pretext for imposing higher and excessive duties on articles similar to those intended to be protected, hath exceeded its just powers under the Constitution, which confers on it no authority to afford such protection, and hath violated the true meaning and intent of the Constitution, which provides for equality in imposing the burthens of taxation upon the several States and portions of the confederacy; AND WHEREAS the said Congress, exceeding its just power to impose taxes and collect revenue for the purpose of effecting and accomplishing the specific objects and purposes which the Constitution of the United States authorizes it to effect and accomplish, hath raised and collected unnecessary revenue for objects unauthorized by the Constitution:

We, therefore, the people of the State of South Carolina in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That the several acts and parts of acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws for the imposing of duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities, and now having actual operation and effect within the United States, and, more especially, an act entitled "An Act in alteration of the several acts imposing duties on imports," approved on the nineteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, and also an act entitled "An Act to alter and amend the several acts imposing duties on imports," approved on the fourteenth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, are unauthorized by the Constitution of the United States, and violate the true meaning and intent thereof, and are null, void, and no law, nor binding upon this State, its officers or citizens; and all promises, contracts, and obligations, made or entered into, or to be made or entered into, with purpose to secure the duties imposed by the said acts, and all judicial proceedings which shall be hereafter had in affirmance thereof, are and shall be held utterly null and void.

And it is further ordained, That it shall not be lawful for any of the constituted authorities, whether of this State or of the United States, to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the said acts within the limits of this State; but it shall be the duty of the Legislature to adopt such measures and pass such acts as may be necessary to give full effect to this ordinance, and to prevent the enforcement and arrest the operation of the said acts and parts of acts of the Congress of the United States within the limits of this State, from and after the first day of February next, and the duty of all other constituted authorities, and of all persons residing or being within the limits of this State, and they are hereby required and enjoined, to obey and give effect to this ordinance, and such acts and measures of the Legislature as may be passed or adopted in obedience thereto.

And it is further ordained, That in no case of law or

equity, decided in the courts of this State, wherein shall be drawn in question the authority of this ordinance, or the validity of such act or acts of the Legislature as may be passed for the purpose of giving effect thereto, or the validity of the aforesaid acts of Congress, imposing duties, shall any appeal be taken or allowed to the Supreme Court of the United States, nor shall any copy of the record be permitted or allowed for that purpose; and if any such appeal shall be attempted to be taken, the courts of this State shall proceed to execute and enforce their judgments, according to the laws and usages of the State, without reference to such attempted appeal, and the person or persons attempting to take such appeal may be dealt with as for a contempt of the court.

And it is further ordained, That all persons bow (now) holding any office of honor, profit, or trust, civil or military, under this State (members of the Legislature excepted) shall, within such time, and in such manner as the Legislature shall prescribe, take an oath well and truly, to obey, execute, and enforce, this ordinance, and such act or acts of the Legislature as may be passed in pursuance thereof, according to the true intent and meaning of the same; and on the neglect or omission of any such person or persons so to do his or their office or offices shall be forthwith vacated, and shall be filled up as if such person or persons were dead or had resigned; and no person hereafter elected to any office of honor, profit, or trust, civil or military, (members of the Legislature excepted,) shall, until the Legislature shall otherwise provide and direct, enter on the execution of his office, or be in any respect competent to discharge the duties thereof, until he shall, in like manner, have taken a similar oath; and no juror shall be empannelled in any of the courts of this State, in any cause in which shall be in question this ordinance, or any act of the Legislature passed in pursuance thereof, unless he shall first, in addition to the usual oath, have taken an oath that he will well and truly obey, execute, and enforce this ordinance, and such act or acts of the

Legislature as may be passed to carry the same into operation and effect, according to the true intent and meaning thereof.

And we, the people of South Carolina, to the end that it may be fully understood by the Government of the United States, and the people of the co-States, that we are determined to maintain this, our ordinance and declaration, at every hazard, do further declare, That we will not submit to the application of force, on the part of the Federal Government, to reduce this State to obedience; but that we will consider the passage, by Congress, of any act authorizing the employment of a military or naval force against the State of South Carolina, her constitutional authorities or citizens; or any act abolishing or closing the ports of this State, or any of them, or otherwise obstructing the free ingress and egress of vessels to and from said ports, or any other act on the part of the Federal Government, to coerce the State, shut up her ports, destroy or harass her commerce, or to enforce the acts hereby declared to be null and void, otherwise than through the civil tribunals of the country, as inconsistent with the longer continuance of South Carolina in the Union; and that the people of this State will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligations to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other States, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate Government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent States may of right do.

Done in Convention at Columbia, the twenty-fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and in the fifty-seventh year of the declaration of the independence of the United States of America.

Appendix C

THE NULLIFICATION PROCLAMATION

BY

ANDREW JACKSON

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

December 10, 1832

WHEREAS a convention assembled in the state of South Carolina have passed an Ordinance, by which they declare "That the several acts and parts of acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws for the imposing of duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities, and now having actual operation and effect within the United States, and more especially" two acts, for the same purposes, passed on the 29th of May, 1828, and on the 14th of July, 1832, "are unauthorized by the constitution of the United States, and violate the true meaning and intent thereof, and are null and void, and no law," nor binding on the citizens of that state or its officers; and by the said Ordinance it is further declared to be unlawful for any of the constituted authorities of the state or of the United States, to enforce the payment of the duties imposed by the said acts within the same state, and that it is the duty of the legislature to pass such laws as may be necessary to give full effect to the said Ordinance:

And whereas, by the said Ordinance, it is further ordained, that, in no case of law or equity, decided in the courts of said state, wherein shall be drawn in question the validity of the said Ordinance, or of the acts of the legislature that may be passed to give it effect, or of the said laws of the United States, appeal shall be allowed to the Supreme Court of the United States, nor

shall any copy of the record be permitted or allowed for that purpose; and that any person attempting to take such an appeal shall be punished as for a contempt of court:

And, finally, the said Ordinance declares that the people of South Carolina will maintain the said Ordinance at every hazard; and that they will consider the passage of any act by Congress, abolishing or closing the ports of the said state, or otherwise obstructing the free ingress or egress of vessels to and from the said ports, or any other act of the federal government to coerce the state, shut up her ports, destroy or harass her commerce, or to enforce the said acts otherwise than through the civil tribunals of the country, as inconsistent with the longer continuance of South Carolina in the Union; and that the people of the said state will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connexion with the people of the other states, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent states may of right do:

And whereas the said Ordinance prescribes to the people of South Carolina a course of conduct, in direct violation of their duty as citizens of the United States, contrary to the laws of their country, subversive of its constitution, and having for its object the destruction of the Union—that Union, which, coevil with our political existence, led our fathers, without any other ties to unite them than those of patriotism and a common cause, through a sanguinary struggle to a glorious independence—that sacred Union, hitherto inviolate, which, perfected by our happy constitution, has brought us, by the favour of Heaven, to a state of prosperity at home, and high consideration abroad, rarely, if ever, equalled in the history of nations: To preserve this bond of our political existence from destruction, to maintain inviolate this state of national honour and prosperity, and to justify the confidence my fellow-citizens have reposed in me, I, ANDREW JACKSON, *Presi-*

dent of the United States, having thought proper to issue this my PROCLAMATION, stating my views of the constitution and laws applicable to the measures adopted by the convention of South Carolina, and to the reasons they have put forth to sustain them, declaring the course which duty will require me to pursue, and, appealing to the understanding and patriotism of the people, warn them of the consequences that must inevitably result from an observance of the dictates of the convention.

Strict duty would require of me nothing more than the exercise of those powers with which I am now, or may hereafter be invested, for preserving the peace of the Union, and for the execution of the laws. But the imposing aspect which opposition has assumed in this case, by clothing itself with state authority, and the deep interest which the people of the United States must all feel in preventing a resort to stronger measures, while there is a hope that anything will be yielded to reasoning and remonstrance, perhaps demand, and will certainly justify, a full exposition to South Carolina and the nation of the views I entertain of this important question, as well as a distinct enunciation of the course which my sense of duty will require me to pursue.

The Ordinance is founded, not on the indefeasible right of resisting acts which are plainly unconstitutional and too oppressive to be endured, but on the strange position that any one state may not only declare an act of Congress void, but prohibit its execution—that they may do this consistently with the constitution—that the true construction of that instrument permits a state to retain its place in the Union, and yet be bound by no other of its laws than those it may choose to consider as constitutional. It is true, they add, that, to justify this abrogation of a law, it must be palpably contrary to the constitution; but it is evident, that to give the right of resisting laws of that description, coupled with the uncontrolled right to decide what laws deserve that character, is to give the

power of resisting all laws. For, as by the theory there is no appeal, the reasons alleged by the state, good or bad, must prevail. If it should be said that public opinion is a sufficient check against the abuse of this power, it may be asked why it is not deemed a sufficient guard against the passage of an unconstitutional act by Congress. There is, however, a restraint in this last case, which makes the assumed power of a state more indefensible, and which does not exist in the other. There are two appeals from an unconstitutional act passed by Congress—one to the judiciary, the other to the people and the states. There is no appeal from the state decision in theory; and the practical illustration shows that the courts are closed against an application to review it, both judges and jurors being sworn to decide in its favour. But reasoning on this subject is superfluous when our social compact in express terms declares, that the laws of the United States, its constitution, and treaties made under it, are the supreme law of the land; and, for greater caution, adds, "that the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." And it may be asserted, without fear of refutation, that no federative government could exist without a similar provision. Look for a moment to the consequence. If South Carolina considers the revenue laws unconstitutional, and has a right to prevent their execution in the port of Charleston, there would be a clear, constitutional objection to their collection in every other port, and no revenue could be collected anywhere; for all imposts must be equal. It is no answer to repeat that an unconstitutional law is no law, so long as the question of legality is to be decided by the state itself; for every law operating injuriously upon any local interest will be perhaps thought, and certainly represented, as unconstitutional, and, as has been shown, there is no appeal.

If this doctrine had been established at an earlier day, the Union would have been dissolved in its infancy. The excise law in Pennsylvania, the embargo and non-inter-

course law in the eastern states, the carriage tax in Virginia, were all deemed unconstitutional, and were more unequal in their operation than any of the laws now complained of; but, fortunately, none of those states discovered that they had the right now claimed by South Carolina. The war into which we were forced, to support the dignity of the nation and the rights of our citizens, might have ended in defeat and disgrace, instead of victory and honour, if the states who supposed it a ruinous and unconstitutional measure, had thought they possessed the right of nullifying the act by which it was declared, and denying supplies for its prosecution. Hardly and unequally as those measures bore upon the several members of the Union, to the legislatures of none did this efficient and peaceable remedy, as it is called, suggest itself. The discovery of this important feature in our constitution was reserved to the present day. To the statesmen of South Carolina belongs the invention, and upon the citizens of that state will unfortunately fall the evils of reducing it to practice.

If the doctrine of a state veto upon the laws of the Union carries with it internal evidence of its impracticable absurdity, our constitutional history will also afford abundant proof that it would have been repudiated with indignation, had it been proposed to form a feature in our government.

In our colonial state, although dependent on another power, we very early considered ourselves as connected by common interest with each other. Leagues were formed for common defence, and before the declaration of independence, we were known in our aggregate character as THE UNITED COLONIES OF AMERICA. That decisive and important step was taken jointly. We declared ourselves a nation by a joint, not by several acts; and when the terms of our confederation were reduced to form, it was in that of a solemn league of several states, by which they agreed that they would, collectively, form one nation for the purpose of conducting some certain domestic concerns, and all foreign

relations. In the instrument forming that Union, is found an article which declares that "every state shall abide by the determinations of Congress on all questions which by that confederation should be submitted to them."

Under the confederation, then, no state could legally annul a decision of Congress, or refuse to submit to its execution; but no provision was made to enforce these decisions. Congress made requisitions, but they were not complied with. The government could not operate on individuals. They had no judiciary, no means of collecting revenue.

But the defects of the confederation need not be detailed. Under its operation, we could scarcely be called a nation. We had neither prosperity at home nor consideration abroad. This state of things could not be endured, and our present happy constitution was formed; but formed in vain, if this fatal doctrine prevails. It was formed for important objects that are announced in the preamble made in the name and by the authority of the people of the United States, whose delegates framed, and whose conventions approved it. The most important among these objects, that which is placed first in rank, on which all the others rest, is "to form a more perfect union." Now, is it possible that, even if there were no express provision giving supremacy to the constitution and laws of the United States over those of the states, it can be conceived, that an instrument made for the purpose of "forming a more perfect union" than that of the confederation, could be so constructed by the assembled wisdom of our country, as to substitute for that confederation a form of government dependent for its existence on the local interest, the party spirit of a state, or of a prevailing faction in a state? Every man of plain unsophisticated understanding, who hears the question, will give such an answer as will preserve the Union. Metaphysical subtlety, in pursuit of an impracticable theory, could alone have devised one that is calculated to destroy it.

I consider, then, the power to annul a law of the

United States, assumed by one state, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed.

After this general view of the leading principle, we must examine the particular application of it which is made in the Ordinance.

The preamble rests its justification on these grounds: It assumes as a fact, that the obnoxious laws, although they purport to be laws for raising revenue, were, in reality, intended for the protection of manufacturers, which purpose it asserts to be unconstitutional—that the operation of these laws is unequal—that the amount raised by them is greater than is required by the wants of the government—and, finally, that the proceeds are to be applied to objects unauthorized by the constitution. These are the only causes alleged to justify an open opposition to the laws of the country, and a threat of seceding from the Union, if any attempt should be made to enforce them. The first virtually acknowledges, that the law in question was passed under a power expressly given by the constitution, to lay and collect imposts; but its constitutionality is drawn in question from the motives of those who passed it. However apparent this purpose may be in the present case, nothing can be more dangerous than to admit the position, that an unconstitutional purpose, entertained by the members who assent to a law enacted under a constitutional power, shall make that law void; for how is that purpose to be ascertained? Who is to make the scrutiny? How often may bad purposes be falsely imputed? in how many cases are they concealed by false professions? in how many is no declaration of motive made? Admit this doctrine, and you give to the states an uncontrolled right to decide, and every law may be annulled under this pretext. If, therefore, the absurd and dangerous doctrine should be admitted that a state may

annul an unconstitutional law, or one that it deems such, it will not apply to the present case.

The next objection is, that the laws in question operate unequally. This objection may be made with truth, to every law that has been or can be passed. The wisdom of man never yet contrived a system of taxation, that would operate with perfect equality. If the unequal operation of a law makes it unconstitutional, and if all laws of that description may be abrogated by any state for that cause, then indeed is the federal constitution unworthy of the slightest effort for its preservation. We have hitherto relied on it as the perpetual bond of our Union. We have received it as the work of the assembled wisdom of the nation. We have trusted to it as to the sheet anchor of our safety, in the stormy times of conflict with a foreign or domestic foe. We have looked to it with sacred awe, as the palladium of our liberties, and, with all the solemnities of religion, have pledged to each other our lives and fortunes here, and our hopes of happiness hereafter, in its defence and support. Were we mistaken, my countrymen, in attaching this importance to the constitution of our country? Was our devotion paid to the wretched, inefficient, clumsy contrivance, which this new doctrine would make it? Did we pledge ourselves to the support of an airy nothing—a bubble that must be blown away by the first breath of disaffection? Was this self-destroying, visionary theory, the work of the profound statesman, the exalted patriots, to whom the task of constitutional reform was intrusted? Did the name of Washington sanction, did the states deliberately ratify, such an anomaly in the history of fundamental legislation? No. We were not mistaken! The letter of this great instrument is free from this radical fault: its language directly contradicts the imputation: its spirit—its evident intent, contradicts it. No, we did not err! Our constitution does not contain the absurdity of giving power to make laws, and another power to resist them. The sages, whose memory will always be reverenced, have given us a practical and, as

they hoped, a permanent constitutional compact. The Father of his country did not affix his revered name to so palpable an absurdity. Nor did the states, when they severally ratified it, do so under the impression, that a veto on the laws of the United States was reserved to them, so that they could exercise it by implication. Search the debates of all their conventions—examine the speeches of the most zealous opposers of federal authority—look at the amendments that were proposed. They are all silent—not a syllable uttered, not a vote given, not a motion made, to correct the explicit supremacy given to the laws of the Union, over those of the state—or to show that implication, as is now contended, could defeat it. No, we have not erred! The constitution is still the object of our reverence, the bond of our Union, our defence in danger, the source of our prosperity and peace. It shall descend, as we have received it, uncorrupted by sophistical construction, to our posterity; and the sacrifices of local interests, of state prejudices, of personal animosities, that were made to bring it into existence, will again be patriotically offered for its support.

The two remaining objections, made by the Ordinance to these laws, are, that the sums intended to be raised by them, are greater than are required, and that the proceeds will be unconstitutionally employed. The constitution has given expressly to Congress, the right of raising revenue, and of determining the sum the public exigencies will require. The states have no control over the exercise of this right, other than that which results from the power of changing the representatives who abuse it, and thus procure redress.

Congress may, undoubtedly, abuse this discretionary power, but the same may be said of others with which they are vested. Yet the discretion must exist somewhere. The constitution has given it to the representatives of the people, checked by the representatives of the states, and by the executive power. The South Carolina construction gives it to the legislature or the convention of a single state, where neither the people of the

different states, nor the states in their separate capacity, nor the chief magistrate, elected by the people, have any representation. Which is the most discreet disposition of the power? I do not ask you, fellow-citizens, which is the constitutional disposition—that instrument speaks a language not to be misunderstood. But if you were assembled in general convention, which would you think the safest depository of this discretionary power, in the last resort? Would you add a clause, giving it to each of the states; or would you sanction the wise provisions already made by your constitution? If this should be the result of your deliberations, when providing for the future, are you—can you be—ready to risk all that we hold dear, to establish, for a temporary and a local purpose, that which you must acknowledge to be destructive, and even absurd, as a general provision? Carry out the consequences of this right vested in the different states, and you must perceive that the crisis your conduct presents at this day, would recur whenever any law of the United States displeased any of the states, and that we should soon cease to be a nation.

The Ordinance, with the same knowledge of the future that characterizes a former objection, tells you that the proceeds of the tax will be unconstitutionally applied. If this should be ascertained with certainty, the objection would, with more propriety, be reserved for the law so applying the proceeds, but surely cannot be urged against the laws levying the duty.

These are the allegations contained in the Ordinance. Examine them seriously, my fellow-citizens—judge for yourselves. I appeal to you to determine whether they are so clear, so convincing, as to leave no doubt of their correctness: and even if you should come to this conclusion, how far they justify the reckless, destructive course, which you are directed to pursue. Review these objections, and the conclusions drawn from them once more. What are they? Every law, then, for raising revenue, according to the South Carolina Ordinance, may be rightfully annulled, unless it be so framed as no law ever will or can be framed. Congress have a right

to pass laws for raising revenue, and each state has a right to oppose their execution—two rights directly opposed to each other; and yet is this absurdity supposed to be contained in an instrument drawn for the express purpose of avoiding collisions between the states and the general government, by an assembly of the most enlightened statesmen and purest patriots ever imbodied for a similar purpose.

In vain have these sages declared that Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excise—in vain have they provided that they shall have power to pass laws which shall be necessary and proper to carry those powers into execution; that those laws and that constitution shall be the "supreme law of the land; and that the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." In vain have the people of the several states solemnly sanctioned these provisions, made them their paramount law, and individually sworn to support them whenever they were called on to execute any office. Vain provisions! ineffectual restriction! vile profanation of oaths! miserable mockery of legislation! if a bare majority of the voters in any one state, may, on a real or supposed knowledge of the intent with which a law has been passed, declare themselves free from its operation—say here it gives too little, there too much, and operates unequally—here it suffers articles to be free that ought to be taxed, there it taxes those that ought to be free—in this case the proceeds are intended to be applied to purposes which we do not approve; in that the amount raised is more than is wanted. Congress, it is true, are invested by the constitution, with the right of deciding these questions according to their sound discretion. Congress is composed of the representatives of all the states; and of all the people of all the states; but WE, part of the people of one state, to whom the constitution has given no power on the subject, from whom it has expressly taken away—*we*, who have solemnly agreed that this constitution shall be our law—*we*, most of

whom have sworn to support it—*we* now abrogate this law, and swear, and force others to swear, that it shall not be obeyed—and we do this, not because Congress have no right to pass such laws; this we do not allege; but because they have passed them with improper views. They are unconstitutional from the motives of those who passed them, which we can never with certainty know, from their unequal operation, although it is impossible from the nature of things that they should be equal—and from the disposition which we presume may be made of their proceeds, although that disposition has not been declared. This is the plain meaning of the Ordinance in relation to laws which it abrogates for alleged unconstitutionality. But it does not stop there. It repeals, in express terms, an important part of the constitution itself, and of laws passed to give it effect, which have never been alleged to be unconstitutional. The constitution declares that the judicial powers of the United States extend to cases arising under the laws of the United States, and that such laws, the constitution, and treaties shall be paramount to the state constitutions and laws. The judiciary act prescribes the mode by which the case may be brought before a court of the United States, by appeal, when a state tribunal shall decide against this provision of the constitution. The Ordinance declares there shall be no appeal; makes the state law paramount to the constitution and laws of the United States; forces judges and jurors to swear that they will disregard their provisions; and even makes it penal in a suitor to attempt relief by appeal. It further declares that it shall not be lawful for the authorities of the United States, or of that state, to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the revenue laws within its limits.

Here is a law of the United States, not even pretended to be unconstitutional, repealed by the authority of a small majority of the voters of a single state. Here is a provision of the constitution which is solemnly abrogated by the same authority.

On such expositions and reasonings, the Ordinance

grounds not only an assertion of the right to annul the laws of which it complains, but to enforce it by a threat of seceding from the Union, if any attempt is made to execute them.

This right to secede is deduced from the nature of the constitution, which, they say, is a compact between sovereign states, who have preserved their whole sovereignty, and, therefore, are subject to no superior: that, because they made the compact, they can break it when, in their opinion, it has been departed from by the other states. Fallacious as this course of reasoning is, it enlists state pride, and finds advocates in the honest prejudices of those who have not studied the nature of our government sufficiently to see the radical error on which it rests.

The people of the United States formed the constitution, acting through the state legislatures in making the compact, to meet and discuss its provisions, and acting in separate conventions when they ratified those provisions; but the terms used in its construction, show it to be a government in which the people of all the states collectively are represented. We are *one people* in the choice of the president and vice-president. Here the states have no other agency than to direct the mode in which the votes shall be given. The candidates having the majority of all the votes, are chosen. The electors of a majority of states may have given their votes for one candidate, and yet another may be chosen. The people then, and not the states, are represented in the executive branch.

In the House of Representatives there is this difference, that the people of one state do not, as in the case of president and vice-president, all vote for the same officers. The people of all the states do not vote for all the members, each state electing only its own representatives. But this creates no material distinction. When chosen, they are all representatives of the United States, not representatives of the particular state from which they come. They are paid by the United States, not by the state; nor are they accountable to it for any

act done in the performance of their legislative functions; and, however, they may in practice, as it is their duty to do, consult and prefer the interests of their particular constituents when they come in conflict with any other partial or local interest, yet it is their first and highest duty, as representatives of the United States, to promote the general good.

The constitution of the United States, then, forms a *government*, not a league; and whether it be formed by compact between the states, or in any other manner, its character is the same. It is a government in which all the people are represented, which operates directly on the people individually, not upon the states: they retained all the power they did not grant. But each state having expressly parted with so many powers as to constitute jointly with the other states a single nation, cannot, from that period, possess any right to secede, because such secession does not break a league, but destroys the unity of a nation, and any injury to that unity is not only a breach which would result from the contravention of a compact, but it is an offence against the whole Union. To say that any state may at pleasure secede from the Union, is to say that the United States are not a nation: because it would be a solecism to contend that any part of a nation might dissolve its connexion with the other parts, to their injury or ruin, without committing any offence. Secession, like any other revolutionary act, may be morally justified by the extremity of oppression; but to call it a constitutional right is confounding the meaning of terms; and can only be done through gross error, or to deceive those who are willing to assert a right, but would pause before they made a revolution, or incur the penalties consequent on a failure.

Because the Union was formed by compact, it is said the parties to that compact may, when they feel themselves aggrieved, depart from it; but it is precisely because it is a compact that they cannot. A compact is an agreement or binding obligation. It may, by its terms, have a sanction or penalty for its breach,

or it may not. If it contains no sanction, it may be broken with no other consequence than moral guilt: if it have a sanction, then the breach incurs the designated or implied penalty. A league between independent nations, generally, has no sanction other than a moral one; or, if it should contain a penalty, as there is no common superior, it cannot be enforced. A government, on the contrary, always has a sanction, express or implied; and, in our case, it is both necessarily implied and expressly given. An attempt by force of arms to destroy a government, is an offence, by whatever means the constitutional compact may have been formed; and such government has the right, by the law of self-defence, to pass acts for punishing the offender, unless that right is modified, restrained, or resumed, by the constitutional act. In our system, although it is modified in the case of treason, yet authority is expressly given to pass all laws necessary to carry its powers into effect, and under this grant provision has been made for punishing acts which obstruct the due administration of the laws.

It would seem superfluous to add anything to show the nature of that union which connects us; but as erroneous opinions on this subject are the foundation of doctrines the most destructive to our peace, I must give some further developement to my views on this subject. No one, fellow-citizens, has a higher reverence for the reserved rights of the states, than the magistrate who now addresses you. No one would make greater personal sacrifices, or official exertions, to defend them from violation; but equal care must be taken to prevent on their part an improper interference with, or resumption of, the rights they have vested in the nation. The line has not been so distinctly drawn as to avoid doubts in some cases of the exercise of power. Men of the best intentions and soundest views may differ in their construction of some parts of the constitution; but there are others on which dispassionate reflection can leave no doubt. Of this nature appears to be the assumed right of secession. It rests, as we have seen, on the alleged undivided sovereignty of the states, and on their hav-

ing formed in this sovereign capacity a compact which is called the constitution, from which, because they made it, they have a right to secede. Both of these positions are erroneous, and some of the arguments to prove them so have been anticipated.

The states severally have not retained their entire sovereignty. It has been shown that in becoming parts of a nation, not members of a league, they surrendered many of their essential parts of sovereignty. The right to make treaties—declare war—levy taxes—exercise exclusive judicial and legislative powers—were all of them functions of sovereign power. The states, then, for all these important purposes, were no longer sovereign. The allegiance of their citizens was transferred, in the first instance, to the government of the United States —they became American citizens, and owed obedience to the constitution of the United States, and to laws made in conformity with the powers it vested in Congress. This last position has not been, and cannot be denied. How then can that state be said to be sovereign and independent, whose citizens owe obedience to laws not made by it, and whose magistrates are sworn to disregard those laws, when they come in conflict with those passed by another? What shows conclusively that the states cannot be said to have reserved an undivided sovereignty, is, that they expressly ceded the right to punish treason—not treason against their separate power—but treason against the United States. Treason is an offence against *sovereignty;* and sovereignty must reside with the power to punish it. But the reserved rights of the states are not less sacred, because they have for their common interest made the general government the depository of these powers.

The unity of our political character (as has been shown for another purpose) commenced with its very existence. Under the royal government we had no separate character—our opposition to its oppressions began as UNITED COLONIES. We were the UNITED STATES under the confederation, and the name was perpetuated, and the Union rendered more perfect, by the federal

constitution. In none of these stages did we consider ourselves in any other light than as forming one nation. Treaties and alliances were made in the name of all. Troops were raised for the joint defence. How, then, with all these proofs that, under all changes of our position, we had, for designated purposes and with defined powers, created national governments—how is it, that the most perfect of those several modes of union should now be considered as a mere league, that it may be dissolved at pleasure? It is from an abuse of terms. Compact is used as synonymous with league, although the true term is not employed, because it would at once show the fallacy of the reasoning. It would not do to say that our constitution was only a league, but, it is laboured to prove it a compact (which in one sense it is) and then to argue that as a league is a compact, every compact between nations must of course be a league, and that from such an engagement every sovereign power has a right to recede. But it has been shown, that in this sense the states are not sovereign, and that even if they were, and the national constitution had been formed by compact, there would be no right in any one state to exonerate itself from its obligations.

So obvious are the reasons which forbid this secession, that it is necessary only to allude to them. The Union was formed for the benefit of all. It was produced by mutual sacrifices of interests and opinions. Can those sacrifices be recalled? Can the states who magnanimously surrendered their title to the territories of the West, recall the grant? Will the inhabitants of the inland states agree to pay the duties that may be imposed without their assent by those on the Atlantic or the Gulf, for their own benefit? Shall there be a free port in one state, and onerous duties in another? No one believes that any right exists in a single state to involve all the others in these and countless other evils, contrary to the engagements solemnly made. Every one must see that the other states, in self-defence, must oppose it at all hazards.

These are the alternatives that are presented by the convention: a repeal of all the acts for raising revenue, leaving the government without the means of support, or an acquiescence in the dissolution of the Union by the secession of one of its members. When the first was proposed, it was known that it could not be listened to for a moment. It was known, if force was applied to oppose the execution of the laws, that it must be repelled by force—that Congress could not, without involving itself in disgrace, and the country in ruin, accede to the proposition; and yet, if this is not done in a given day, or if any attempt is made to execute the laws, the state is, by the Ordinance, declared to be out of the Union. The majority of a convention assembled for the purpose, have dictated these terms, or rather this rejection of all terms, in the name of the people of South Carolina. It is true, that the governor of the state speaks of the submission of their grievances to a convention of all the states; which, he says, they "sincerely and anxiously seek and desire." Yet this obvious and constitutional mode of obtaining the sense of the other states, on the construction of the federal compact, and amending it, if necessary, has never been attempted by those who have urged the state on this destructive measure. The state might have proposed the call for a general convention, to the other states, and Congress, if a sufficient number of them concurred, must have called it. But the first magistrate of South Carolina, when he expressed a hope that, "on a review by Congress and the functionaries of the general government of the merits of the controversy," such a convention will be accorded to them, must have known that neither Congress nor any functionary of the general government has authority to call such a convention, unless it be demanded by two-thirds of the states. This suggestion, then, is another instance of the reckless inattention to the provisions of the constitution with which this crisis has been madly hurried on; or of the attempt to persuade the people that a constitutional remedy has been sought and refused. If the legislature of

South Carolina "anxiously desire" a general convention to consider their complaints, why have they not made application for it in the way the constitution points out? The assertion that they "earnestly seek" it, is completely negatived by the omission.

This, then, is the position in which we stand. A small majority of the citizens of one state in the Union have elected delegates to a state convention: that convention has ordained that all the revenue laws of the United States must be repealed, or that they are no longer a member of the Union. The governor of that state has recommended to the legislature the raising of an army to carry the secession into effect, and that he may be empowered to give clearances to vessels in the name of the state. No act of violent opposition to the laws has yet been committed, but such a state of things is hourly apprehended, and it is the intent of this instrument to PROCLAIM not only that the duty imposed on me by the constitution "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed," shall be performed to the extent of the powers already vested in me by law, or of such other as the wisdom of Congress shall devise and intrust to me for that purpose, but to warn the citizens of South Carolina, who have been deluded into an opposition to the laws, of the danger they will incur by obedience to the illegal and disorganizing Ordinance of the convention,—to exhort those who have refused to support it to persevere in their determination to uphold the constitution and laws of their country, and to point out to all the perilous situation into which the good people of that state have been led,—and that the course they are urged to pursue is one of ruin and disgrace to the very state whose rights they affect to support.

Fellow-citizens of my native state!—let me not only admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you,

my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves, or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretences you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason, on which you stand! First, a diminution of the value of your staple commodity, lowered by over production in other quarters, and the consequent diminution in the value of your lands, were the sole effect of the tariff laws. The effect of those laws is confessedly injurious, but the evil was greatly exaggerated by the unfounded theory you were taught to believe, that its burdens were in proportion to your exports, not to your consumption of imported articles. Your pride was roused by the assertion that a submission to those laws was a state of vassalage, and that resistance to them was equal, in patriotic merit, to the opposition our fathers offered to the oppressive laws of Great Britain. You were told that this opposition might be peaceably—might be constitutionally made—that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union and bear none of its burdens.

Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of disunion should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which, not long since, you would have regarded with horror. Look back at the arts which have brought you to this state—look forward to the consequences to which it must inevitably lead. Look back to what was first told you as an inducement to enter into this dangerous course. The great political truth was repeated to you, that you had the revolutionary right of resisting all laws that were palpably unconstitutional, and intolerably oppressive—it was added that the right to nullify a law rested on the same principle, but that it was a peaceable remedy! This character which was given to it, made you receive with too much confidence the assertions that were made of the unconstitutionality of the law, and its oppressive effects. Mark, my fellow-citizens, that, by the admission of your

leaders, the unconstitutionality must be palpable, or it will not justify either resistance or nullification! What is the meaning of the word *palpable*, in the sense in which it is here used?—that which is apparent to every one; that which no man of ordinary intellect will fail to perceive. Is the unconstitutionality of these laws of that description? Let those among your leaders who once approved and advocated the principle of protective duties, answer the question; and let them choose whether they will be considered as incapable, then, of perceiving that which must have been apparent to every man of common understanding, or as imposing upon your confidence, and endeavouring to mislead you now.

In either case, they are unsafe guides in the perilous path they urge you to tread. Ponder well on this circumstance, and you will know how to appreciate the exaggerated language they address to you. They are not champions of liberty, emulating the fame of our revolutionary fathers; nor are you an oppressed people, contending, as they repeat to you, against worse than colonial vassalage. You are free members of a flourishing and happy Union. There is no settled design to oppress you. You have indeed felt the unequal operation of laws which may have been unwisely, not unconstitutionally passed; but that inequality must necessarily be removed. At the very moment when you were madly urged on the unfortunate course you have begun, a change in public opinion had commenced. The nearly approaching payment of the public debt, and the consequent necessity of a diminution of duties, had already produced a considerable reduction, and that too, on some articles of general consumption in your state. The importance of this change was understood, and you were authoritatively told, that no further alleviation of your burdens was to be expected, at the very time when the condition of the country imperiously demanded such a modification of the duties as should reduce them to a just and equitable scale. But, as if apprehensive of the effect of this change in allaying your discontents,

you were precipitated into the fearful state in which you now find yourselves.

I have urged you to look back to the means that were used to hurry you on to the position you have now assumed, and forward to the consequences it will produce. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part!—consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interests and general protection so many different states—giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of American citizens—protecting their commerce—securing their literature and their arts—facilitating their intercommunication, defending their frontiers—and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth! Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information into every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and states! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honour, and say, we, too, are citizens of America; Carolina is one of these proud states; her arms have defended—her best blood has cemented this happy Union! And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, this happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce—the very name of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honour of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence, a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power. If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home—are you

free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names: disunion, by armed force, is treason. Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on their heads be the dishonour, but on yours may fall the punishment—on your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion of which you would be the first victims—its first magistrate cannot, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty—the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world. Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal—it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought and bled and died. I adjure you, as you honour their memory—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best

citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention—bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honour—tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all—declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonoured and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the constitution of your country!—its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability—but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return; and the stain upon its national character will be transferred, and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

Fellow-citizens of the United States! The threat of unhallowed disunion—the names of those, once respected, by whom it is uttered—the array of military force to support it—denote the approach of a crisis in our affairs on which the continuance of our unexampled prosperity, our political existence, and perhaps that of all free governments, may depend. The conjuncture demanded a free, a full, and explicit enunciation not only of my intentions, but of my principles of action: and as the claim was asserted of a right by a state to annul the laws of the Union, and even to secede from it at pleasure, a frank exposition of my opinions in relation to the origin and form of our government, and the construction I give to the instrument by which it was created, seemed to be proper. Having the fullest confidence in the justness of the legal and constitutional opinion of my duties which has been expressed, I rely with equal confidence on your undivided support in my determination to execute the laws—to preserve the Union by all constitutional means—to arrest, if possible,

by moderate but firm measures, the necessity of a recourse to force; and, if it be the will of Heaven that the recurrence of its primeval curse on man for the shedding of a brother's blood should fall upon our land, that it be not called down by any offensive act on the part of the United States.

Fellow-citizens! The momentous case is before you. On your undivided support of your government depends the decision of the great question it involves, whether your sacred Union will be preserved, and the blessing it secures to us as one people shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed, will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions, and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage which it will bring to their defence, will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated, to our children.

May the great Ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which He has favoured ours, may not by the madness of party or personal ambition be disregarded and lost: and may His wise Providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly before they feel the misery of civil strife: and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, he has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

In testimony whereof I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, having signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, this 10th day of December, A. D. 1832, and of the Independence of the United States the fifty-seventh.

ANDREW JACKSON.

By the President:
EDW. LIVINGSTON,
Secretary of State.

Appendix D

GENERAL JACKSON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

ON RETIRING FROM THE PRESIDENCY,

March 4, 1837.

Fellow-Citizens:—Being about to retire finally from public life, I beg leave to offer you my grateful thanks for the many proofs of kindness and confidence which I have received at your hands. It has been my fortune, in the discharge of public duties, civil and military, frequently to have found myself in difficult and trying situations, where prompt decision and energetic action were necessary, and where the interest of the country required that high responsibilities should be fearlessly encountered: and it is with the deepest emotions of gratitude that I acknowledge the continued and unbroken confidence with which you have sustained me in every trial. My public life has been a long one, and I cannot hope that it has, at all times, been free from errors. But I have the consolation of knowing that, if mistakes have been committed, they have not seriously injured the country I so anxiously endeavoured to serve; and, at the moment when I surrender my last public trust, I leave this great people prosperous and happy; in the full enjoyment of liberty and peace, and honoured and respected by every nation of the world.

If my humble efforts have, in any degree, contributed to preserve to you these blessings, I have been more than rewarded by the honours you have heaped upon me; and, above all, by the generous confidence with

which you have continued to animate and cheer my path to the closing hour of my political life. The time has now come, when advanced age and a broken frame warn me to retire from public concerns; but the recollection of the many favours you have bestowed upon me, is engraven upon my heart, and I have felt that I could not part from your service without making this public acknowledgment of the gratitude I owe you. And if I use the occasion to offer you the counsels of age and experience, you will, I trust, receive them with the same indulgent kindness which you have so often extended to me, and will at least see in them an earnest desire to perpetuate in this favoured land the blessings of liberty and equal laws.

We have now lived almost fifty years under the constitution framed by the sages and patriots of the Revolution. The conflicts in which the nations of Europe were engaged during a great part of this period; the spirit in which they waged war against each other, and our intimate commercial connexions with every part of the civilized world, rendered it a time of much difficulty for the government of the United States. We have had our seasons of peace and of war, with all the evils which precede or follow a state of hostility with powerful nations. We encountered these trials with our constitution yet in its infancy, and under the disadvantages which a new and untried government must always feel when it is called upon to put forth its whole strength, without the lights of experience to guide it, or the weight of precedents to justify its measures. But we have passed triumphantly through all these difficulties. Our constitution is no longer a doubtful experiment; and, at the end of nearly half a century, we find that it has preserved unimpaired the liberties of the people, secured the rights of property, and that our country has improved and is flourishing beyond any former example in the history of nations.

In our domestic concerns, there is everything to encourage us; and if you are true to yourselves, nothing can impede your march to the highest point of national

prosperity. The states which had so long been retarded in their improvement, by the Indian tribes residing in the midst of them, are at length relieved from the evil, and this unhappy race—the original dwellers in our land—are now placed in a situation where we may well hope that they will share in the blessings of civilization, and be saved from that degradation and destruction to which they were rapidly hastening while they remained in the states; and while the safety and comfort of our own citizens have been greatly promoted by their removal, the philanthropist will rejoice that the last remnant of that ill-fated race has been at length placed beyond the reach of injury or oppression, and that the paternal care of the general government will hereafter watch over them and protect them.

If we turn to our relations with foreign powers, we find our condition equally gratifying. Actuated by the sincere desire to do justice to every nation, and to preserve the blessings of peace, our intercourse with them has been conducted on the part of this government in the spirit of frankness, and I take pleasure in saying, that it has generally been met in a corresponding temper. Difficulties of old standing have been surmounted by friendly discussion, and the mutual desire to be just; and the claims of our citizens, which have been long withheld, have at length been acknowledged and adjusted, and satisfactory arrangements made for their final payment; and with a limited, and I trust, a temporary exception, our relations with every foreign power are now of the most friendly character—our commerce continually expanding, and our flag respected in every quarter of the globe.

These cheering and grateful prospects, and these multiplied favours, we owe, under Providence, to the adoption of the federal constitution. It is no longer a question whether this great country can remain happily united, and flourish under our present form of government. Experience, the unerring test of all human understanding, has shown the wisdom and foresight of those who formed it; and has proved, that in the union

of these states there is a sure foundation for the brightest hopes of freedom, and for the happiness of the people. At every hazard, and by every sacrifice, this Union must be preserved.

The necessity of watching with jealous anxiety for the preservation of the Union, was earnestly pressed upon his fellow-citizens by the Father of his country, in his farewell address. He has there told us, that " while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken its bonds;" and he has cautioned us in the strongest terms against the formation of parties on geographical discriminations, as one of the means which might disturb our Union, and to which designing men would be likely to resort.

The lessons contained in this invaluable legacy of Washington to his countrymen, should be cherished in the heart of every citizen to the latest generation; and, perhaps, at no period of time could they be more usefully remembered that at the present moment. For when we look upon the scenes that are passing around us, and dwell upon the pages of his parting address, his paternal counsels would seem to be not merely the offspring of wisdom and foresight, but the voice of prophecy foretelling events and warning us of the evil to come. Forty years have passed since this imperishable document was given to his countrymen. The federal constitution was then regarded by him as an experiment, —and he so speaks of it in his address,—but an experiment upon the success of which the best hopes of his country depended; and we all know that he was prepared to lay down his life, if necessary, to secure to it a full and fair trial. The trial has been made. It has succeeded beyond the proudest hopes of those who framed it. Every quarter of this widely-extended nation has felt its blessings, and shared in the general prosperity produced by its adoption. But amid this general prosperity and splendid success, the dangers of which he warned us are becoming every day more evi-

dent, and the signs of evil are sufficiently apparent to awaken the deepest anxiety in the bosom of the patriot. We behold systematic efforts publicly made to sow the seeds of discord between different parts of the United States, and to place party divisions directly upon geographical distinctions; to excite the *south* against the *north*, and the *north* against the *south*, and to force into the controversy the most delicate and exciting topics—topics upon which it is impossible that a large portion of the Union can ever speak without strong emotion. Appeals, too, are constantly made to sectional interests, in order to influence the election of the chief magistrate, as if it were desired, that he should favour a particular quarter of the country, instead of fulfilling the duties of his station with impartial justice to all; and the possible dissolution of the Union has at length become an ordinary and familiar subject of discussion. Has the warning voice of Washington been forgotten? or have designs already been formed to sever the Union? Let it not be supposed, that I impute to all of those who have taken an active part in these unwise and unprofitable discussions, a want of patriotism or of public virtue. The honourable feeling of state pride, and local attachments, find a place in the bosoms of the most enlightened and pure. But while such men are conscious of their own integrity and honesty of purpose, they ought never to forget, that the citizens of other states are their political brethren; and that, however mistaken they may be in their views, the great body of them are equally honest and upright with themselves. Mutual suspicions and reproaches may, in time, create mutual hostility; and artful and designing men will always be found, who are ready to foment these fatal divisions, and to inflame the natural jealousies of different sections of the country. The history of the world is full of such examples, and especially the history of republics.

What have you to gain by division and dissension? Delude not yourselves with the belief, that a breach once made may be afterwards repaired. If the Union is once

severed, the line of separation will grow wider and wider, and the controversies which are now debated and settled in the halls of legislation, will then be tried in fields of battle, and determined by the sword. Neither should you deceive yourselves with the hope, that the first line of separation would be the permanent one, and that nothing but harmony and concord would be found in the new associations formed upon the dissolution of the Union. Local interests would still be found there, and unchastened ambition. And if the recollection of common dangers, in which the people of these United States stood side by side against the common foe; the memory of victories won by their united valour; the prosperity and happiness they have enjoyed under the present constitution; the proud name they bear as citizens of this great republic: if all these recollections and proofs of common interest are not strong enough to bind us together as one people, what tie will hold united the new divisions of empire, when these bonds have been broken, and this Union dissevered?

The first line of separation would not last for a single generation; new fragments would be torn off; new leaders would spring up; and this great and glorious republic would soon be broken into a multitude of petty states, without commerce, without credit; jealous of one another; armed for mutual aggression; loaded with taxes to pay armies and leaders; seeking aid against each other from foreign powers; insulted and trampled upon by the nations of Europe, until, harassed with conflicts, and humbled and debased in spirit, they would be ready to submit to the absolute dominion of any military adventurer, and to surrender their liberty for the sake of repose. It is impossible to look on the consequences that would inevitably follow the destruction of this government, and not feel indignant when we hear cold calculations about the value of the Union, and have so constantly before us a line of conduct so well calculated to weaken its ties.

There is too much at stake to allow pride or passion to influence your decision. Never for a moment

believe that the great body of the citizens of any state or states can deliberately intend to do wrong. They may, under the influence of temporary excitement or misguided opinions, commit mistakes; they may be misled for a time by the suggestions of self-interest; but in a community so enlightened and patriotic as the people of the United States, argument will soon make them sensible of their errors, and when convinced they will be ready to repair them. If they have no higher or better motives to govern them, they will at least perceive that their own interest requires them to be just to others as they hope to receive justice at their hands.

But in order to maintain the Union unimpaired, it is absolutely necessary that the laws passed by the constituted authorities should be faithfully executed in every part of the country, and that every good citizen should, at all times, stand ready to put down, with the combined force of the nation, every attempt at unlawful resistance, under whatever pretext it may be made, or whatever shape it may assume. Unconstitutional or oppressive laws may no doubt be passed by Congress, either from erroneous views or the want of due consideration; if they are within the reach of judicial authority the remedy is easy and peaceful; and if, from the character of the law, it is an abuse of power not within the control of the judiciary, then free discussion and calm appeals to reason and to the justice of the people will not fail to redress the wrong. But until the law shall be declared void by the courts, or repealed by Congress, no individual or combination of individuals can be justified in forcibly resisting its execution. It is impossible that any government can continue to exist upon any other principles. It would cease to be a government and be unworthy of the name, if it had not the power to enforce the execution of its own laws within its own sphere of action.

It is true, that cases may be imagined, disclosing such a settled purpose of usurpation and oppression on the part of the government as would justify an appeal to arms. These, however, are extreme cases, which we

have no reason to apprehend in a government where the power is in the hands of a patriotic people; and no citizen, who loves his country, would, in any case whatever, resort to forcible resistance, unless he clearly saw that the time had come when a freeman should prefer death to submission; for if such a struggle is once begun, and the citizens of one section of the country are arrayed in arms against those of another in doubtful conflict, let the battle result as it may, there will be an end of the Union, and with it an end of the hopes of freedom. The victory of the injured would not secure to them the blessings of liberty; it would avenge their wrongs, but they would themselves share in the common ruin.

But the constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved, in opposition to public feeling, by the mere exertion of the coercive powers confided to the general government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people; in the security it gives to life, liberty, character, and property, in every quarter of the country, and in the fraternal attachment which the citizens of the several states bear to one another as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of each other. Hence, the citizens of every state should studiously avoid everything calculated to wound the sensibility, or offend the just pride of the people of other states; and they should frown upon any proceedings within their own borders likely to disturb the tranquillity of their political brethren in other portions of the Union. In a country so extensive as the United States, and with pursuits so varied, the internal regulations of the several states must frequently differ from one another in important particulars; and this difference is unavoidably increased by the varying principles upon which the American colonies were originally planted—principles which had taken deep root in their social relations before the Revolution, and, therefore, of necessity, influencing their policy since they became free and independent states. But each state has the unquestionable right to regulate its

own internal concerns, according to its own pleasure; and while it does not interfere with the rights of the people of other states, or the rights of the Union, every state must be the sole judge of the measures proper to secure the safety of its citizens, and promote their happiness; and all efforts on the part of the people of other states to cast odium upon their institutions, and all measures calculated to disturb their rights of property, or to put in jeopardy their peace and internal tranquillity, are in direct opposition to the spirit in which the Union was formed, and must endanger its safety. Motives of philanthropy may be assigned for this unwarrantable interference, and weak men may persuade themselves for a moment, that they are laboring in the cause of humanity, and asserting the rights of the human race; but every one, upon sober reflection, will see that nothing but mischief can come from these improper assaults upon the feelings and rights of others. Rest assured, that the men found busy in this work of discord are not worthy of your confidence, and deserve your strongest reprobation.

In the legislation of Congress, also, and in every measure of the general government, justice to every portion of the United States should be faithfully observed. No free government can stand without virtue in the people, and a lofty spirit of patriotism; and if the sordid feelings of mere selfishness shall usurp the place which ought to be filled by public spirit, the legislation of Congress will soon be converted into a scramble for personal and sectional advantages. Under our free institutions, the citizens of every quarter of our country are capable of attaining a high degree of prosperity and happiness, without seeking to profit themselves at the expense of others, and every such attempt must, in the end, fail to succeed; for the people in every part of the United States are too enlightened not to understand their own rights and interests, and to detect and defeat every effort to gain undue advantage over them; and when such designs are discovered, it naturally provokes resentments which cannot always be easily allayed. Jus-

tice, full and ample justice to every portion of the United States, should be the ruling principle of every freeman, and should guide the deliberations of every public body, whether it be state or national.

It is well known that there have always been those amongst us who wish to enlarge the powers of the general government; and experience would seem to indicate that there is a tendency on the part of this government to overstep the boundaries marked out for it by the constitution. Its legitimate authority is abundantly sufficient for all the purposes for which it was created, and its powers being expressly enumerated, there can be no justification for claiming anything beyond them. Every attempt to exercise power beyond these limits should be promptly and firmly opposed. For one evil example will lead to other measures still more mischievous; and if the principle of constructive powers, or supposed advantages, or temporary circumstances, shall ever be permitted to justify the assumption of a power not given by the constitution, the general government will before long absorb all the powers of legislation, and you will have, in effect, but one consolidated government. From the extent of our country, its diverisfied interests, different pursuits, and different habits, it is too obvious for argument that a single consolidated government would be wholly inadequate to watch over and protect its interests; and every friend of our free institutions should be always prepared to maintain unimpaired and in full vigour the rights and sovereignty of the states, and to confine the action of the general government strictly to the sphere of its appropriate duties.

There is, perhaps, no one of the powers conferred on the federal government, so liable to abuse as the taxing power. The most productive and convenient sources of revenue were necessarily given to it, that it might be able to perform the important duties imposed upon it; and the taxes which it lays upon commerce being concealed from the real payer in the price of the article, they do not so readily attract the attention of the people as smaller sums demanded from them directly by the

tax-gatherer. But the tax imposed on goods, enhances by so much the price of the commodity to the consumer; and as many of these duties are imposed on articles of necessity which are daily used by the great body of the people, the money raised by these imposts is drawn from their pockets. Congress has no right under the constitution to take money from the people, unless it is required to execute some one of the specific powers intrusted to the government; and if they raise more than is necessary for such purposes, it is an abuse of the power of taxation, and unjust and oppressive. It may indeed happen that the revenue will sometimes exceed the amount anticipated when the taxes were laid. When, however, this is ascertained, it is easy to reduce them; and in such a case it is unquestionably the duty of the government to reduce them, for no circumstances can justify it in assuming a power not given to it by the constitution, nor in taking away the money of the people when it is not needed for the legitimate wants of the government.

Plain as these principles appear to be, you will yet find that there is a constant effort to induce the general government to go beyond the limits of its taxing power, and to impose unnecessary burdens upon the people. Many powerful interests are continually at work to procure heavy duties on commerce, and to swell the revenue beyond the real necessities of the public service; and the country has already felt the injurious effects of their combined influence. They succeeded in obtaining a tariff of duties bearing most oppressively on the agricultural and labouring classes of society, and producing a revenue that could not be usefully employed within the range of the powers conferred upon Congress; and, in order to fasten upon the people this unjust and unequal system of taxation, extravagant schemes of internal improvement were got up, in various quarters, to squander the money and to purchase support. Thus, one unconstitutional measure was intended to be upheld by another, and the abuse of the power of taxation was to be maintained by usurping the power of expending the

money in internal improvements. You cannot have forgotten the severe and doubtful struggle through which we passed when the executive department of the government, by its veto, endeavoured to arrest this prodigal scheme of injustice, and to bring back the legislation of Congress to the boundaries prescribed by the constitution. The good sense and practical judgment of the people, when the subject was brought before them, sustained the course of the executive, and this plan of unconstitutional expenditure for the purposes of corrupt influence is, I trust, finally overthrown.

The result of this decision has been felt in the rapid extinguishment of the public debt, and the large accumulation of a surplus in the treasury, notwithstanding the tariff was reduced, and is now far below the amount originally contemplated by its advocates. But, rely upon it, the design to collect an extravagant revenue, and to burden you with taxes beyond the economical wants of the government, is not yet abandoned. The various interests which have combined together to impose a heavy tariff, and to produce an overflowing treasury, are too strong, and have too much at stake, to surrender the contest. The corporations and wealthy individuals who are engaged in large manufacturing establishments, desire a high tariff to increase their gains. Designing politicians will support it to conciliate their favour, and to obtain the means of profuse expenditure, for the purpose of purchasing influence in other quarters; and since the people have decided that the federal government cannot be permitted to employ its income in internal improvements, efforts will be made to seduce and mislead the citizens of the several states, by holding out to them the deceitful prospect of benefits to be derived from a surplus revenue collected by the general government, and annually divided among the states. And, if encouraged by these fallacious hopes, the states should disregard the principles of economy which ought to characterize every republican government, and should indulge in lavish expenditures exceeding their resources, they will, before long, find themselves oppressed with

debts which they are unable to pay, and the temptation will become irresistible to support a high tariff, in order to obtain a surplus distribution. Do not allow yourselves, my fellow-citizens, to be misled on this subject. The federal government cannot collect a surplus for such purposes, without violating the principles of the constitution, and assuming powers which have not been granted. It is, moreover, a system of injustice, and, if persisted in, will inevitably lead to corruption, and must end in ruin. The surplus revenue will be drawn from the pockets of the people,—from the farmer, the mechanic, and the labouring classes of society; but who will receive it when distributed among the states, where it is to be disposed of by leading state politicians who have friends to favour, and political partisans to gratify? It will certainly not be returned to those who paid it, and who have most need of it, and are honestly entitled to it. There is but one safe rule, and that is, to confine the general government rigidly within the sphere of its appropriate duties. It has no power to raise a revenue, or impose taxes, except for the purposes enumerated in the constitution; and if its income is found to exceed these wants, it should be forthwith reduced, and the burdens of the people so far lightened.

In reviewing the conflicts which have taken place between different interests in the United States, and the policy pursued since the adoption of our present form of government, we find nothing that has produced such deep-seated evils as the course of legislation in relation to the currency. The constitution of the United States unquestionably intended to secure to the people a circulating medium of gold and silver. But the establishment of a national bank by Congress, with the privilege of issuing paper money receivable in the payment of the public dues, and the unfortunate course of legislation in the several states upon the same subject, drove from general circulation the constitutional currency, and substituted one of paper in its place.

It was not easy for men engaged in the ordinary pursuits of business, whose attention had not been particu-

larly drawn to the subject, to foresee all the consequences of a currency exclusively of paper, and we ought not, on that account, to be surprised at the facility with which laws were obtained to carry into effect the paper system. Honest, and even enlightened men, are sometimes misled by the specious and plausible statements of the designing. But experience has now proved the mischiefs and dangers of a paper currency, and it rests with you to determine whether the proper remedy shall be applied.

The paper system being founded on public confidence, and having of itself no intrinsic value, it is liable to great and sudden fluctuations; thereby rendering property insecure, and the wages of labour unsteady and uncertain. The corporations which create the paper money, cannot be relied upon to keep the circulating medium uniform in amount. In times of prosperity, when confidence is high, they are tempted by the prospect of gain, or by the influence of those who hope to profit by it, to extend their issues of paper beyond the bounds of discretion and the reasonable demands of business. And when these issues have been pushed on, from day to day, until public confidence is at length shaken, then a reaction takes place, and they immediately withdraw the credits they have given, suddenly curtail their issues, and produce an unexpected and ruinous contraction of the circulating medium, which is felt by the whole community. The banks by this means save themselves, and the mischievous consequences of their imprudence or cupidity are visited upon the public. Nor does the evil stop here. These ebbs and flows in the currency, and these indiscreet extensions of credit, naturally engender a spirit of speculation injurious to the habits and character of the people. We have already seen its effects in the wild spirit of speculation in the public lands, and various kinds of stock, which within the last year or two, seized upon such a multitude of our citizens, and threatened to pervade all classes of society and to withdraw their attention from the sober pursuits of honest industry. It is not by encouraging this spirit that we

shall best preserve public virtue and promote the true interests of our country. But if your currency continues as exclusively paper as it now is, it will foster this eager desire to amass wealth without labour; it will multiply the number of dependants on bank accommodations and bank favours; the temptation to obtain money at any sacrifice will become stronger and stronger, and inevitably lead to corruption, which will find its way into your councils, and destroy, at no distant day, the purity of your government. Some of the evils which arise from this system of paper, press with peculiar hardship upon the class of society least able to bear it. A portion of this currency frequently becomes depreciated or worthless, and all of it is easily counterfeited in such a manner as to require peculiar skill and much experience to distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine note. These frauds are most generally perpetrated in the smaller notes, which are used in the daily transactions of ordinary business, and the losses occasioned by them are commonly thrown upon the labouring classes of society, whose situation and pursuits put it out of their power to guard themselves from these impositions, and whose daily wages are necessary for their subsistence. It is the duty of every government so to regulate its currency as to protect this numerous class as far as practicable from the imposition of avarice and fraud. It is more especially the duty of the United States, where the government is emphatically the government of the people, and where this respectable portion of our citizens are so proudly distinguished from the labouring classes of all other nations, by their independent spirit, their love of liberty, their intelligence, their high tone of moral character. Their industry in peace is the source of our wealth, and their bravery in war has covered us with glory, and the government of the United States will but ill discharge its duties if it leaves them a prey to such dishonest impositions. Yet it is evident that their interests cannot be effectually protected, unless silver and gold are restored to circulation.

These views alone, of the paper currency, are suffi-

cient to call for immediate reform; but there is another consideration which should still more strongly press it upon your attention.

Recent events have proved that the paper money system of this country may be used as an engine to undermine your free institutions, and that those who desire to engross all power in the hands of the few, and to govern by corruption or force, are aware of its power, and prepared to employ it. Your banks now furnish your only circulating medium, and money is plenty or scarce, according to the quantity of notes issued by them. While they have capitals not greatly disproportioned to each other, they are competitors in business, and no one of them can exercise dominion over the rest; and although, in the present state of the currency, these banks may and do operate injuriously upon the habits of business, the pecuniary concerns, and the moral tone of society, yet from their number and dispersed situation, they cannot combine for the purposes of political influence; and whatever may be the disposition of some of them, their power of mischief must necessarily be confined to a narrow space, and felt only in their own immediate neighborhoods.

But when the charter for the Bank of the United States was obtained from Congress, it perfected the schemes of the paper system, and gave to its advocates the position they have struggled to obtain from the commencement of the federal government down to the present hour. The immense capital and peculiar privileges bestowed upon it enabled it to exercise despotic sway over the other banks in every part of the country. From its superior strength, it could seriously injure, if not destroy, the business of any one of them which might incur its resentment; and it openly claimed for itself the power of regulating the currency throughout the United States. In other words, it asserted (and undoubtedly possessed) the power to make money plenty or scarce, at its pleasure, at any time, and in any quarter of the Union, by controlling the issues of other banks, and permitting an expansion, or compelling a

general contraction, of the circulating medium, according to its own will. The other banking institutions were sensible of its strength, and they soon generally became its obedient instruments, ready at all times to execute its mandates; and with the banks necessarily went also that numerous class of persons in our commercial cities who depend altogether on bank credits for their solvency and means of business; and who are, therefore, obliged, for their own safety, to propitiate the favour of the money power by distinguished zeal and devotion in its service. The result of the ill-advised legislation which established this great monopoly was to concentrate the whole moneyed power of the Union, with its boundless means of corruption, and its numerous dependants, under the direction and command of one acknowledged head; thus organizing this particular interest as one body, and securing to it unity and concert of action throughout the United States, and enabling it to bring forward, upon any occasion, its entire and undivided strength to support or defeat any measure of the government. In the hands of this formidable power, thus perfectly organized, was also placed unlimited dominion over the amount of the circulating medium, giving it the power to regulate the value of property and the fruits of labour in every quarter of the Union; and to bestow prosperity, or bring ruin upon any city or section of the country, as might best comport with its own interest or policy.

We are not left to conjecture how the moneyed power, thus organized, and with such a weapon in its hands, would be likely to use it. The distress and alarm which pervaded and agitated the whole country, when the Bank of the United States waged war upon the people in order to compel them to submit to its demands, cannot yet be forgotten. The ruthless and unsparing temper with which whole cities and communities were oppressed, individuals impoverished and ruined, and a scene of cheerful prosperity suddenly changed into one of gloom and despondency, ought to be indelibly impressed on the memory of the people of the United

States. If such was its power in a time of peace, what would it not have been in a season of war, with an enemy at your doors? No nation but the freemen of the United States could have come out victorious from such a contest; yet, if you had not conquered, the government would have passed from the hands of the many to the hands of the few; and this organized money power, from its secret conclave, would have dictated the choice of your highest officers, and compelled you to make peace or war, as best suited to their own wishes. The forms of your government might for a time have remained, but its living spirit would have departed from it.

The distress and sufferings inflicted on the people by the bank are some of the fruits of that system of policy which is continually striving to enlarge the authority of the federal government beyond the limits fixed by the constitution. The powers enumerated in that instrument do not confer on Congress the right to establish such a corporation as the Bank of the United States; and the evil consequences which followed may warn us of the danger of departing from the true rule of construction, and of permitting temporary circumstances, or the hope of better promoting the public welfare, to influence in any degree our decisions upon the extent of the authority of the general government. Let us abide by the constitution as it is written, or amend it in the constitutional mode if it is found to be defective.

The severe lessons of experience will, I doubt not, be sufficient to prevent Congress from again chartering such a monopoly, even if the constitution did not present an insuperable objection to it. But you must remember, my fellow-citizens, that eternal vigilance by the people is the price of liberty; and that you must pay the price if you wish to secure the blessing. It behooves you, therefore, to be watchful in your states, as well as in the federal government. The power which the moneyed interest can exercise, when concentrated under a single head, and with our present system of currency, was sufficiently demonstrated in the struggle made by

the Bank of the United States. Defeated in the general government, the same class of intriguers and politicians will now resort to the states, and endeavor to obtain there the same organization, which they failed to perpetuate in the Union; and with specious and deceitful plans of public advantages, and state interests, and state pride, they will endeavour to establish, in the different states, one moneyed institution with overgrown capital, and exclusive privileges sufficient to enable it to control the operations of the other banks. Such an institution will be pregnant with the same evils produced by the Bank of the United States, although its sphere of action is more confined; and in the state in which it is chartered, the money power will be able to imbody its whole strength, and to move together with undivided force, to accomplish any object it may wish to attain. You have already had abundant evidence of its power to inflict injury upon the agricultural, mechanical, and labouring classes of society; and over those whose engagements in trade or speculation render them dependent on bank facilities, the dominion of the state monopoly will be absolute, and their obedience unlimited. With such a bank, and a paper currency, the money power would in a few years govern the state and control its measures; and if a sufficient number of states can be induced to create such establishments, the time will soon come when it will again take field against the United States, and succeed in perfecting and perpetuating its organization by a charter from Congress.

It is one of the serious evils of our present system of banking, that it enables one class of society—and that by no means a numerous one—by its control over the currency, to act injuriously upon the interests of all the others, and to exercise more than its just proportion of influence in political affairs. The agricultural, the mechanical, and the labouring classes, have little or no share in the direction of the great moneyed corporations: and from their habits and the nature of their pursuits, they are incapable of forming extensive combinations to act together with united force. Such con-

cert of action may sometimes be produced in a single city, or in a small district of country, by means of personal communications with each other; but they have no regular or active correspondence with those who are engaged in similar pursuits in distant places; they have but little patronage to give to the press, and exercise but a small share of influence over it; they have no crowd of dependents about them, who hope to grow rich without labour, by their countenance and favour, and who are, therefore, always ready to execute their wishes. The planter, the farmer, the mechanic, and the labourer, all know that their success depends upon their own industry and economy, and that they must not expect to become suddenly rich by the fruits of their toil. Yet these classes of society form the great body of the people of the United States; they are the bone and sinew of the country; men who love liberty, and desire nothing but equal rights and equal laws, and who, moreover, hold the great mass of our national wealth, although it is distributed in moderate amounts among the millions of freemen who possess it. But with overwhelming numbers and wealth on their side, they are in constant danger of losing their fair influence in the government, and with difficulty maintain their just rights against the incessant efforts daily made to encroach upon them.

The mischief springs from the power which the moneyed interest derives from a paper currency which they are able to control, from the multitude of corporations with exclusive privileges, which they have succeeded in obtaining in the different states, and which are employed altogether for their benefit, and unless you become more watchful in your states, and check this spirit of monopoly and thirst for exclusive privileges, you will, in the end, find that the most important powers of government have been given or bartered away, and the control over your dearest interests has passed into the hands of these corporations.

The paper money system, and its natural associates, monopoly and exclusive privileges, have already struck

their roots deep in the soil, and it will require all your efforts to check their further growth, and to eradicate the evil. The men who profit by the abuses, and desire to perpetuate them, will continue to besiege the halls of legislation in the general government as well as in the states, and will seek, by every artifice, to mislead and deceive the public servants. It is to yourselves that you must look for safety, and the means of guarding and perpetuating your free institutions. In your hands is rightfully placed the sovereignty of the country, and to you every one placed in authority is ultimately responsible. It is always in your power to see that the wishes of the people are carried into faithful execution, and their will, when once made known, must sooner or later be obeyed. And while the people remain, as I trust they ever will, uncorrupted and incorruptible, and continue watchful and jealous of their rights, the government is safe, and the cause of freedom will continue to triumph over all its enemies.

But it will require steady and persevering exertions on your part to rid yourselves of the iniquities and mischiefs of the paper system, and to check the spirit of monopoly and other abuses which have sprung up with it, and of which it is the main support. So many interests are united to resist all reform on this subject, that you must not hope the conflict will be a short one, nor success easy.

My humble efforts have not been spared during my administration of the government, to restore the constitutional currency of gold and silver, and something, I trust, has been done towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object. But enough yet remains to require all your energy and perseverance. The power, however, is in your hands, and the remedy must and will be applied, if you determine upon it.

While I am thus endeavouring to press upon your attention the principles which I deem of vital importance in the domestic concerns of the country, I ought not to pass over, without notice, the important considerations which should govern your policy towards foreign pow-

ers. It is unquestionably our true interest to cultivate the most friendly understanding with every nation, and to avoid, by every honourable means, the calamities of war; and we shall best attain this object by frankness and sincerity in our foreign intercourse, by the prompt and faithful execution of treaties, and by justice and impartiality in our conduct to all. But no nation, however desirous of peace, can hope to escape occasional collisions with other powers; and the soundest dictates of policy require that we should place ourselves in a condition to assert our rights, if a resort to force should ever become necessary. Our local situation, our long line of sea-coast, indented by numerous bays, with deep rivers opening into the interior, as well as our extended and still increasing commerce, point to the navy as our natural means of defence. It will, in the end, be found to be the cheapest and most effectual; and now is the time, in a season of peace, and with an overflowing revenue, that we can, year after year, add to its strength without increasing the burdens of the people. It is your true policy; for your navy will not only protect your rich and flourishing commerce in distant seas, but will enable you to reach and annoy the enemy, and will give to defence its greatest efficiency, by meeting danger at a distance from home. It is impossible, by any line of fortifications, to guard every point from attack against a hostile force advancing from the ocean, and selecting its object; but they are indispensable to protect cities from bombardment; dock-yards and naval arsenals from destruction; to give shelter to merchant vesels in time of war, and to single ships of weaker squadrons when pressed by superior force. Fortifications of this description cannot be too soon completed and armed, and placed in a condition of the most perfect preparation. The abundant means we now possess cannot be applied in any manner more useful to the country; and when this is done, and our naval force sufficiently strengthened, and our militia armed, we need not fear that any nation will wantonly insult us, or needlessly provoke hostilities. We shall

more certainly preserve peace, when it is well understood that we are prepared for war.

In presenting to you, my fellow-citizens, these parting counsels, I have brought before you the leading principles upon which I endeavoured to administer the government in the high office with which you have twice honoured me. Knowing that the path of freedom is continually beset by enemies, who often assume the disguise of friends, I have devoted the last hours of my public life to warn you of the dangers. The progress of the United States under our free and happy institutions, has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the founders of the republic. Our growth has been rapid beyond all former example, in numbers, in wealth, in knowledge, and all the useful arts which contribute to the comforts and convenience of man; and from the earliest ages of history to the present day, there never have been thirteen millions of people associated together in one political body, who enjoyed so much freedom and happiness as the people of these United States. You have no longer any cause to fear danger from abroad; your strength and power are well known throughout the civilized world, as well as the high and gallant bearing of your sons. It is from within, among yourselves, from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition, and inordinate thirst for power, that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actors may assume, that you have especially to guard yourselves. You have the highest of human trusts committed to your care. Providence has showered on this favoured land blessings without number, and has chosen you as the guardians of freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race. May He, who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, make you worthy of the favours he has bestowed, and enable you, with pure hearts, and pure hands, and sleepless vigilance, to guard and defend, to the end of time, the great charge he has committed to your keeping.

My own race is nearly run; advanced age and failing

health warn me that before long, I must pass beyond the reach of human events, and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that he has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son. And, filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness, I now bid you a last and affectionate farewell.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Appendix E

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

ANDREW JACKSON.

Hermitage, June 7th, 1843.

In the Name of God, Amen:—I, Andrew Jackson, Sen'r., being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, and impressed with the great uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and being desirous to dispose of my temporal affairs so that after my death no contention may arise relative to the same—And whereas, since executing my will of the 30th of September, 1833, my estate has become greatly involved by my liabilities for the debts of my well-beloved and adopted son Andrew Jackson, Jun., which makes it necessary to alter the same: Therefore I, Andrew Jackson, Sen'r., of the county of Davidson, and state of Tennessee, do make, ordain, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, revoking all other wills by me heretofore made.

First, I bequeath my body to the dust whence it comes, and my soul to God who gave it, hoping for a happy immortality through the atoning merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. My desire is, that my body be buried by the side of my dear departed wife, in the garden at the Hermitage, in the vault prepared in the garden, and all expenses paid by my executor hereafter named.

Secondly, That all my just debts be paid out of my personal and real estate by my executor; for which purpose to meet the debt my good friends Gen'l. J. B. Planchin & Co. of New Orleans, for the sum of six thousand dollars, with the interest accruing thereon,

loaned to me to meet the debt due by A. Jackson, Jun., for the purchase of the plantation from Hiram G. Runnels, lying on the east bank of the river Mississippi, in the state of Mississippi. Also, a debt due by me of ten thousand dollars, borrowed of my friends Blair and Rives, of the city of Washington and District of Columbia, with the interest accruing thereon; being applied to the payment of the lands bought of Hiram G. Runnels as aforesaid, and for the faithful payment of the aforesaid recited debts, I hereby bequeath all my real and personal estate. After these debts are fully paid—

Thirdly, I give and bequeath to my adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Junior, the tract of land whereon I now live, known by the Hermitage tract, with its butts and boundaries, with all its appendages of the three lots of land bought of Samuel Donelson, Thomas J. Donelson, and Alexander Donelson, sons and heirs of Sovern Donelson, deceased, all adjoining the Hermitage tract, agreeable to their butts and boundaries, with all the appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining, with all my negroes that I may die possessed of, with the exception hereafter named, with all their increase after the before recited debts are fully paid, with all the household furniture, farming tools, stock of all kind, both on the Hermitage tract farms, as well as those on the Mississippi plantation, to him and his heirs for ever.—The true intent and meaning of this my last will and testament is, that all my estate, real, personal, and mixed, is hereby first pledged for the payment of the above recited debts and interest; and when they are fully paid, the residue of all my estate, real, personal, and mixed, is hereby bequeathed to my adopted son A. Jackson, Jun., with the exceptions hereafter named, to him and his heirs for ever.

Fourth, Whereas I have heretofore by conveyance, deposited with my beloved daughter Sarah Jackson, wife of my adopted son A. Jackson, Jun., given to my beloved granddaughter, Rachel Jackson, daughter of A. Jackson, Jun. and Sarah his wife, several negroes therein described, which I hereby confirm.—I give and

bequeath to my beloved grandson Andrew Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun. and Sarah his wife, a negro boy named Ned, son of Blacksmith Aaron and Hannah his wife, to him and his heirs for ever.

Fifth, I give and bequeath to my beloved little grandson, Samuel Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun. and his much beloved wife Sarah, one negro boy named Davy or George, son of Squire and his wife Giney, to him and his heirs for ever.

Sixth, To my beloved and affectionate daughter, Sarah Jackson, wife of my adopted and well beloved son, A. Jackson, Jun., I hereby recognise, by this bequest, the gift I made her on her marriage, of the negro girl Gracey, which I bought for her, and gave to my daughter Sarah as her maid and seamstress, with her increase, with my house-servant Hanna and her two daughters, namely, Charlotte and Mary, to her and her heirs for ever. This gift and bequest is made for my great affection for her—as a memento of her uniform attention to me and kindness on all occasions, and particularly when worn down with sickness, pain, and debility—she has been more than a daughter to me, and I hope she never will be disturbed in the enjoyment of this gift and bequest by any one.

Seventh, I bequeath to my well beloved nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword presented to me by the state of Tennessee, with this injunction, that he fail not to use it when necessary in support and protection of our glorious union, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they be assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors. This, from the great change in my worldly affairs of late, is, with my blessing, all I can bequeath him, doing justice to those creditors to whom I am responsible. This bequest is made as a memento of my high regard, affection, and esteem I bear for him as a high-minded, honest, and honourable man.

Eighth, To my grand-nephew Andrew Jackson Coffee, I bequeath the elegant sword presented to me by

the Rifle Company of New Orleans, commanded by Capt. Beal, as a memento of my regard, and to bring to his recollection the gallant services of his deceased father Gen'l. John Coffee, in the late Indian and British war, under my command, and his gallant conduct in defence of New Orleans in 1814 and 1815; with this injunction, that he wield it in the protection of the rights secured to the American citizen under our glorious constitution, against all invaders, whether foreign foes, or intestine traitors.

I bequeath to my beloved grandson Andrew Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun. and Sarah his wife, the sword presented to me by the citizens of Philadelphia, with this injunction, that he will always use it in defence of the constitution and our glorious union, and the perpetuation of our republican system: remembering the motto—"Draw me not without occasion, nor sheath me without honour."

The pistols of Gen'l. Lafayette, which were presented by him to Gen'l. George Washington, and by Col. Wm. Robertson presented to me, I bequeath to George Washington Lafayette, as a memento of the illustrious personages through whose hands they have passed—*his father, and the father of his country.*

The gold box presented to me by the corporation of the City of New York, the large silver vase presented to me by the ladies of Charleston, South Carolina, my native state, with the large picture representing the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by the citizens of South Carolina when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate, I leave in trust to my son A. Jackson, Jun., with directions that should our happy country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, he will at the close of the war or end of the conflict, present each of said articles of inestimable value, to that patriot residing in the city or state from which they were presented, who shall be adjudged by his countrymen or the ladies to have been the most valiant in defence of his country and our country's rights.

The pocket spyglass which was used by Gen'l. Washington during the revolutionary war, and presented to me by Mr. Custis, having been burned with my dwelling-house, the Hermitage, with many other invaluable relics, I can make no disposition of them. As a memento of my high regard for Gen'l. Robert Armstrong as a gentleman, patriot, and soldier, as well as for his meritorious military services under my command during the late British and Indian war, and remembering the gallant bearing of him and his gallant little band at Enotochopco creek, when, falling desperately wounded, he called out—"My brave fellows, some may fall, but save the cannon"—as a memento of all these things, I give and bequeath to him my case of pistols and sword worn by me throughout my military career, well satisfied that in his hands they will never be disgraced—that they will never be used or drawn without occasion, nor sheathed but with honour.

Lastly, I leave to my beloved son all my walking-canes and other relics, to be distributed amongst my young relatives—namesakes—first, to my much esteemed namesake, Andrew J. Donelson, son of my esteemed nephew A. J. Donelson, his first choice, and then to be distributed as A. Jackson, Jun. may think proper.

Lastly, I appoint my adopted son Andrew Jackson, Jun., my whole and sole executor to this my last will and testament, and direct that no security be required of him for the faithful execution and discharge of the trusts hereby reposed in him.

In testimony whereof I have this 7th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, hereunto set my hand, and affixed my seal, hereby revoking all wills heretofore made by me, and in the presence of

Marion Adams,
Elizabeth D. Love,
Thos. J. Donelson,
Richard Smith,
R. Armstrong.

Andrew Jackson. (*Seal.*)

Index

Adair, General, 87, 96, 104, 176, 222.
Adams, Charles Francis, quotation from, 95.
Adams, John Quincy, 116, 147, 173, 190, 251, 260, 268, 272, 290, 294, 295, 342.
Addresses, 250-278, 468-491.
Allen, Governor William, 106, 258.
Ambrister, 111, 113, 115, 190, 208.
American flag, 216, 256.
Anderson, Patten, 62, 214.
Anecdotes, 42, 44, 102, 122, 133, 167, 198, 212, 213.
Arbuckle, Colonel, 45.
Arbuthnot, 111, 113, 114, 190, 208.
Arthur, Chester A., 56.
Assassinate, attempt to, 248.
Avery, Colonel, 61, 220.
Baltimore, banquet in, 265.
Bancroft, George, oration by, 414.
Barry, Postmaster-General, 187, 189.
Barton, Mr., 160.
Beck, Doctor, 270.
Benton, Jesse, 232.
Benton, Thomas H., 51, 52, 73, 119, 162, 232, 244, 251, 269, 313, 317, 323, 341, 361, 365.
Berrien, John McPherson, 189.
Biddle, Nicholas, 251, 309, 351, 353.
Blair, Francis P., 29, 68, 88, 157, 275, 367.
Blount, Governor, 41, 86, 118.
Bonaparte, Mrs. Jerome, 268.
Books, 67, 68, 377.
Boston bankers, 57.
Bowen, Francis, 269.
Boykin, J., 416, 429.
Branch, John, 189.
——, letter from, 195.
——, letter to, 194.
Breckinridge, Judge, 288.
Brooks, Francis, 291.
Brown, Jacob, 68.
Brown, Dr. John, 27.
Buchanan, James, 268, 338.
Buford, Lt. Col. Abraham, 34.
Burchard, Dr., 300.
Burr, Aaron, 56, 316, 367.
——, ball in honor of, 145.
——, dinner to, 257.
——, expedition, 216.
——, trial of, 255.
Butler, Benjamin F., 116.
——, W. O., 104, 123, 143, 245.
Cabinet, the, 182, 188, 189, 190, 192, 196, 208, 215, 254.
Calhoun, John C., 190, 244, 251, 309, 321, 337, 341.
Call, General, 180.

Callava, Governor, 49.
Cambridge, trip to, 269.
Campbell, George W., 62.
Campbell, Rev. Dr., 185, 187.
Carrickfergus, 27.
Carroll, General, 87, 89, 90, 104, 130, 176, 245, 264.
Cartwright, Peter, 368-370.
Catlett, Dr., 230.
Charitable Irish Society of Boston, 29.
Charleston Harbor, 333.
Chesapeake, attack on, 255.
Choutard, Mlle., 143.
City Hotel, 233, 234, 235.
Civil War, 334.
Claiborne, Governor, 216.
Clay, Henry, 105, 115, 219, 243, 244, 251, 291, 293, 294, 295, 309, 347, 358, 362.
——, dinner party to daughter of, 205.
Clinton, De Witt, 236.
Cobbett, William, 413.
Cochrane, Admiral, 91.
Coffee, General, 57, 58, 70, 82, 83, 87, 89, 118, 130, 176, 233, 264.
Colden, Major, 266.
Cole, General, 171.
Concord, at, 274.
Congress, 282, 305, 334, 342.
——, message to, 280.
Constitution, amendment to, 303.
Craighead, Parson, 370.
Crawford, James, 424.
——, Major Robert, 420, 430, 436.
Crawford, Martin P., 420.
——, William H., 26, 191, 251, 294.
Crawfords, the, 26, 137, 160, 421, 424.
Creek War, 64, 67, 69, 72, 75, 81, 82, 118, 130, 260.
——, treaty which closed, 80.
Crockett, R. M., 130, 131, 415.
Cureton, Thomas, 430-433.
Dale, General Samuel, 328.
Davie, William Richardson, 26, 34, 35.
Daviess, Jo., 258.
Davis, Charles A., 271.
Declaration of Independence, 260.
Democracy, 343.
Democrat, 338.
Democratic Party, 259, 301, 326, 352.
Dickinson, Charles, 59, 162, 164, 225-231, 256, 368.
Donelson, Andrew Jackson, 201.
——, Captain, 289.
——, Major, 82, 327.
——, Mrs., 162, 188.
——, Mrs. Emily, 372.
——, Rachel, see Jackson.
Douglass, Stephen, 338.
Downing, Jack, see Davis.
Duane, Secretary of Treasury, 353.
Dubourg, Abbe, 262.
Duels, 220-249.
Durbin, Professor, 371.
Eaton, John H., 85, 102, 118, 158, 181, 182, 189, 193.

Eaton, Mrs. Margaret, 179-199.
Edgar, Dr., 314, 374, 388.
Edwards, Jonathan, 222.
Elliott, Jesse D., correspondence with, 275-278.
Ely, Rev. Dr., 182, 185, 187.
Esselman, Dr., 384, 385.
Farewell Address, 468-491.
Farragut, David G., 333.
Faulkner, James, 424, 427.
Federal Party, 260, 301.
Federal Union, 321, 327.
Financial crisis, 363.
Florida campaigns, 85, 111, 190, 266.
Floyd, General, 70.
Force bill, 334.
Fromentin, Judge Elijius, 49.
Gadsden, James, 411.
Gallatin, 107, 341, 345.
Ghent, Treaty of, 107.
Girod, Nicholas, 126.
Gordon, Captain Kennedy, 77.
Grundy, Felix, 263.
Guild, Judge, 42.
Hall, Judge Dominick, 45.
Hamilton, Alexander, 337, 340. 353.
——, Colonel James A., 295.
Hammond, Governor, 409.
Harrison, William Henry, 43, 68, 85, 109.
Hawkins, Benjamin, 71.
Hayne, Colonel, 125, 251, 337.
Hays, Stokely, 237.
Hearst, William Randolph, quotation from, 259.
Henderson, Wm., 208.
Hermitage, the, 53, 54, 67, 124, 158, 166, 167, 170, 204, 217, 265, 303, 354, 369, 374, 409, 413.
Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, 28.
Hill, Isaac, 273, 358.
Hutchinson, Elizabeth, 26.
——, father of, 29.
Indian Territory, 281.
Ingham, Samuel D., 189, 353.
Irish president, 28.
Jackson, Andrew, Alexandria, at, 247
——, ancestry of, 29, 110, 419, 421.
——, anecdotes of, 42, 44, 102, 122, 133, 167, 198, 212, 213.
——, armies of, 73, 76, 77.
——, attempt to assassinate, 248.
—— attitude towards Congress, 305.
——, attorney, 252.
——, "backwoods soldier," 113, 132.
——, bank hater, 58.
——, battle tactics of, 82.
——, benevolent, 54.
——, bills of exchange, 120.
——, birthday dinner, 149.
——, birthplace of, 25, 407-438.
——, Boston, visit to, 149, 328.
——, bust of, 416.
——, captain, considered as, 69.
——, character of, 58, 300.
——, ——, misconceived in, 141.
——, Charleston, visit to, 60, 138.

JACKSON, Andrew, chief justice, 66.
——, combination against, 43.
——, commercial reputation of, 57.
——, Congressman, 40.
——, daughter of, 376, 377, 387.
——, daughter-in-law of, 385.
——, dauntless courage, 40.
——, dealer in slaves, 53.
——, decision of character, 58.
——, declined mission to Mexico, 50.
——, delicate sense of honor, 135.
——, democrat, was a, 133.
——, description of, 142.
——, difficulties, propensity for, 50.
——, dignity of, 51.
——, disliked the English, 34, 36, 109, 217.
——, Doctor of Laws, 33, 269.
——, domestic in habits, 63.
——, duels of, 220-249.
——, education of, 31, 32.
——, election of, 301.
——, electoral vote for, 285.
——, episodes of, 104, 130, 246.
——, father of, 29, 157, 158, 421.
——, favorite servant of, 137.
——, feminine view of, 146.
——, financier, 33.
——, first biography of, 410.
——, first term as President, 303.
——, followed own instincts, 119.
JACKSON, Andrew, fond of books, 58.
——, funeral of, 388, 389.
——, Gallatin's view of, 150.
——, grandchildren of, 386.
——, grandfather of, 27, 160.
——, great-grandfather of, 28.
——, Governor of Florida, 48.
——, had North Ireland brogue, 137.
——, hospitality of, 54, 55.
——, illness of, 43, 72, 119, 165, 172, 337.
——, incidents of, 60.
——, inclination, 53.
——, indomitable will, 72.
——, innately polite, 134.
——, integrity personified, 308.
——, intensity of purpose, 165.
——, Irish president, 28.
——, Jefferson's view of, 150.
——, Jonesboro, practised at, 42.
——, judge, 43, 252.
——, last days of, 365.
——, last will of, 378, 492-496.
——, liberality of, 57.
——, liked to be called "General," 107.
——, loved by soldiers, 81.
——, manners, 56, 141-150.
——, man of affairs, 33.
——, marriage of, 161.
——, merchant, 53.
——, military career, 53, 66, 118.
——, miniature of, 145.
——, misconceived in character, 141.

JACKSON, Andrew, mother of, 29, 30, 39, 157, 159, 161.
——, Nashville, at, 41, 53, 61, 73, 263.
——, Natchez, at, 120, 121.
——, nephew of, 124.
——, note of thanks to, 42.
——, of and for the people, 134.
——, "Old Hickory," 100, 121.
——, old waiter's view of, 55.
——, opposition to nomination of, 62.
——, orders issued by, 78.
——, patriotism of, 57, 207, 215, 219, 270.
——, personal appearance of, 55, 56, 133-139, 140.
——, personal qualities, 51.
——, place in history, 390-406.
——, planter, 53.
——, pledged personal property, 57.
——, policy of, 162.
——, politician and President, 279-319.
——, President, as, 56, 131, 246, 279, 296, 319, 321, 336, 353.
——, profession in life, 40.
——, prudent, 210.
——, pugnacity of, 207-219.
——, purest of men, 157.
——, quarrels of, 220-249.
——, received in the church, 337.
——, recreations of, 58, 60, 63.
——, reëlection of, 353.
——, refused to disband volunteers, 120.
JACKSON, Andrew, relations with children, 200-206.
——, relations with mother, 156-177.
——, relations with wife, 156-177.
——, religion, 366-389.
——, reminiscence of, by Mrs. Johnston, 153.
——, resigned from Senate, 303.
——, respect for women, 157, 160.
——, richest man in Tennessee, 53.
——, Salisbury, at, 59, 221.
——, second campaign for presidency, 172, 297.
——, second term as President, 311.
——, Senator, 40.
——, soldier, 64-132.
——, sound common sense, 40.
——, sound judgment, 58.
——, speeches of, 250-278.
——, sportsman, 59.
——, statesman, 33.
——, storekeeper, 56.
——, studied law, 32, 33.
——, subjects of interest to, 33.
——, taught school, 32.
——, vote that elected, 65.
——, vs. Louaillier, 44-48.
——, wars fought in, 67.
——, Webster's description of, 147.
——, withdrew from mercantile business, 57.

Jackson, Andrew, Jr., 378.
——, ——, Sr., 26, 27, 29, 30.
——, family, 27, 28, 34, 419.
——, Hugh, 26, 30, 34.
——, Rachel, 386.
——, Rachel Donelson Robards, 161, 167, 169, 170, 171, 173, 174, 177.
——, Robert, 26, 30, 35, 37.
——, Waldo, 122.
Jacksonian epoch, 252.
"Jacksonian vulgarity," 56, 151-153.
Jefferson, Thomas, 50, 256, 267, 304, 316.
——, dinner in honor of, 321.
"Jeffersonian simplicity," 56.
Jones, Bartlett, 315.
——, Paul, 274.
Keane, Major-General, 95, 129.
Kendall, Amos, 353.
"Kitchen Cabinet," 304, 306, 413.
Lafayette, Marquis de, 171, 217.
Lambert, General, 95, 130.
Lathen, Sarah, 424.
Latour, Major, 118.
Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth, 158, 332.
Lewis, Major Wm. B., 175, 193, 288, 290, 353, 379, 385.
Lincoln, Abraham, 64, 267, 279, 329, 339.
Lincoyer, 200.
Livingston, Cora, 203.
——, Edward, 105, 280, 331.
——, family, 142.
——, Louis, 127.
Louaillier, Louis, 44-48.
Lyon, Captain, 138.
McCay, Judge, 136.
McIlwain, James D., 418.
McKay, Spruce, 33.
McKemey, George, 25, 26, 422, 428, 430, 433.
McNairy, Judge, 63.
Madison, Mrs., 182.
Marcy, Governor, 315.
Marshall, John, 282.
Martineau, Miss Harriet, 248.
Miller, Davis, 226.
——, General, 313.
——, Stephen D., 27.
Mills, Senator, 292.
Monroe, 50, 190, 273, 302.
Montgomery, John, 415.
Moore, General, 131.
——, Dr. John D., 243.
Morgan, General, 68, 98.
Mutiny, 76, 80.
Nashville Inn, 55, 170, 234, 237.
——, return to, 263.
——, Union, 296.
National Guard, 66.
——, journal, 172.
New Hampshire, 273.
New Orleans, Battle of, 64, 262.
——, campaign, 69, 72, 80, 86, 89-99, 101, 110.
New York, 117, 266, 273.
—— Evening Post, 326.
Nichols, Colonel, 70.
Niles' Register, 117, 217.
Nolte, Vincent, 127, 169.
Nullification, 279, 284, 320-339, 409.
——, ordinance, 439-442.

Nullification proclamation, 443-467.
"Old Hickory," 100, 121.
O'Neal, Peggy, see Eaton.
——, Wm., 180.
Overton, Colonel, 89, 165, 227.
Pakenham, Sir Edward, 94, 100, note, 107.
Patterson, Daniel T., 89, 98.
Pickens, Andrew, 35, 423.
Planche, Major, 126.
Poinsett, Joel R., 409.
Polk, James K., 268.
——, Mrs. James, 210.
——, Robert, 103.
Proctor, General, 109.
Quarrels, 220-249.
Quarter Sessions Court, 41.
Randolph, John, 246, 251, 332.
Reid, John, 411.
Reilly, Eugene, 417.
Rennie, Colonel, 95.
Republican party, 196, 326.
Resolution of censure, 196, 245, 358, 359, 362.
Revolution, the, 109, 218, 221.
Roane, Governor, 65.
Robards, Lewis, 162.
Robertson, Dr. Felix, 58.
Robinson, Dr., 384.
Rodgers, J. B., 112.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 118, 329.
Rush, Richard, 115.
Rutherford, Mrs. Anna, 136.
Scott, General Winfield, 67, 68, 309, 333.
——, Lieut. R. W., 112.
Scott's Bible, 377.
Secession movement, 320.
Seminole War, 67, 191.
Senate, U. S., 242, 244, 305, 357.
Sevier, John, 223, 224.
Shaw, Bernard, 55.
——, Dr., 367.
Shreve, Captain, 129.
Sims, J. Marion, 27.
Slavery question, 338.
Smart, Mrs. Susan, 135.
Smith, General Daniel, 212.
——, Jacob, 226.
——, William, 27.
South Carolina, 320, 329, 330, 332, 338.
Southern Confederacy, 338.
Speeches, 250-278.
Spoils system, 174, 279, 313.
Stark, John, 273.
——, Molly, 273.
State banks, 344, 346, 362.
Steuben, Baron von, 68.
Stokes, family, 170.
——, Judge John, 33.
Summerfield, Mr., 172.
Sumner, Charles, 63, 338, 380.
——, Prof. W. G., 99 note.
Supreme Court defied by Georgia, 282.
Swann, Thomas, 225.
Tammany Hall, 326.
Taney, Roger Brooke, 318, 353, 354.
Tariff bill, 334.
——, the, 282, 338.
Tarleton, Colonel, 34.
Tecumseh, 109.
Texas, recognition of, 283.
Thornton, Colonel, 94.
Thornwell, James H., 27.

Tohopeka, battle of, 83.
Towson, Colonel, 182, 184.
Treasury, the, 363.
Twelve-Mile Creek, 27, 421, 424.
Tyack, William, Diary of, 380.
United States Bank, 196, 198, 245, 279, 284, 305, 308, 318, 340-365, 362.
—— —— Telegraph, 326.
Universal suffrage, 300.
Van Buren, Martin, 187, 189, 251, 284, 316, 319, 326, 364, 378.
Van Pelt, Rev. Dr., 116, 178.
Vidal, 49.
Waddell, Dr., 255.
Walkup, General, 428, 432, 433, 435.
Walters, Dr., 384.
War of 1812, 62, 64, 67, 73, 196.
Washington, George, 64, 68, 329, 393.
Waxhaws, 25, 26, 157, 416, 423, 426.
Webster, Daniel, 218, 219, 244, 251, 324, 335.
Weems, Mason L., 420.
Wells, Jonathan, 274.
White House, 149, 150-152, 158, 168, 188, 204, 249, 273.
White, Joseph, 39.
Wilkinson, General James, 86, 258.
Wilson, Colonel, 289.
Wilson, Henry, 288.
Winchester, General, 90.
Wirt, William, 258.
Witherspoon, Colonel James H., 420, 435.
——, Dr., 222.
Wood, John, execution of, 79.
Woodbury, Levi, 270.

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